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THE EDUCATION OF THE NEGRO.¹

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, the president of the board of trustees of the Peabody fund, said in his address, October 1, 1890, at the twenty-ninth meeting of that board: "If there be a race problem anywhere, time and education can alone supply its solution. But time without education will only render it the more insoluble. Continued ignorance is a remedy for nothing. It is itself the disease to be cured and eradicated. Free common schools with industrial, agricultural, and mechanical departments attached to them, and with all the moral and religious influences which can be brought to bear on them, . . . these seem to me the great need, if not the one and only thing needful, for the countless masses of colored children of the South at this moment."

The religious idea at the bottom of our civilization is the missionary idea. According to our most Christian theologians, the divine Being is conceived as possessed of the spirit of this idea from all eternity. The divine decrees broke up the eternal Sabbath of blessed perfection, and created finite, imperfect beings, in order, it would seem, that there

should be occasion for the exercise of this missionary spirit, a spirit of divine charity. For those divine decrees ordained a supreme sacrifice, the descent into finitude on the part of the Divine, a descent to its bitterest depths. For the Eternal Word tasted of death and descended into Hades, the very nadir of the Divine, to make it possible for finite beings to ascend into participation with Him and to grow forever into His image.

That this is the deepest thought in our civilization, and to all appearances a permanent and final idea, we may be assured by a glance at all religious and other protests against the ecclesiastical forms in which this doctrine is stated and the institutions founded upon it. All religious protests that have obtained a following within Christendom have taken pains to ground their opposition on a more explicit assertion of this very doctrine of good will towards men of all conditions, the possibility of salvation for finite beings in their lowest debasement.

If we question, in the name of science or philosophy, the significance of this religious faith in the divine altruism, and endeavor to support our objections

¹ This article was sent in advance of publication to several gentlemen whose position and experience especially qualify them to comment on the assertions made and the suggestions offered. Among these correspondents were Hon. Randall Lee Gibson, Senator from Louisiana; Hon. J. L. M. Curry, chairman of the Educational Committee of the John F. Slater fund; Philip A. Bruce, Esq., editor of the Richmond (Va.) Times, and author of *The Plantation*

Negro as a Freeman; and Lewis H. Blair, Esq., of Richmond, Va. The comments made by them severally appear as footnotes. Other communications were received in connection with the paper which were of the nature of general considerations, not readily reduced to the form of annotations, but indicating the profound interest taken in the subject by representative men in the South. — EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

by an appeal to the results of dispassionate observation and reflection, we shall find only its confirmation. Outside of religious movements, the other activities of man in modern civilization all emphasize the same idea with the strangest unanimity. Science comes to say through Darwin that all nature in time and space is a process of nurturing individuality, — the principle of survival of that which develops the most intelligence and will-power. Nature is a process for the creation of souls. It implies, of course, the supremacy of mind, since all its lower processes exist for the production of spiritual beings; they depend on mind, so to speak, and demonstrate the substantiality of mind. Mind is the final cause and purpose of nature. This again implies that mind creates nature to reflect it. God creates nature, and through nature creates spiritual beings who participate in his blessedness. Hence nature presupposes a God of grace and good will towards his creatures.

Through Comte and Spencer Science also announces altruism as the highest law of social existence, and as the necessary condition for the most perfect development of individualism. Finally, the political and industrial activities proclaim the same thing: the former by continual approaches towards democracy; the latter by the progressive introduction of machinery to perform the drudgery of labor, and to elevate the human being to a directing power using and controlling the forces of nature. Without machinery he used his bone and sinew to obtain his livelihood, and was a "hand;" but with the aid of machinery he saves most of the severe bodily labor, and substitutes for it brain labor and directive intelligence. Hence man's wants have come to necessitate his intellectual education and the development of his individuality. All the people as people must be educated in schools, in order to secure that directive power

over nature requisite for national safety in a military as well as in an industrial sense.

Thus religion, which states the deepest principle of our civilization, is confirmed by the scientific, political, and social movements of our age, and all agree in this supreme doctrine, that the lowest must be lifted up by the highest, — lifted up into self-activity and full development of individuality.

Religion states this in sentimental forms. Science and philosophy echo, with more or less inadequacy, the dogma of religion in their account of the physical and social structure of the universe. The one lost sheep shall occupy more attention than the ninety and nine that went not astray. The return of the prodigal furnishes the chief source of blessed satisfaction and joy in the divine world.

It is evident that any problem relating to a lower race, savage or down-trodden, must be discussed in the light of this religious principle. The utterance of Mr. Winthrop, quoted above, in regard to the race problem in the South was dictated by this lofty ideal of our civilization. Fortunate it is for our age, too, that science has come to an altruistic first principle, and is in process of readjusting all its conclusions in subordinate spheres so as to harmonize with it; likewise fortunate that the political and social welfare is now seen to involve the care of the weakling classes, and their elevation into self-help by moral, industrial, and intellectual education.

I shall endeavor here to expand and apply these considerations to our race problem, and to show how this Christian solution meets the given conditions.

The negro was brought to this country as a slave almost from the date of its first settlement. Two hundred and fifty years of bondage had elapsed when the issue of civil war set him free. He had brought with him from Africa the lowest form of civilization to be found

among men,—that in which the most degrading superstition furnishes the forms of public and private life. His religion was fetichism. But by contact with the Anglo-Saxon race in the very close relation of domestic servitude, living in the same family and governed by the absolute authority which characterizes all family control, the negro, after two and a half centuries, had come to possess what we may call the Anglo-Saxon consciousness. For the negro of the South, with the exception of a stratum of population in the dark belt of large plantations, where he has not been brought into contact with white people through domestic servitude, but segregated as oxen and horses are,—the negro of the South, with this exception, I repeat, is thoroughly imbued with nearly all the ideals and aspirations which form the conscious and unconscious motives of action with the white people among whom he lives.² It would be very easy to convince one's self of this by free conversation with any specimen of the colored race, and a comparison of his thoughts with those of a newly arrived immigrant from Ireland, Italy, Germany, or Scandinavia. It would be found that the negro is in thorough sympathy, intellectually and emotionally, with our national

point of view, while the immigrant looks through the dark glass of his own national presuppositions, and misinterprets most that he sees around him here. Only in the second generation, and after association with the native population in common schools, the workshop, and the political meeting, does the European contingent of our population become assimilated.³

Of course I do not say this in disparagement of the European immigrant, for he stubbornly resists our national idea only in proportion to the value of his own. But I do insist on the practical fact that the negro of the South is not an African in his inner consciousness, but an American, who has acquired our Anglo-Saxon consciousness in its American type through seven generations of domestic servitude in the family of a white master. That this has been acquired so completely because of the inherent aptitude of the African race to imitate may be admitted as probable, and it follows from this that the national consciousness assumed by the black race is not so firmly seated as in other races that have risen through their own activity to views of the world more advanced than fetichism. Hence we may expect that the sundering of the negro from

² It is a matter for discussion whether the negro has come into the possession of what may be called "the Anglo-Saxon consciousness." I cannot see how, so long as the people of this race constitute a distinct and insoluble entity in our political society, it will be possible for them to acquire the characteristics which it has taken such a long period of time to develop in the Caucasian race. — R. L. G.

³ Withdrawn by force from his original physical and moral environment, the negro has adapted himself to his American surroundings, and in doing so has necessarily acquired, so far as his lower intelligence permitted, the ideals and aspirations of the people to whom he was bound so long in slavery; but he is essentially still an African in the controlling tendencies of his character. When left to an exclusive association with his own people, there is a powerful inclination on the part of the Southern negro to revert to all of the distinctive features

of his African ancestors. This is a fact of the utmost importance in the consideration of the proper means to be employed for the improvement of his character. The principal cause of the many failures which have been made in the effort to produce this improvement has been the unfortunate misconception that the Southern negro of to-day is simply an ignorant white man with a black skin. The American descendants of European immigrants are, in the second generation, thoroughly assimilated with the surrounding white population. The grandsons of an American, a German, and an Englishman differ but little, if at all, in the basis of their character. It can hardly be said that the negroes even of those Northern communities in which their race has enjoyed freedom for five generations are so assimilated with the surrounding white population that they are not to be discriminated from it in racial characteristics. — P. A. B.

close domestic relations with the white race will be accompanied with tendencies of relapse to the old fetich-worship and belief in magic; and this would be especially the case in the dark belt where the large plantations are found. Fetichism, as the elemental or first form of religion that arises among conscious beings, — animals cannot have even fetichism, — attributes arbitrary power to inanimate things, but does not arrive at the idea of one absolute Being. It remains in some of its forms even in the most advanced of religious peoples, as a limited belief in magic, faith in charms, amulets, lucky-bones, signs and omens, sacred places and times, etc. Even the high doctrine of Special Providence, so eminently Christian, easily passes over into fetichism (as the magical control of events through prayer), and is in fact blended with it in all minds devoid of scientific education.

Here is the chief problem of the negro of the South. It is to retain the ele-

⁴ The first step really to be taken must be by the whites about him, in letting the negro feel that he possesses inalienable rights. What he now possesses is by sufferance only. He knows that he is neither a citizen nor a man, in the full sense. — L. H. B.

⁵ I should prefer to define the course thus: first, religious; second, industrial; and third, intellectual. An ideal public school system for the Southern negroes for many generations to come would be a system under the operation of which each schoolhouse would be devoted to the religious instruction of the colored pupils, with a sufficient amount of industrial training to impart habits of industry, and a sufficient amount of intellectual training to facilitate the inculcation of the religious teachings. As far as possible, the public school system should be made supervisory of the moral life of the pupils; it should take the place of the parental authority, which is so much relaxed now that the watchful eye and firm support of the slaveholders have been withdrawn. — P. A. B.

⁶ One of the discouraging features in the character of the young Southern negro is that apparently he has inherited but a small share of the steadiness and industry which were acquired under compulsion by his fathers. I am referring now to the young negro to be

vation acquired through the long generations of domestic slavery, and to superimpose on it the sense of personal responsibility, moral dignity, and self-respect which belongs to the conscious ideal of the white race. Those acquainted with the free negro of the South, especially with the specimens at school and college, know that he is as capable of this higher form of civilization as in slavery he was capable of faithful attachment to the interests of his master.

The first step⁴ towards this higher stage which will make the negro a valued citizen is intellectual education, and the second is industrial education.⁵ By the expression "industrial education," I do not refer so much to training in habits of industry, for he has had this discipline for two hundred years,⁶ but to school instruction in arts and trades as applications of scientific principles. Nor do I refer even to manual and scientific training, valuable as it is, so much as to that fundamental training in thrift⁷ which is

found in the agricultural communities. He is in a marked degree inferior to the former slave in agricultural knowledge and manipulating skill, for the very simple reason that his employer is unable to enforce the rigid attention to all the details of work which he would do if the young negro were his property. — P. A. B.

Dr. Harris seems to me to overestimate the value of the slave's experience in developing the habits of punctuality and obedience in descendants who were never slaves. I fear that the result is far other; that in the descendants of the slave there is an inherited disposition to be disobedient to law as a proof of the newly acquired freedom. — ANON.

⁷ There is need of the inculcation and of the adoption in home life, in daily conduct, of sounder principles of economy and of consumption. What to eat, what to wear, how to cook, how to provide and preserve home conveniences and comforts, how to lay by for a rainy day, must be indoctrinated, ingrained, and become a habit. In other days the African slave was cared for from cradle to coffin, and literally took no thought for the morrow. Comparatively few negroes now living were ever slaves, but the habits of servitude have been transmitted. — J. L. M. C.

so essential to the progress of industry. The negro must teach himself to become a capitalist. There are two stages to this: first that of hoarding, second that of profitable investment. The first stage of thrift may be stimulated by adopting the postal savings device. If it be true, as is plausibly asserted, that the so-called poor white of the South is less thrifty than the negro, such adoption by our government of the postal savings institution would be a blessing to both races.⁸ We know, indeed, that the poor white in the North is chiefly in need of the thrift that has a habit of hoarding; that is, the habit of saving something from its weekly pittance, no matter how small.

The introduction of manufacturing industries throughout the South is favorable to the rise of the poor white from his poverty. In the early days of cotton manufacture in New England, the unthrifty white people, who hitherto had lived in cottages or hovels near the large farms, removed to the villages that were springing up near water privileges. They learned how to "work in the mill," all the members of the family, from the oldest to the youngest, and the aggregate wages was wealth compared with what they had known before. In fact, they earned more than the well-to-do farmers in whose service they had formerly labored. The children now earned more wages than the parents had earned before. The work on the farm was varied and intermittent, depending upon the season. Ploughing, planting, weeding, haying, harvesting, threshing, marketing, wood-cutting, etc., are regulated by the farmer's calendar. There are rainy days, when the day laborer loses his hire; and, besides these, there are intervals between the season of one

species of work and that of the next, in which no employment is offered him by the farm proprietor. If he had thrift, he would find work of some kind for himself at home; he would save money and own his house. But thrift he does not possess. Hence what he earns in the days of the working season is prodigally expended while it lasts, and the days of idleness after harvest are days of want in the household. The children are educated in the same habits of unthrift.

The rise of manufactures⁹ and the removal of the ill-to-do families from the farm to the mill put an end to the periodic alternation of want and plenty in the house. Plenty now prevails, but does not generate thrift; for there is less occasion for it. The week's wages may be expended as fast as earned, thanks to the demoralizing institution of credit at the grocery kept by the proprietors of the mill. But, notwithstanding this drawback, there is more self-respect on the part of the children, who now have the consciousness that they earn their living. Manufactures and commerce bring about urban life as contrasted with rural life. The village grows into the city; the railroad carries the daily newspaper from the metropolis to the suburbs and to all towns on its line, and thus extends urban life indefinitely.

The difference between these two orders of life, the urban and rural, is quite important, and its discussion affords us an insight into a process going on rapidly throughout the South. The old *régime* of the large farm, with its cordon of dependent families, rendered possible a sort of patriarchal constitution. The farm proprietor, in the North as well as in the South, wielded great power over the unthrifty families of day laborers

⁸ Until the negro learns thrift he will never be a man, no matter what his scientific or industrial education may be; therefore postal savings banks are especially desirable, indeed necessary, for him. — L. H. B.

⁹ It is vain to look for manufactures in the South. Manufactures flourish only in a cool climate. Manufacturing has for years been diminishing in the South, press reports to the contrary notwithstanding. — L. H. B.

who lived near him. He helped them do their thinking, as he mingled with them in the daily work. He was called upon to assist whenever their unthrift pinched them. His intellect and will in a measure supplanted the native intellect and will of his hired laborers, not merely in directing their work on his farm, but also in their private matters, it being their habit to consult him. The farm proprietor thus furnished a sort of substantial will - power that governed his small community as the head of a family governs his.

This semi-patriarchal rule which exists in the exclusively agricultural community produces its own peculiar form of ethical life. The head of the farm, who does the thinking and willing for the others in all matters that are not fixed by routine, so penetrates their lives that he exercises a moral restraint over them, holding them back from crime of all kinds. Such ethical influence is, however, of the lowest and most rudimentary character in the stage next above slavery. It presupposes a lack of individual self-determination in the persons thus controlled. They are obsessed, as it were, by his will and intellect, and fail to develop their own native capacities. He rules as a clan leader, and they are his henchmen. They are repressed, and are not educated into a moral character of their own. There is little outward stimulus impelling them to exercise their independent choice. Hence agricultural communities are conservative, governed by custom and routine, taking up very slowly any new ideas.

The change to urban life through the intermediary step of village life breaks up this patriarchal clanship, and cultivates in its place independence of opinion and action. The laborer in the "mill" recognizes his right to choose his employer and his place of labor, and exercises it to a far greater degree than the farm laborer. He migrates from village to village; in the city he has

before him a bewildering variety of employers to choose from. The city employer does not act as patriarch, nor permit his laborers to approach him as head of a clan. The urban life protects the laborer from the obsessing influence of the employer, and throws a far greater weight of responsibility on the individual. Hence the urban life stimulates and develops independence of character.

In the case of the Southern slave there was none of this alternation between idleness and industry, plenty and want, that comes to the poor white at the North and South by reason of his freedom. But his will and intellect were obsessed more effectually because the slave could not be allowed the development of spontaneous, independent self-activity. Since the civil war, however, the condition of the negro has changed, and in the agricultural regions it now resembles more nearly the status above described as that of the poor white in rural in contradistinction from urban surroundings. Where the country is sparsely settled the proprietor farmer retains the dominant influence. Where the villages are getting numerous the tendency to independence manifests itself in a partial revolt from the patriarchal rule of the plantation, and the struggle leads naturally to an unpleasant state of affairs for all parties. But the urban factor in the problem is certain to gain the ascendancy, and we must see in the near future, with the increase of railroads and manufacturing centres, the progressive decadence of the patriarchal rule. The old system of social morality will perish, and a new one will take its place. In the formation of the new one the present danger lies.

If the negro separates entirely from the white classes so far as domestic relations are concerned, and forms his own independent family, he separates from the clan influence also, and loses the education of the white master's family in

manners.¹⁰ He loses, too, the education of the master's counsel and directing influence. Unless this is counterbalanced by school education, it will produce degeneracy; for to remove the weight of authority is productive of good only when there has been a growth of individuality that demands a larger sphere of free activity. In case of entering upon village life and mechanical industries greater freedom from authority is demanded, and its effects are healthful; but with the isolated life on the plantation the opposite holds.

The remedy for evils incident to these changes is, as before said, school education, provided it is inclusive enough to furnish industrial and moral as well as intellectual training.

Education, intellectual and moral, is the only means yet discovered that is always sure to help people to help themselves. Any other species of aid may enervate the beneficiary, and lead to a habit of dependence on outside help. But intellectual and moral education develops self-respect, fertility of resources, knowledge of human nature, and aspiration for a better condition in life. It produces that divine discontent which

goads on the individual, and will not let him rest.¹¹

How does the school produce this important result? In what way can it give to the negro a solid basis for character and accomplishments? The school has undertaken to perform two quite different and opposite educational functions. The first produces intellectual training, and the second the training of the will.

The school, for its intellectual function, causes the pupil to learn certain arts, such as reading and writing, which make possible communication with one's fellow-men, and impart certain rudimentary insights or general elementary ideas with which practical thinking may be done, and the pupil be set on the way to comprehend his environment of nature, and of humanity and history. There is taught in the humblest of schools something of arithmetic, the science and art of numbers, by whose aid material nature is divided and combined, — the most practical of all knowledge of nature because it relates to the fundamental conditions of the existence of nature, the quantitative structure of time and space themselves. A little geography, also, is

and industrious life by the regulations of the system which enslaved him; he was improved in manners and elevated in his general conceptions by his daily association with the individuals of a superior white caste. The semi-military discipline of slavery is gone, and no social or personal tie now unites the home of the negro with that of the white man. — P. A. B.

¹⁰ The increasing isolation of the negro of the South from the whites is, so far as his own advancement is concerned, the most significant fact connected with his present condition. In one point only does he come in contact with the white man, and that is in the formal relation of employed to employer. The negro and the white man are driven into this relation of necessity. In their social spheres they are as wide apart as if they inhabited different countries. They have separate churches and separate schools, and it is only a question of time for them to have, in all parts of the South, separate public conveyances. The two races resemble two great streams that flow side by side, never commingling nor converging. There is no disposition to unite. On the contrary, the tendency is to swerve still further apart. This is a fact of supreme importance in its bearing upon the prospects of the negro race in the South, for that race is essentially imitative and adaptive in its character, showing a parasitic loyalty to its environment. In a state of servitude, the negro was disciplined into a fixed

¹¹ Self-respect is near akin to self-support. Any one who has lived in a foreign land where class distinctions prevail knows how ineffaceable is deference to rank, sometimes approaching servility. The negro seems to assume, to feel, to act on, his inferiority. The action of the government, of party managers, of religious organizations, of givers of pecuniary aid, of administrators of charitable benefactions, has tended to make him look to and rely upon Hercules. Slavery subordinated will, repressed intelligence, did not cultivate individuality or self-determination, and what is needed for the African is a strengthening at weak points so as to build up self-reliant character. — J. L. M. C.

taught; the pupil acquires the idea of the interrelation of each locality with every other. Each place produces something for the world-market, and in return it receives numerous commodities of useful and ornamental articles for food, clothing, and shelter. The great cosmopolitan idea of the human race and its unity of interests is born of geography, and even the smattering of it which the poorly taught pupil gets enwraps this great general idea, which is fertile and productive, a veritable knowledge of power from the start.

All school studies, moreover, deal with language, the embodiment of the reason, not of the individual, but of the Anglo-Saxon stock or people. The most elementary language study begins by isolating the words of a sentence, and making the pupil conscious of their separate articulation, spelling, and meaning. The savage does not quite arrive at a consciousness of the separate words of the language, but knows only whole sentences. All inflected languages preserve for us their primitive form of language consciousness, the inflections being the addition (to the roots or stems) of various subjective or pronominal elements necessary to give definiteness of application. The Turanic languages are called "agglutinative," because the power of analytic thinking has not proceeded so far as to differentiate the parts of speech fully. Every sentence is as it were some form of a conjugation of its verb.

Now, the steps of becoming conscious of words as words involved in writing and spelling, and in making out the meaning, and, finally, in the study of grammatical distinctions between the parts of speech, bring to the pupil a power of abstraction, a power of discriminating form from contents, substance from accidents, activity from passivity, subjective from objective, which makes him a thinker. For thinking depends on the mastery of categories, the ability to analyze a subject and get at its es-

sential elements and see their necessary relations. The people who are taught to analyze their speech into words have a constant elementary training through life that makes them reflective and analytic as compared with a totally illiterate people.

This explains to some degree the effect upon a lower race of adopting the language of a higher race. It brings up into consciousness, by furnishing exact expressions for them, complicated series of ideas which remain sunk below the mental horizon of the savage. It enables the rudimentary intelligence to ascend from the thought of isolated things to the thought of their relations and interdependencies.

The school teaches also literature, and trains the pupil to read by setting him lessons consisting of extracts from literary works of art. These are selected for their intensity, and for their peculiar merits in expressing situations of the soul brought about by external or internal circumstances. Language itself contains the categories of thought, and the study of grammatical structure makes one conscious of phases of ideas which flit past without notice in the mind of the illiterate person. Literary genius invents modes of utterance for feelings and thoughts that were hitherto below the surface of consciousness. It brings them above its level, and makes them forever after conscious and articulate. Especially in the realm of ethical and religious ideas, the thoughts that furnish the regulative forms for living and acting, literature is preëminent for its usefulness. Literature may be said, therefore, to reveal human nature. Its very elementary study in school makes the pupil acquainted with a hundred or more pieces of literary art, expressing for him with felicity his rarer and higher moods of feeling and thought. When, in mature age, we look back over our lives and recall to mind the influence that our schooldays brought us, the time spent

over the school readers seems quite naturally to have been the most valuable part of our education. Our thoughts on the conduct of life have been stimulated by it, and this ethical knowledge is of all knowledge the nearest related to self-preservation.

The school, even in its least efficient form, does something on these lines of intellectual insight. For the most fruitful part of all intellectual education is the acquisition of the general outline and the basal idea, — the categories, so to speak, of the provinces of human learning. This intellectual part of school education could not well be more accurately directed to aid the cause of civilization. For the kind of knowledge and mental discipline that conserves civil life is the knowledge that gives an insight into the dependence of the individual upon society. The school is busied with giving the pupil a knowledge of the conditions of physical nature and human nature; the former in mathematical study, the latter in language study.

The school also educates the will through its discipline. It demands of the pupil that he shall be obedient to the rules of order, and adopt habits that make it possible to combine with one's fellows. The school is a small community, in which many immature wills are combined in such a way as to prevent one from standing in the way of another, while each helps all and all help each. For the pupil learns more by seeing the efforts of his fellows at mastering the lesson than he does by hearing the teacher's explanations. In order to secure concert of action, the semi-mechanical moral habits of regularity, punctuality, silence, and industry are insisted on. Moral education is not accomplished by lectures on morals so much as by a strict training in moral habits. The American

school is proverbially strict in the matter of these semi-mechanical moral habits. They constitute the basis of self-control as related to combination with one's fellows. Leave out punctuality and regularity, and no combination is practicable; leave out silence and industry, and the school work is not possible. Without industry and abstention from meddlesomeness (and this is the equivalent of silence in the school) there can be no combination in civil society at large. The school secures peaceful co-operation, repressing the natural quarrelsomeness that exists among boys who are strangers to one another, and insuring civil behavior. Good behavior is the general term that characterizes the ideal aimed at by the school in the matter of will-training. A mastery of the "conventionalities of intelligence," as the "three R's" are called by a thoughtful observer, characterizes in like manner the ideal of its intellectual training.

From these considerations we can see how the common school may work, and does necessarily work, to civilize the intellect and will of the child, and how it must affect any lower race struggling to master the elements of civilization. For this scholastic training gives one the power to comprehend the springs of action that move the races which possess the directive power, and thus he can govern himself. It enables the pupil to see the properties and adaptabilities of material things, and he can subdue nature and convert things into wealth.

Here is the ground for the addition of industrial training to the traditional course of study in the common schools. The negro must learn to manage machinery, and make himself useful to the community in which he lives by becoming a skilled laborer.¹² Every physical peculiarity may be converted by the

¹² It is well to understand clearly the formidable character of the obstacles which the negro mechanic will be called upon to overcome before he can acquire, in the mechanical

trades, any substantial advantage from the prosperity which may surround him. In the first place, he will encounter race prejudice; employers will prefer mechanics of their own

cunning of intellect into some knack or aptitude which gives its possessor an advantage in productive industry. But the skill to use tools and direct machinery is a superior gift. Invention is fast discounting the value of special gifts of manual dexterity. Science is the seed-corn, while artisan skill — yes, even art itself — is only the baked bread.

The first step above brute instinct takes place when man looks beyond things as he sees them existing before him, and begins to consider their possibilities; he adds to his external seeing an internal seeing. The world assumes a new aspect; each object appears to be of larger scope than in its present existence, for there is a sphere of possibility environing it, — a sphere which the sharpest animal eyes of lynx or eagle cannot see, but which man, endowed with this new faculty of inward sight, perceives at once. To this insight into possibilities there loom up uses and adaptations, transformations and combinations, in a long series, stretching into the infinite behind each finite real thing. The bodily eye sees the real objects, but cannot see the infinite trails; they are invisible except to the inward eye of the mind.

What we call directive power on the part of man, his combining and organizing capacity, all rests on this ability to see beyond the real things before the senses to the ideal possibilities invisible to the brute. The more clearly man sees these ideals, the more perfectly he can construct for his behoof another set of conditions than those in which he finds himself.

race, if other conditions are equal. Then he will have to submit to the stress of modern competition. The skilled white mechanic protects himself by his trade union; into that he is not likely to admit the negro mechanic. If the skilled negro mechanics form their own trade unions, the superiority of the members must be of the most striking character to create a preponderating influence in their favor in the mind of the employer, who naturally leans towards individuals of his own race. Let the

The school, in so far as it gives intellectual education, aids the pupil by science and literature. Science collects about each subject all its phases of existence under different conditions; it teaches the student to look at a thing as a whole, and see in it not only what is visible before his senses, but also what is invisible, — what is not realized, but remains dormant or potential. The scientifically educated laborer, therefore, is of a higher type than the mere "hand laborer," because he has learned to see in each thing its possibilities. He sees each thing in the perspective of its history. Here, then, in the educated laborer, we have a hand belonging to a brain that directs, or that can intelligently comprehend, a detailed statement of an ideal to be worked out. The laborer and the overseer, or "boss," are united in one man. Hence it is that the productive power of the educated laborer is so great.

The school may indefinitely reinforce the effect of this general education by adding manual training and other industrial branches, taking care to make the instruction scientific; for it is science that gives scope and power of adaptation to new conditions. The instrument of modern civilization is the labor-saving machine. The negro cannot share in the white man's freedom unless he can learn to manage machinery. Nothing but drudgery remains for a race that cannot understand applied science. The productive power of a race that works only with its hands is so small that only one in the hundred can live in

negro unions work at cheaper rates and the white mechanics be forced to come down to the same wages, the former would at once be exposed to those destructive conditions to which I have referred. These are the influences that diminish the prospect of the negro taking an active part in the manufacturing development of the South, except in those branches of labor which are distinctly below such as require special skill and training. — P. A. B.

the enjoyment of the comforts of life. The nations that have conquered nature by the aid of machinery can afford luxury for large classes. In Great Britain,¹³ for example, thirty per cent of the families enjoy incomes of \$1000 and upwards per annum, while the seventy per cent constituting the so-called "working classes" have an average of \$485 to each family. When we consider how much this will buy in England, we see that the common laborer of to-day is better off for real comforts than the nobleman of three hundred years ago. In France, seventy-six per cent, including the working classes, receive \$395 per family, while the twenty-four per cent, including the wealthy, get an average of \$1300 and upwards. But in Italy the income returns show (in 1881) only 8500 families with incomes above \$1000, while more than ninety-eight per cent of the population average less than \$300 for each family.¹⁴ Agriculture without manufactures and commerce cannot furnish wealth for a large fraction of the people. But with diversity of industry there is opportunity for many, and will be finally for all. The increased use of machinery multiplies wealth, so that production doubles twice as often as the population in the United States.

This is the significance of manual training in our schools. The youth learns how to shape wood and iron into machines, and thus how to construct and manage machines. The hand worker is to be turned into a brain worker; for the machine does the work of the hand, but requires a brain to direct it. Human productive industry needs more and more directive power, but less and less mere sleight of hand. The negro, educated in manual training, will find

himself at home in a civilization which is accumulating inventions of all sorts and descriptions to perform the work necessary to supply the people with food, clothing, and shelter at so cheap a rate as to have a large surplus of income to purchase the means of luxury, amusement, and culture.

The friends of the education of the negro, North and South, have seen the importance of providing industrial education for him. So long as he can work only at the cultivation of staple crops he cannot become a salutary element in the social whole.¹⁵ When he acquires skill in mechanical industries, his presence in the community is valued and his person is respected. Many colored institutions have been founded for the special promotion of skill in the arts and trades, and nearly all of the higher institutions have undertaken to provide some facilities for industrial education.

In analyzing the details of the school statistics for colored schools of the South for 1889, we find 25,530 pupils enrolled in private and endowed schools against 1,213,092 pupils in public schools. Although this number is relatively small, — less than one fortieth, — yet its importance cannot easily be overestimated, because of the fact that most of the secondary and higher education is received through these schools. Hence the efficiency of the colored teacher depends chiefly on the endowments made to institutions of this class. By teachers one is to understand preachers and all manner of professional men as well as those actually in charge of schools; for it is evident that every colored person who receives a higher education is a teacher of his race for good or evil in an exceptional sense.

¹³ See Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics (new edition, 1890-91), pages 320-22. — W. T. H.

¹⁴ The English laborer has a greater income than the Italian, because England is the common manufacturer for Italy. Southern climates, whether occupied by negroes or Cau-

casians, are fatal to the rigorous demands of scientific industry. — L. H. B.

¹⁵ As yet public sentiment confines him principally to agricultural or other similarly unremunerative employments. — L. H. B.

With the growing isolation of the negro in his state of freedom comes the necessity of a well-educated clergy¹⁶ to counteract an increasing tendency to relapse into fetichism and magic and all manner of degrading superstitions. The profession of Christianity in empty words does not avail anything, and the practical interpretation of those words by means of the ideas of fetichism secures and confirms the lowest status of savagery. The more highly educated the colored clergy, the more closely are the masses of the people brought into intelligent sympathy with the aspirations and endeavors of the white race with whom they live. For it is not the abstract dogma that gives vital religion, important though it be as a symbol of the highest. It is the correct interpretation of that dogma in terms of concrete vital issues which makes it a living faith. One must be able to see the present world and its Sphinx riddles solved by the high doctrines of his creed, or he does not possess a "saving faith." The preacher who cannot, for his illiteracy, see the hand of Providence in the instruments of modern civilization — in the steamship, the railroad, the telegraph, the morning newspaper, the popular novel, the labor-saving machine, the investigations in natural science —

¹⁶ The improvement of the character of the negro preachers is even more important than the improvement of the character of the negro teachers; but it is an end more difficult to reach, because the preachers cannot be selected, like the teachers, after submission to an ordeal that tests their fitness for the positions to be filled. As a rule, the present spiritual guides of the Southern negroes are self-appointed. The most feasible plan for promoting this improvement of character seems to be the establishment of a large number of seminaries, to be controlled absolutely by the white religious denominations, in which the general system of instruction now pursued in the normal institutes, with religious courses predominating, shall be employed for the education of the students. A second Peabody or Slater, instead of leaving a large fund for the advancement of the usefulness of the normal schools for the

is not likely to be of much help in building up a new civilization, although he may, it is true, administer consolation to souls world-sick and weary.¹⁷

The Christian religion as interpreted by the modern spirit means not only the preparation for death, but, more than this, a preparation for living. The true missionary spirit is thoroughly of this character. It bids each human being help his brother in all ways that may secure his self-help. Hence the conquest of nature, first by means of natural science, and secondly by means of useful inventions, to the end that man may be lifted forever above a life of drudgery into a life of intelligent directive power, where brains count more than hands, — this conquest is demanded by religion as a preliminary missionary movement.

The labors in social science directed to the end of discovering the best means of administering charity so that it may create activity and enterprise, rather than demoralize society's weaklings; the improvement of tenement houses, hygienic precautions, public parks and innocent amusements, all that goes to increase the interest of man in his fellow-men, and especially all that goes to lift the burden from childhood, — the burden that is premature and causes arrested

Southern negroes, should set aside the same amount for establishing new seminaries for the education of negro preachers, or enlarging the scope and improving the methods of those already in existence. — P. A. B.

¹⁷ One of the chief drawbacks to higher civilization in the negro race is the exceeding difficulty of giving a predominant ethical character to his religion. In the black belt religion and virtue are often considered as distinct and separable things. The moral element, good character, is eliminated from the essential ingredients of Christianity, and good citizenship, womanliness, truth, chastity, honesty, cleanliness, trustworthiness, are not always of the essence of religious obligation. An intelligent, pious, courageous ministry is indispensable to any hopeful attempt to lift up the negro race. — J. L. M. C.

development, stunting the soul in its growth, — these are Christian instrumentalities, and are seen to be such by an educated clergy. But an illiterate clergy condemns them as works of Antichrist, because it cannot see the spirit of the doctrines which it preaches. It sounds like a paradox to say that the illiterate is bound by the letter and cannot see the spirit, but it is true.

It is quite important that the higher education of the negro should include Latin and Greek. The Anglo-Saxon civilization in which he lives is a derivative one, receiving one of its factors from Rome and the other from Athens. The white youth is obliged to study the classic languages in order to become conscious of these two derivative elements in his life, and it is equally important for the colored youth. A "liberal" education by classic study gives to the youth some acquaintance with his spiritual embryology.

In 1889, the pupils in private and endowed schools and schools supported by taxation, performing this much-needed work of educating the spiritual leaders among the colored people, were classified as follows: —

Secondary schools	11,480
Normal schools	7462
Universities and colleges	5010
Theological seminaries	1008
Law schools	42
Medical schools	241
Institutions for deaf, blind	287
Total	25,530

These details as reported vary much from year to year, and quite naturally; ¹⁸ for those who are receiving a secondary or higher education may intend to teach

¹⁸ In 1888, the total value of property used for colored normal schools was \$1,224,130, for colored secondary schools (high schools and preparatory) \$549,865, colleges \$1,816,550, schools of science \$61,500, schools of theology \$252,500, schools of law \$40,000, schools of medicine \$80,000. — W. T. H.

¹⁹ The wisest course to pursue at present is to employ every means to widen the scope and

in schools for a time, at least, and the greater part may ultimately reach the pulpit. Hence they may be enrolled under the head of normal schools properly enough.

It is clear, from the above considerations, that money expended for the secondary and higher education of the negro accomplishes far more for him than similar expenditures accomplish for the white people. It is seed sown where it brings forth a hundred fold,¹⁹ because each one of the pupils of these higher institutions is a centre of diffusion of superior methods and refining influences among an imitative and impressible race. State and national aid as well as private bequests should take this direction first. There should be no gifts or bequests for common elementary instruction; this should be left to the common schools, and all outside aid should be concentrated on the secondary and higher instruction, inclusive of industrial education.

What may be done by the wise administration of an endowment fund has been demonstrated by the history of the Peabody education fund. Its benefactions have been distributed in such a manner as always to stimulate greater local effort, and never to paralyze. During the year 1889-90 the sum of \$87,487 was given to aid institutions in ten States. The largest sum, \$26,000, was given to the Peabody Normal College in Nashville, Tennessee, a central normal school for the education of white teachers from ten of the Southern States. The sum of one hundred dollars is paid as a scholarship to each regularly appointed pupil, and traveling expenses

perfect the methods of the normal schools for the negroes. The Hampton Institute represents in an eminent degree the true principle to be applied in this age to their improvement through the public school, that principle being embodied in the careful selection of the best material which the race affords for instructors of the young. — P. A. B.

are also allowed. This item amounted to \$22,500 (scholarships and traveling expenses) in the year 1889-90. In the years from 1868 to 1886 a total of \$1,576,649 was distributed from this fund for all purposes, making an average of upwards of \$80,000 per annum. The funds are now managed so as to assist and encourage normal instruction chiefly.²⁰

Since 1883 this work of discriminating endowment has been reinforced by the Slater fund, which has aided the industrial phase of education. From 1883 to 1886 the trustees of this fund disbursed an average of \$25,000 per annum. In the year 1888-89 the amount appropriated had increased to \$44,310. This fund has recently been placed under the management of the agent of the Peabody fund.

During the twelve years 1877-89 the enrollment of both races in the schools of the fifteen former slave States and the District of Columbia increased more than twice as fast as the population. While the white population, as a whole, during that period gained over thirty-four per cent, the white enrollment in school gained seventy-five per cent, or double the ratio. While the colored population increased about twenty-five per cent, the colored increment in school was one hundred and thirteen per cent, or quadruple the rate.

It appears that in the last thirteen years the South has expended of public

money the sum of \$216,000,000 for education. Of this sum the colored schools have received about one fourth, — say \$50,000,000.²¹ The colored school enrollment is about one fourth of the whole (twenty-seven and two thirds per cent in 1889). It is found that the white school population enrolls a larger proportion of children of school age than the colored; exceeding it, in fact, by about twenty per cent. This showing on the part of the South in the matter of school attendance stimulates and encourages the friends of the "new South." The friends of schools are at work in the legislatures of the Southern States to increase the length of the school term, which remains quite brief, being only ninety days, on an average, in the South Central States, and one hundred days in the South Atlantic States.

In the words of the former agent of the Slater fund, Rev. Dr. Haygood (recently appointed bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South), in his report for 1889: "There has never been at any time in the past so much thought concentrated upon the subject of education in the South by Southern people as now. . . . Notably the public schools have been championed by the church and press as never before. If any proof were lacking of an awakened interest in the subject, it is found in the attention now paid to the subject of the education of the masses by the county newspapers."

²⁰ At first the Peabody fund was used to secure the establishment in the Southern States of systems of free schools, and to create a local sentiment favorable to the maintenance and patronage of such schools. Now an insignificant portion of the income is used in aid of individual schools, and in no instance unless state revenues are supplemented by local taxation. Help those who help themselves is an inflexible law. The bulk of appropriations is now applied to the training of teachers through the Peabody Normal School at Nashville, state normal schools, and teachers' institutes for both races. The Slater fund, given for "the lately emancipated race," makes prominent the in-

dustries in order to impart habits of steady and intelligent and remunerative application. Aid will hereafter be concentrated upon fewer institutions. The object is to promote directive intelligence, to develop leadership, to teach the application of science so as to enable men to rise above unintelligent, unproductive drudgery. — J. L. M. C.

²¹ Alabama expended, from 1870 to 1887 inclusive, the sum of \$4,610,947 for its white schools, and \$3,296,793 for its colored schools. Of these sums, from 1872 to 1887, \$124,000 went for normal schools for whites, and \$107,500 for colored normal schools. — W. T. H.

This interest, however, except in the cities, takes the form of state aid rather than local taxation. Cities can aid themselves, for the urban public opinion is organized in a corporate form. Moreover, self-protection from the results of illiteracy becomes a conscious motive in the public opinion of a dense population. But the rural population of the South far exceeds that in the cities.

This is the strong ground on which the demand for national aid for education is urged. It is not for urban but for rural populations which will not assess local taxes sufficient to maintain schools of a suitable grade of excellence or adequate length of annual session. In this matter, it is the urban population everywhere that possesses the wealth, and can afford local taxation sufficient for education. In the State of Massachusetts, the value of the land held for building lots and urban purposes surpasses the value of the land held solely for agriculture in the ratio of ten to one, as may be seen by the data of the census taken by Hon. Carroll D. Wright for 1885.

The three symbols of our most advanced civilization are the railroad, the morning newspaper, and the school. The rural population everywhere is backward in its sympathies for these "moderns." The good school is the instrumentality which must precede in order to create this sympathy. But the good school will not spring up of itself in the agricultural community. It must be provided for by the urban influence of the State and nation. By judicious distribution of general funds, coupled with provisions requiring local taxation as a condition of sharing in these funds, even the rural districts may be brought up to the standard. The State as a whole gains in wealth and in the priceless increase of individual ability by education.

It was revealed by the census of

²² The feuds spring almost wholly from the enmity of the whites. The negroes generally

1880 that the colored race furnished a disproportionate share of illiterates even in the Northern and Pacific group of States. In the Northern group the percentage of colored illiterates was nearly five times as large as the percentage of white illiterates, — sixteen per cent for the colored, and three and a third per cent for the white. In the Pacific group the same disproportion prevailed. In the Southern section of the colored population of the ages of fifteen to twenty years the illiterates amounted to sixty-seven per cent, while the white illiterates were only seventeen per cent of their quota; colored illiterates from ten to fourteen were seventy per cent, and the white thirty per cent, of their respective quotas.

The illiterate person is apt to be intolerant and full of race prejudice, and to this cause we may attribute the larger portion of the feuds²² between the races wherever they have existed in the South. But the worst feature of illiteracy is to be found in the fact that it is impenetrable to the influence of the newspaper. Enlightened public opinion depends so much on the daily newspaper that it is not possible without it; and lacking this, an ideal self-government is not to be thought of.

The most advanced form of government is that by public opinion. This is essentially a newspaper form of government. The extension of the railroad system into all parts of the South will carry the urban influence to the towns and villages; every station being a radiating centre for the daily newspapers of the metropolis. The education that comes from the daily survey of the events of the world, and a deliberate consideration of the opinions and verdicts editorially written in view of these events, is a supplement or extension of the school. It takes the place of the village gossip which once furnished the mental food

stand for the lamb drinking below and muddying the stream above. — L. H. B.

for the vast majority. School education makes possible this participation in the world process of thought by means of the printed page. The book and periodical come to the individual, and prevent the mental paralysis or arrested development that used to succeed the school-days of the rural population.

With the colored people all educated in schools and become a reading people interested in the daily newspaper; with all forms of industrial training accessible to them, and the opportunity so improved that every form of mechanical and manufacturing skill has its quota of

colored working men and women; with a colored ministry educated in a Christian theology interpreted in the missionary spirit, and finding its auxiliaries in modern science and modern literature, — with these educational essentials, the negro problem for the South will be solved without recourse to violent measures of any kind, whether migration, or disfranchisement, or ostracism.²³ Mutual respect for moral and intellectual character, for useful talents and industry, will surely not lead to miscegenation, but only to what is desirable, namely, to civil and political recognition.

W. T. Harris.

THE EMERSON-THOREAU CORRESPONDENCE.

EMERSON IN EUROPE.

A FEW undated notes from Emerson to Thoreau may be of the years between 1843 and 1847, but I am inclined to place them as late as the latter year. Here is the only one which will be cited, and that to show how friendly was the service these two comrades required of each other. The "Mr. Brownson" mentioned was Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, who had examined Thoreau for his first district school, when he went, during a college vacation, to teach in the town of Canton, near Boston, where Brownson was then a Universalist minister.

Thursday, P. M.

DEAR HENRY, — I am not to-day quite so robust as I expected to be, and

so have to beg that you will come down and drink tea with Mr. Brownson, and charge yourself with carrying him to the Lyceum and introducing him to the curators. I hope you can oblige me so far.

Yours, R. W. E.

I. THOREAU TO HIS SISTER SOPHIA AT BANGOR.

CONCORD, *October 24, 1847.*

DEAR SOPHIA, — I thank you for those letters about Ktadn, and hope you will save and send me the rest, and anything else you may meet with relating to the Maine woods. That Dr. Young is both young and green too at traveling in the woods. However, I hope he got "yarbs" enough to satisfy him. I went to Boston the 5th of this month to see Mr. Emerson off to Europe. He sailed in the Washington Irving packet

²³ Freedom itself is educatory. The energy of representative institutions is a valuable schoolmaster. To control one's labor, to enjoy the earnings of it, to make contracts freely, to have the right of locomotion and change of residence and business, have a helpful influence on manhood. These concrete and intelligible acts affect the negro far more than abstract speculations, or effusive sentiment, or the slow

processes of remote and combined causes. They require prompt and spontaneous action, and one learns from personal experience that he is a constituent member of society. Unquestionably, he sometimes makes ludicrous mistakes, is guilty of offensive self-assertion, but despite these errors there is perceptible and hopeful progress. — J. L. M. C.

ship; the same in which Mr. [F. H.] Hedge went before him. Up to this trip the first mate aboard this ship was, as I hear, one Stephens, a Concord boy, son of Stephens the carpenter, who used to live above Mr. Dennis's. Mr. Emerson's stateroom was like a carpeted dark closet, about six feet square, with a large keyhole for a window. The window was about as big as a saucer, and the glass two inches thick, not to mention another skylight overhead in the deck, the size of an oblong doughnut, and about as opaque. Of course it would be in vain to look up, if any contemplative promenader put his foot upon it. Such will be his lodgings for two or three weeks; and instead of a walk in Walden woods he will take a promenade on deck, where the few trees, you know, are stripped of their bark. The steam-tug carried the ship to sea against a head wind without a rag of sail being raised.

I don't remember whether you have heard of the new telescope at Cambridge or not. They think it is the best one in the world, and have already seen more than Lord Rosse or Herschel. I went to see Perez Blood's, some time ago, with Mr. Emerson. He had not gone to bed, but was sitting in the woodshed, in the dark, alone, in his astronomical chair, which is all legs and rounds, with a seat which can be inserted at any height. We saw Saturn's rings, and the mountains in the moon, and the shadows in their craters, and the sunlight on the spurs of the mountains in the dark portion, etc., etc. When I asked him the power of his glass he said it was 85. But what is the power of the Cambridge glass? 2000!!! The last is about twenty-three feet long.

I think you may have a grand time this winter pursuing some study, — keeping a journal, or the like, — while the snow lies deep without. Winter is the time for study, you know, and the colder it is the more studious we are. Give my respects to the whole Penobscot tribe,

and tell them that I trust we are good brothers still, and endeavor to keep the chain of friendship bright, though I do dig up a hatchet now and then. I trust you will not stir from your comfortable winter quarters, Miss Bruin, or even put your head out of your hollow tree, till the sun has melted the snow in the spring, and "the green buds, they are a-swellin'."

From your BROTHER HENRY.

This letter has been given to explain some of the allusions in the first letter to Emerson in England. Perez Blood was a rural astronomer living in the extreme north quarter of Concord, next to Carlisle, with his two maiden sisters, in the midst of a fine oak wood; their cottage being one of the points in view when Thoreau and his friends took their afternoon rambles. Sophia Thoreau was the youngest of the family, and was visiting her cousins in Maine, the "Penobscot tribe" of whom the letter makes mention, with an allusion to the Indians of that name near Bangor. His letter to her and those which follow were written from Emerson's house, where Thoreau lived as a younger brother during the master's absence across the ocean. It was in the orchard of this house that Alcott was building that summer-house at which Thoreau, with his geometrical eye, makes merry in the next letter.

II. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, November 14, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND, — I am but a poor neighbor to you here, — a very poor companion am I. I understand that very well, but that need not prevent my *writing* to you now. I have almost never written letters in my life, yet I think I can write as good ones as I frequently see, so I shall not hesitate to write this, such as it may be, knowing that you will welcome anything that reminds you of Concord.

I have banked up the young trees

against the winter and the mice, and I will look out, in my careless way, to see when a pale is loose or a nail drops out of its place. The broad gaps, at least, I will occupy. I heartily wish I could be of good service to this household. But I, who have only used these ten digits so long to solve the problem of a living, how can I? The world is a cow that is hard to milk, — life does not come so easy, — and oh, how thinly it is watered ere we get it! But the young bunting calf, he will get at it. There is no way so direct. This is to earn one's living by the sweat of his brow. It is a little like joining a community, this life, to such a hermit as I am; and as I don't keep the accounts, I don't know whether the experiment will succeed or fail finally. At any rate, it is good for society, so I do not regret my transient nor my permanent share in it.

Lidian [Mrs. Emerson] and I make very good housekeepers. She is a very dear sister to me. Ellen and Edith and Eddy and Aunty Brown keep up the tragedy and comedy and tragic-comedy of life as usual. The two former have not forgotten their old acquaintance; even Edith carries a young memory in her head, I find. Eddy can teach us all how to pronounce. If you should discover any rare hoard of wooden or pewter horses, I have no doubt he will know how to appreciate it. He occasionally surveys mankind from my shoulders as wisely as ever Johnson did. I respect him not a little, though it is I that lift him up so unceremoniously. And sometimes I have to set him down again in a hurry, according to his "mere will and good pleasure." He very seriously asked me, the other day, "Mr. Thoreau, will you be my father?" I am occasionally Mr. Rough-and-tumble with him that I may not miss *him*, and lest he should miss *you* too much. So you must come back soon, or you will be superseded.

Alcott has heard that I laughed, and so set the people laughing, at his

arbor, though I never laughed louder than when I was on the ridgepole. But now I have not laughed for a long time, it is so serious. He is very grave to look at. But, not knowing all this, I strove innocently enough, the other day, to engage his attention to my mathematics. "Did you ever study geometry, the relation of straight lines to curves, the transition from the finite to the infinite? Fine things about it in Newton and Leibnitz." But he would hear none of it, — men of taste preferred the natural curve. Ah, he is a crooked stick himself. He is getting on now so many *knots* an hour. There is one knot at present occupying the point of highest elevation, — the present highest point; and as many knots as are not handsome, I presume, are thrown down and cast into the pines. Pray show him this if you meet him anywhere in London, for I cannot make him hear much plainer words here. He forgets that I am neither old nor young, nor anything in particular, and behaves as if I had still some of the animal heat in me. As for the building, I feel a little oppressed when I come near it. It has no great disposition to be beautiful; it is certainly a wonderful structure, on the whole, and the fame of the architect will endure as long as it shall stand. I should not show you this side alone, if I did not suspect that Lidian had done complete justice to the other.

Mr. [Edmund] Hosmer has been working at a tannery in Stow for a fortnight, though he has just now come home sick. It seems that he was a tanner in his youth, and so he has made up his mind a little at last. This comes of reading the New Testament. Was n't one of the Apostles a tanner? Mrs. Hosmer remains here, and John looks stout enough to fill his own shoes and his father's too.

Mr. Blood and his company have at length seen the stars through the great telescope, and he told me that he thought it was worth the while. Mr. Peirce made

him wait till the crowd had dispersed (it was a Saturday evening), and then was quite polite, — conversed with him, and showed him the micrometer, etc.; and he said Mr. Blood's glass was large enough for all ordinary astronomical work. [Rev.] Mr. Frost and Dr. [Josiah] Bartlett seemed disappointed that there was no greater difference between the Cambridge glass and the Concord one. They used only a power of 400. Mr. Blood tells me that he is too old to study the calculus or higher mathematics. At Cambridge they think that they have discovered traces of another satellite to Neptune. They have been obliged to exclude the public altogether, at last. The very dust which they raised, "which is filled with minute crystals," etc., as professors declare, having to be wiped off the glasses, would ere long wear them away. It is true enough, Cambridge college is really beginning to wake up and redeem its character and overtake the age. I see by the catalogue that they are about establishing a scientific school in connection with the university, at which any one above eighteen, on paying one hundred dollars annually (Mr. Lawrence's fifty thousand dollars will probably diminish this sum), may be instructed in the highest branches of science, — in astronomy, "theoretical and practical, with the use of the instruments" (so the great Yankee astronomer may be born without delay), in mechanics and engineering to the last degree. Agassiz will ere long commence his lectures in the zoölogical department. A chemistry class has already been formed under the direction of Professor Horsford. A new and adequate building for the purpose is already being erected. They have been foolish enough to put at the end of all this earnest the old joke of a diploma. Let every sheep keep but his own skin, I say.

I have had a tragic correspondence, for the most part all on one side, with Miss —. She did really wish to — I

hesitate to write — marry me. That is the way they spell it. Of course I did not write a deliberate answer. How could I deliberate upon it? I sent back as distinct a *no* as I have learned to pronounce after considerable practice, and I trust that this *no* has succeeded. Indeed, I wished that it might burst, like hollow shot, after it had struck and buried itself and made itself felt there. *There was no other way.* I really had anticipated no such foe as this in my career.

I suppose you will like to hear of my book, though I have nothing worth writing about it. Indeed, for the last month or two I have forgotten it, but shall certainly remember it again. Wiley & Putnam, Munroe, the Harpers, and Crosby & Nichols have all declined printing it with the least risk to themselves; but Wiley & Putnam will print it in their series, and any of them, anywhere, at *my* risk. If I liked the book well enough, I should not delay; but for the present I am indifferent. I believe this is, after all, the course you advised, — to let it lie.

I do not know what to say of myself. I sit before my green desk, in the chamber at the head of the stairs, and attend to my thinking, sometimes more, sometimes less distinctly. I am not unwilling to think great thoughts if there are any in the wind, but what they are I am not sure. They suffice to keep me awake while the day lasts, at any rate. Perhaps they will redeem some portion of the night ere long.

I can imagine you astonishing, bewildering, confounding, and sometimes delighting John Bull with your Yankee notions, and that he begins to take a pride in the relationship at last; introduced to all the stars of England in succession, after the lecture, until you pine to thrust your head once more into a genuine and unquestionable nebula, if there be any left. I trust a common man will be the most uncommon to you before you return to these parts. I have

thought there was some advantage even in death, by which we "mingle with the herd of common men."

Hugh [the gardener] still has his eye on the Walden *agellum*, and orchards are waving there in the windy future for him. That's the where-I'll-go-next, thinks he; but no important steps are yet taken. He reminds me occasionally of this open secret of his, with which the very season seems to labor, and affirms seriously that as to his wants — wood, stone, or timber — I know better than he. That is a clincher which I shall have to avoid to some extent; but I fear that it is a wrought nail and will not break. Unfortunately, the day after cattle show — the day after small beer — he was among the missing, but not long this time. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin nor the leopard his spots, nor indeed Hugh — his Hugh.

As I walked over Conantum, the other afternoon, I saw a fair column of smoke rising from the woods directly over my house that was (as I judged), and already began to conjecture if my deed of sale would not be made invalid by this. But it turned out to be John Richardson's young wood, on the southeast of your field. It was burnt nearly all over, and up to the rails and the road. It was set on fire, no doubt, by the same Lucifer that lighted Brooks's lot before. So you see that your small lot is comparatively safe for this season, the back fire having been already set for you.

They have been choosing between John Keyes and Sam Staples, if the world wants to know it, as representative of this town, and Staples is chosen. The candidates for governor — think of my writing this to you! — were Governor Briggs and General Cushing, and Briggs is elected, though the Democrats have gained. Ain't I a brave boy to know so much of politics for the nonce? But I should n't have known it if Coombs had n't told me. They have had a peace meeting here, — I should n't think of

telling you if I did n't know anything would do for the English market, — and some men, Deacon Brown at the head, have signed a long pledge, swearing that they will "treat all mankind as brothers henceforth." I think I shall wait and see how they treat me first. I think that nature meant kindly when she made our brothers few. However, my voice is still for peace. So good-by, and a truce to all joking, my dear friend, from

H. D. T.

Upon this letter some annotations are to be made. "Eddy" was Emerson's youngest child, Edward Waldo, then three years old and upward, — of late years his father's biographer. Hugh, the gardener, of whom more anon, bargained for the house of Thoreau on Emerson's land at Walden, and for a field to go with it; but the bargain came to naught, and the cabin was removed three or four miles to the northwest, where it became a granary for Farmer Clark and his squirrels, near the entrance to the park known as Estabrook's. Edmund Hosmer was the farming friend and neighbor with whom, at one time, G. W. Curtis and his brother took lodgings, and at another time the Alcott family. The book in question was *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, finally published by James Munroe, of Boston, who was then Emerson's publisher.

The next letter must set out before an answer could come to the first one.

III. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, December 15, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND, — You are not so far off but the affairs of *this* world still attract you. Perhaps it will be so when we are dead. Then look out. Joshua R. Holman, of Harvard, who says he lived a month with [Charles] Lane at Fruitlands, wishes to *hire* said Lane's farm for one or more years, and will pay \$125 rent, taking out of the same a

half, if necessary, for repairs, — as for a new bank-wall to the barn cellar, which he says is indispensable. Palmer is gone, Mrs. Palmer is going. This is all that is known or that is worth knowing. Yes or no? What to do?

Hugh's plot begins to thicken. He starts thus: eighty dollars on one side; Walden, field and house, on the other. How to bring these together so as to make a garden and a palace?

\$80



1st, let \$10 go over to unite the two lots.

\$70

\$6 for Wetherbee's rocks
to found your palace on.



\$64

\$64 — so far, indeed, we have already got.

\$4 to bring the rocks to the field.

\$60

Save \$20 by all means, to measure the field, and you have left

\$40 to complete the palace, build cellar, and dig well. Build the cellar yourself, and let *well* alone, — and now how does it stand?

\$40 to complete the palace somewhat like this.



For when one asks, "Why do you want twice as much room more?" the reply is, "Parlor, kitchen, and bedroom, — these make the palace."

"Well, Hugh, what will you do? Here are forty dollars to buy a new house, twelve feet by twenty-five, and add it to the old."

"Well, Mr. Thoreau, as I tell you, I know no more than a child about it. It shall be just as you say."

"Then build it yourself, get it roofed, and get in.

"Commence at one end and leave it half done, And let time finish what money's begun."

So you see we have forty dollars for a nest egg; sitting on which, Hugh and I alternately and simultaneously, there may in course of time be hatched a house that will long stand, and perchance even

lay fresh eggs one day for its owner; that is, if, when he returns, he gives the young chick twenty dollars or more in addition, by way of "swichin," to give it a start in the world.

The Massachusetts Quarterly Review came out the 1st of December, but it does not seem to be making a sensation, at least not hereabouts. I know of none in Concord who take or have seen it yet.

We wish to get by all possible means some notion of your success or failure in England, — more than your two letters have furnished. Can't you send a fair sample both of young and of old England's criticism, if there is any printed? Alcott and [Ellery] Channing are equally greedy with myself.

HENRY THOREAU.

C. T. Jackson takes the Quarterly (new one), and will lend it to us. Are you not going to send your wife some news of your good or ill success by the newspapers?

IV. EMERSON TO THOREAU FROM ENGLAND.

MANCHESTER, December 2, 1847.

DEAR HENRY, — Very welcome in the parcel was your letter, very precious your thoughts and tidings. It is one of the best things connected with my coming hither that you could and would keep the homestead; that fireplace shines all the brighter, and has a certain permanent glimmer therefor. Thanks, ever more thanks for the kindness which I well discern to the youth of the house: to my darling little horseman of pewter, wooden, rocking, and what other breeds, — destined, I hope, to ride Pegasus yet, and, I hope, not destined to be thrown; to Edith, who long ago drew from you verses which I carefully preserve; and to Ellen, whom by speech, and now by letter, I find old enough to be companionable, and to choose and reward her own friends in her own fashions. She sends me a poem to-day, which I have read three times!

I believe I must keep back all my communications on English topics until I get to London, which is England. Everything centralizes in this magnificent machine which England is. Manufacturer for the world, she is become, or becoming, one complete tool or engine in herself. Yesterday the time all over the kingdom was reduced to Greenwich time. At Liverpool, where I was, the clocks were put forward twelve minutes. This had become quite necessary on account of the railroads, which bind the whole country into swiftest connection, and require so much accurate interlocking, intersection, and simultaneous arrival that the difference of time produced confusion. Every man in England carries a little book in his pocket, called Bradshaw's Guide, which contains timetables of every arrival and departure at every station, on all the railroads of the kingdom. It is published anew on the first day of every month, and costs sixpence. The proceeding effects of electric telegraph will give a new importance to such arrangements.

But lest I should not say what is needful, I will postpone England once for all, and say that I am not of opinion that your book should be delayed a month. I should print it at once, nor do I think that you would incur any risk in doing so that you cannot well afford. It is very certain to have readers and debtors, here as well as there. The *Dial* is absurdly well known here. We at home, I think, are always a little ashamed of it, — *I* am, — and yet here it is spoken of with the utmost gravity, and I do not laugh. Carlyle writes me that he is reading *Doomsday Book*.

You tell me in your letter one odious circumstance, which we will dismiss from remembrance henceforward. Charles Lane instructed me, in London, to ask you to forward his *Dials* to him, which must be done, if you can find them. Three bound volumes are among his books in my library. The fourth vol-

ume is in unbound numbers at J. Munroe & Co.'s shop, received there in a parcel to my address, a day or two before I sailed, and which I forgot to carry to Concord. It must be claimed without delay. It is certainly there, — was opened by me and left; and they can inclose all four volumes to Chapman for me.

Well, I am glad the Pleasaunce at Walden suffered no more; but it is a great loss as it is, which years will not repair. I feel that I have balked you by the promise of a letter which ends in as good as none, but I write with counted minutes and a miscellany of things before me.

Yours affectionately, R. W. E.

[On a separate sheet this message:]

Will Mr. Thoreau please to bear in mind that when there is good mortar in readiness Mr. Dean must be summoned to fit the air-tight stove to the chimney in the schoolroom? — unless Mr. T. can do it with convenience himself.

Mr. Lane was the English owner of the farm in Harvard, where he had lived with the Alcotts; and Emerson had the care of his property in America, now that he had gone back to England. In the letter which follows "Whipple" is E. P. Whipple, the essayist, then a popular lecturer, and the "traveling professor" is Agassiz.

V. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, December 29, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I thank you for your letter. I was very glad to get it; and I am glad again to write to you. However slow the steamer, no time intervenes between the writing and the reading of thoughts, but they come freshly to the most distant port. I am here still, and very glad to be here, and shall not trouble you with any complaints because I do not fill my place better. I have had many good hours in the cham-

ber at the head of the stairs, — a solid time, it seems to me. Next week I am going to give an account to the Lyceum of my expedition to Maine. Theodore Parker lectures to-night. We have had Whipple on Genius, — too weighty a subject for him, with his antithetical definitions new-vamped, — what it *is*, what it is *not*, but altogether what it is *not*; cuffing it this way and cuffing it that, as if it were an India-rubber ball. Really, it is a subject which should expand, expand, accumulate itself before the speaker's eyes as he goes on, like the snowballs which the boys roll in the street; and when it stops, it should be so large that he cannot start it, but must leave it there. [H. N.] Hudson, too, has been here, with a dark shadow in the core of him, and his desperate wit, so much indebted to the surface of him, — wringing out his words and snapping them off like a dish-cloth; very remarkable, but not memorable. Singular that these two best lecturers should have so much "wave" in their timber, — their solid parts to be made and kept solid by shrinkage and contraction of the whole, with consequent checks and fissures.

Ellen and I have a good understanding. I appreciate her genuineness. Edith tells me after her fashion: "By and by I shall grow up and be a woman, and then I shall remember how you exercised me." Eddy has been to Boston to Christmas, but can remember nothing but the coaches, all Kendall's coaches. There is no variety of that vehicle that he is not familiar with. He *did* try twice to tell us something else, but, after thinking and stuttering a long time, said, "I don't know what the word is," — the *one* word, forsooth, that would have disposed of all that Boston phenomenon. If you did not know him better than I, I could tell you more. He is a good companion for me, and I am glad that we are all natives of Concord. It is *young Concord*. Look out, World!

Mr. Alcott seems to have sat down

for the winter. He has got Plato and other books to read. He is as large-featured and hospitable to traveling thoughts and thinkers as ever; but with the same Connecticut philosophy as ever, mingled with what is better. If he would only stand upright and toe the line! — though he were to put off several degrees of largeness, and put on a considerable degree of littleness. After all, I think we must call him particularly *your* man.

I have pleasant walks and talks with Channing. James Clark — the Swedenborgian that was — is at the poorhouse, insane with too large views, so that he cannot support himself. I see him working with Fred and the rest. Better than be there and not insane. It is strange that they will make ado when a man's body is buried, but not when he thus really and tragically dies, or seems to die. Away with your funeral processions, — into the ballroom with them! I hear the bell toll hourly over there.¹

Lidian and I have a standing quarrel as to what is a suitable state of preparedness for a traveling professor's visit, or for whomsoever else; but further than this we are not at war. We have made up a dinner, we have made up a bed, we have made up a party, and our own minds and mouths, three several times for your professor, and he came not. Three several turkeys have died the death, which I myself carved, just as if he had been there; and the company, too, convened and demeaned themselves accordingly. Everything was done up in good style, I assure you, with only the part of the professor omitted. To have seen the preparation (though Lidian says it was nothing extraordinary) I should certainly have said he was a-coming, but he did not. He must have found out some shorter way to Turkey, — some overland route, I think. By the way, he was complimented, at the conclusion

¹ The town almshouse was across the field from the Emerson house.

of his course in Boston, by the mayor moving the appointment of a committee to draw up resolutions expressive, etc., which was done.

I have made a few verses lately. Here are some, though perhaps not the best, — at any rate they are the shortest, — on that universal theme, yours as well as mine, and several other people's: —

The good how can we trust!
Only the wise are just.
The good, we use,
The wise we cannot choose;
These there are none above.
The good, they know and love,
But are not known again
By those of lesser ken.
They do not choose us with their eyes,
But they transfix with their advice;
No partial sympathy they feel
With private woe or private weal,
But with the universe joy and sigh,
Whose knowledge is their sympathy.

Good-night. HENRY THOREAU.

P. S. I am sorry to send such a medley as this to you. I have forwarded Lane's Dial to Munroe, and he tells the expressman that all is right.

VI. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, *January 12, 1848.*

It is hard to believe that England is so near as from your letters it appears; and that this identical piece of paper has lately come all the way from there hither, begrimed with the English dust which made you hesitate to use it; from England, which is only historical fairyland to me, to America, which I have put my spade into, and about which there is no doubt.

I thought that you needed to be informed of Hugh's progress. He has moved his house, as I told you, and dug his cellar, and purchased stone of Sol Wetherbee for the last, though he has not hauled it; all which has cost sixteen dollars, which I have paid. He has also, as next in order, run away from Concord without a penny in his pocket, "crying" by the way, — having had another long

difference with strong beer, and a first one, I suppose, with his wife, who seems to have complained that he sought other society; the one difference leading to the other, perhaps, but I don't know which was the leader. He writes back to his wife from Sterling, near Worcester, where he is chopping wood, his distantly kind reproaches to her, which I read straight through to her (not to his bottle, which he has with him, and no doubt addresses orally). He says that he will go on to the South in the spring, and will never return to Concord. Perhaps he will not. Life is not tragic enough for him, and he must try to cook up a more highly seasoned dish for himself. Towns which keep a bar-room and a gun-house and a reading-room should also keep a steep precipice whereoff impatient soldiers may jump. His sun went down, *to me*, bright and steady enough in the west, but it never came up in the east. Night intervened. He departed, as when a man dies suddenly; and perhaps wisely, if he was to go, without settling his affairs. They knew that that was a thin soil and not well calculated for pears. Nature is rare and sensitive on the score of nurseries. You may cut down orchards and grow forests at your pleasure. Sand watered with strong beer, though stirred with industry, will not produce grapes. He dug his cellar for the new part too near the old house, Irish like, though I warned him, and it has caved and let one end of the house down. Such is the state of his domestic affairs. I laugh with the *Parcæ* only. He had got the upland and the orchard and a part of the meadow ploughed by Warren, at an expense of eight dollars, still unpaid, which of course is no affair of yours.

I think that if an honest and small-familied man, who has no affinity for moisture in him, but who has an affinity for sand, can be found, it would be safe to rent him the shanty as it is, and the land; or you can very easily and simply

let nature keep them still, without great loss. It may be so managed, perhaps, as to be a home for somebody, who shall in return serve you as fencing stuff, and to fix and locate your lot, as we plant a tree in the sand or on the edge of a stream; without expense to you in the mean while, and without disturbing its possible future value.

I read a part of the story of my excursion to Ktadn to quite a large audience of men and boys, the other night, whom it interested. It contains many facts and some poetry. I have also written what will do for a lecture on Friendship.

I think that the article on you in Blackwood's is a good deal to get from the reviewers, — the first purely literary notice, as I remember. The writer is far enough off, in every sense, to speak with a certain authority. It is a better judgment of posterity than the public had. It is singular how sure he is to be mystified by any uncommon sense. But it was generous to put Plato into the list of mystics. His confessions on this subject suggest several thoughts, which I have not room to express here. The old word *seer*, — I wonder what the reviewer thinks that means; whether that *he* was a man who could *see more than himself*.

I was struck by Ellen's asking me, yesterday, while I was talking with Mrs. Brown, if I did not use "*colored* words." She said that she could tell the color of a great many words, and amused the children at school by so doing. Eddy climbed up the sofa, the other day, *of his own accord*, and kissed the picture of his father, — "right on his shirt, I did."

I had a good talk with Alcott this afternoon. He is certainly the youngest man of his age we have seen, — just on the threshold of life. When I looked at his gray hairs, his conversation sounded pathetic; but I looked again, and they reminded me of the gray dawn. He is

getting better acquainted with Channing, though he says that, if they were to live in the same house, they would soon sit with their backs to each other.

You must excuse me if I do not write with sufficient directness to yourself, who are a far-off traveler. It is a little like shooting on the wing, I confess.

Farewell.

HENRY THOREAU.

At this date Alcott had passed his forty-eighth year, while Channing and Thoreau were still in the latitude of thirty. Hawthorne had by this time left Concord, and was in the Salem custom house; the Old Manse having gone back into the occupancy of Emerson's cousins, the Ripleys, who owned it.

VII. EMERSON TO THOREAU FROM ENGLAND.

2 Fenny Street, Higher Broughton,
MANCHESTER, 28 January, 1848.

DEAR HENRY, — One roll of letters has gone to-day to Concord and to New York, and perhaps I shall still have time to get this into the leathern bag before it is carted to the wharf. I have to thank you for your letter, which was a true refreshment. Let who or what pass, there stands the dear Henry, — if indeed anybody had a right to call him so, — erect, serene, and undeceivable. So let it ever be! I should quite subside into idolatry of one of my friends, if I were not every now and then apprised that the world is wiser than any one of its boys, and penetrates us with its sense, to the disparagement of the subtleties of private gentlemen.

Last night, as I believe I have already told Lidian, I heard the best man in England make perhaps his best speech, — Cobden, who is the *cor cordis*, the object of honor and belief, to risen and rising England: a man of great discretion, who never overstates nor states prematurely, nor has a particle of unnecessary genius or hope to mislead him, nor of wasted strength; but calm, sure of his fact, simple and nervous in stat-

ing it as a boy in laying down the rules of the game of football which have been violated, — above all, educated by his dogma of Free Trade, led on by it to new lights and correlative liberalities, as our abolitionists have been, by their principle, to so many reforms. Then this man has made no mistake. He has dedicated himself to his work of convincing this kingdom of the impolicy of corn-laws, lectured in every town where they would hear him, and at last carried his point against immense odds, and yet has never accepted any compromise or stipulation from the government. He might have been in the ministry. He will never go there except with absolute empire for his principle, which cannot yet be awarded. He had neglected and abandoned his prosperous calico printing to his partners. And the triumphant League have subscribed between sixty and eighty thousand pounds as the Cobden Fund, whereby he is made independent.

It was quite beautiful, even sublime, last night, to notice the moral radiations which this Free Trade dogma seemed to throw out, all unlooked for, to the great audience, who instantly and delightedly adopted them. Such contrasts of sentiment to the vulgar hatred and fear of France and jealousy of America that pervade the newspapers! Cobden himself looked thoughtful and surprised, as if he saw a new future. Old Colonel Perronet Thompson — the Father of Free Trade, whose catechism on the corn-laws set all these Brights and Cobdens first on cracking this nut — was present, and spoke in a very vigorous, rasp-like tone. [Milner] Gibson, a member of the British government, a great Suffolk squire, and a convert to these opinions, made a very satisfactory speech; and our old abolition friend, George Thompson, brought up the rear, though he, whom I now heard for the first time, is merely a piece of rhetoric, and not a man of facts and figures and English solidity, like the

rest. The audience play no inactive part, but the most acute and sympathizing, and the agreeable result was the demonstration of the arithmetical as well as the moral optimism of peace and generosity.

Forgive, forgive this most impertinent scribble.

Your friend,

R. W. E.

Never did a letter require less apology than this. Its picture of Cobden and his environment is masterly. Perronet Thompson lived to see our civil war result in the emancipation of our slaves (he had been governor of Sierra Leone, a station in Africa to check the slave trade), and he wrote me in 1863, promising, if I would send him the music of the John Brown song, to set half a million English voices singing it, which I fancy he did.

In the next letter, "Frank" is the son of Mrs. Brown, and the older cousin of Edward Emerson.

VIII. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, *February 23, 1848.*

DEAR WALDO, — For I think I have heard that that is your name, — my letter which was put last into the leathern bag arrived first. Whatever I may *call* you, I know you better than I know your name, and what becomes of the fittest name if in any sense you are here with him who *calls*, and not there simply to be called?

I believe I never thanked you for your lectures, one and all, which I heard formerly read here in Concord. I *know* I never have. There was some excellent reason each time why I did not; but it will never be too late. I have had that advantage, at least, over you in my education.

Lidian is too unwell to write to you, and so I must tell you what I can about the children and herself. I am afraid she has not told you how unwell she is, — or to-day perhaps we may say, has

been. She has been confined to her chamber four or five weeks, and three or four weeks, at least, to her bed, with the jaundice. The doctor, who comes once a day, does not let her read (nor can she now) nor *hear* much reading. She has written her letters to you, till recently, sitting up in bed, but he said he would not come again if she did so. She has Abby and Almira to take care of her, and Mrs. Brown to read to her; and I also, occasionally, have something to read or to say. The doctor says she must not expect to "take any comfort of her life" for a week or two yet. She wishes me to say that she has written two long and full letters to you about the household economies, etc., which she hopes have not been delayed. The children are quite well and full of spirits, and are going through a regular course of picture-seeing, with commentary by me, every evening, for Eddy's behoof. All the Annuals and "Diadems" are in requisition, and Eddy is forward to exclaim, when the hour arrives, "Now for the demdems!" I overheard this dialogue when Frank [Brown] came down to breakfast, the other morning.

Eddy. "Why, Frank, I am astonished that you should leave your boots in the dining-room."

Frank. "I guess you mean *surprised*, don't you?"

Eddy. "No, Boots!"

"If Waldo were here," said he, the other night, at bedtime, "we'd be four going upstairs." Would he like to tell papa anything? No, not anything; but finally, yes, he would,—that one of the white horses in his new barouche is broken! Ellen and Edith will perhaps speak for themselves, as I hear something about letters to be written by them.

Mr. Alcott seems to be reading well this winter: Plato, Montaigne, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sir Thomas Browne, etc., etc. "I believe I have read them all now, or nearly all,"—those English authors. He is rallying

for another foray with his pen, in his latter years, not discouraged by the past, into that crowd of unexpressed ideas of his, that undisciplined Parthian army, which, as soon as a Roman soldier would face, retreats on all hands, occasionally firing backwards; easily routed, not easily subdued, hovering on the skirts of society. Another summer shall not be devoted to the raising of vegetables (*Arbors?*) which rot in the cellar for want of consumers; but perchance to the arrangement of the material, the brain-crop which the winter has furnished. I have good talks with him. His respect for Carlyle has been steadily increasing for some time. He has read him with new sympathy and appreciation.

I see Channing often. He also goes often to Alcott's, and confesses that he has made a discovery in him, and gives vent to his admiration or his confusion in characteristic exaggeration; but between this extreme and that you may get a fair report, and draw an inference if you can. Sometimes he will ride a broomstick still, though there is nothing to keep him, or it, up but a certain centrifugal force of whim, which is soon spent, and there lies your stick, not worth picking up to sweep an oven with now. His accustomed path is strewn with them. But then again, and perhaps for the most part, he sits on the Cliffs amid the lichens, or flits past on noiseless pinion, like the barred owl in the daytime, as wise and unobserved. He brought me a poem the other day, for me, on *Walden Hermitage*: not remarkable.

Lectures begin to multiply on my desk. I have one on *Friendship* which is new, and the materials of some others. I read one last week to the Lyceum, on *The Rights and Duties of the Individual in Relation to Government*, much to Mr. Alcott's satisfaction.

Joel Britton has failed and gone into chancery, but the woods continue to fall

before the axes of other men. Neighbor Coombs¹ was lately found dead in the woods near Goose Pond, with his half-empty jug, after he had been rioting a week. Hugh, by the last accounts, was still in Worcester County. Mr. Hosmer, who is himself again, and living in Concord, has just hauled the rest of your wood, amounting to about ten and a half cords.

The newspapers say that they have printed a pirated edition of your *Essays* in England. Is it as bad as they say, and undisguised and unmitigated piracy? I thought that the printed scrap would entertain Carlyle, notwithstanding its history. If this generation will see out of its hind-head, why then you may turn your back on its forehead. Will you forward it to him for me?

This stands written in your day-book: "September 3d. Received of Boston Savings Bank, on account of Charles Lane, his deposit with interest, \$131.33. 16th. Received of Joseph Palmer, on account of Charles Lane, three hundred twenty-three $\frac{36}{100}$ dollars, being the balance of a note on demand for four hundred dollars, with interest, \$323.36."

If you have any directions to give about the trees, you must not forget that spring will soon be upon us.

Farewell. From your friend,

HENRY THOREAU.

Before a reply came to this letter Thoreau had occasion to write to Mr. Elliot Cabot, who has since been Emerson's biographer, and a part of the letter may be cited. The allusions to the Week and to the Walden house are interesting.

IX. THOREAU CONCERNING EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, March 8, 1848.

DEAR SIR, — Mr. Emerson's address is as yet, "R. W. Emerson, care of

¹ This is the political neighbor mentioned in a former letter.

Alexander Ireland, Esq., Examiner Office, Manchester, England." We had a letter from him on Monday, dated at Manchester, February 10, and he was then preparing to go to Edinburgh the next day, where he was to lecture. He thought that he should get through his northern journeying by the 25th of February, and go to London to spend March and April, and if he did not go to Paris in May, then come home. He has been eminently successful, though the papers this side of the water have been so silent about his adventures.

My book, fortunately, did not find a publisher ready to undertake it, and you can imagine the effect of delay on an author's estimate of his own work. However, I like it well enough to mend it, and shall look at it again directly when I have dispatched some other things.

I have been writing lectures for our own Lyceum this winter, mainly for my own pleasure and advantage. I esteem it a rare happiness to be able to *write* anything, but there (if I ever get there) my concern for it is apt to end. Time & Co. are, after all, the only quite honest and trustworthy publishers that we know. I can sympathize, perhaps, with the barberry bush, whose business it is solely to *ripen* its fruit (though that may not be to sweeten it) and to protect it with thorns, so that it holds on all winter, even, unless some hungry crows come to pluck it. But I see that I must get a few dollars together presently to manure my roots. Is your journal able to pay anything, provided it likes an article well enough? I do not promise one. At any rate, I mean always to spend only words enough to purchase silence with; and I have found that this, which is so valuable, though many writers do not prize it, does not cost much, after all.

I have not obtained any more of the mice which I told you were so numerous in my cellar, as my house was removed immediately after I saw you, and I have been living in the village since.

X. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

CONCORD, March 23, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND, — Lidian says I must write a sentence about the children. Eddy says he cannot sing, — “not till mother is a-going to be well.” We shall hear his voice very soon, in that case, I trust. Ellen is already thinking what will be done when you come home; but then she thinks it will be some loss that I shall go away. Edith says that I shall come and see them, and always at tea-time, so that I can play with her. Ellen thinks she likes father best because he jumps her sometimes. This is the latest news from

Yours, etc., HENRY.

P. S. I have received three newspapers from you duly which I have not acknowledged. There is an anti-Sabbath convention held in Boston to-day, to which Alcott has gone.

This letter was addressed, “R. Waldo Emerson, care of Alexander Ireland, Esq., Manchester, England, *via* New York and Steamer Cambria March 25.” It was mailed in Boston March 24, and received in Manchester April 19.

XI. EMERSON TO THOREAU FROM ENGLAND.

LONDON, March 25, 1848.

DEAR HENRY, — Your letter was very welcome, and its introduction heartily accepted. In this city and nation of poms, where poms, too, are solid, I fall back on my friends with wonderful refreshment. It is pity, however, that you should not see this England, with its indescribable material superiorities of every kind; the just confidence which immense successes of all pasts have generated in the Englishman that he can do everything, and which his manners, though he is bashful and reserved, betray; the abridgment of all expression which dense population and the roar of nations enforce; the solidity of science and merit which in any high place you are sure to find (the Church and some

effects of primogeniture excepted). But I cannot tell my story now. I admire the English, I think, never more than when I meet Americans; as, for example, at Mr. Bancroft’s American *soirée*, which he holds every Sunday night. Great is the *aplomb* of Mr. Bull. He is very short-sighted, and, without his eyeglass, cannot see as far as your eyes to know how you like him, so that he quite neglects that point. The Americans see very well, — too well, — and the traveling portion are very light troops. But I must not vent my ill humor on my poor compatriots. They are welcome to their revenge, and I am sure I have no weapon to save me if they, too, are at this hour writing letters to their gossips.

I have not gone to Oxford yet, though I still correspond with my friend there, Mr. [A. H.] Clough. I meet many young men here, who come to me simply as one of their school of thought; but not often in this class any giants. A Mr. Morell, who has written a History of Philosophy, and [J. G.] Wilkinson, who is a socialist now and gone to France, I have seen with respect. I went last Sunday, for the first time, to see Lane at Hampstead, and dined with him. He was full of friendliness and hospitality; has a school of sixteen children, one lady as matron, then Oldham. That is all the household. They looked just comfortable. Mr. Galpin, tell the Shakers, has *married*. I spent the most of that day in visiting Hampton Court and Richmond, and went also into Pope’s Grotto at Twickenham, and saw Horace Walpole’s villa of Strawberry Hill.

Ever your friend, WALDO E.

If other letters passed between the two friends in 1848, they have not come into my hands. But here are letters of 1850, 1855, and 1856 which have an interest. The first relates to Emerson’s lawsuit with a neighbor; the second to the shipwreck in which Margaret Fuller was lost, near New York.

XII. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

CONCORD, *March 11, 1850.*

MR. HENRY D. THOREAU :

MY DEAR SIR, — I leave town to-morrow, and must beg you, if any question arises between Mr. Bartlett and me in regard to boundary lines, to act as my attorney, and I will be bound by any agreement you shall make. Will you also, if you have opportunity, warn Mr. Bartlett, on my part, against burning his wood-lot without having there present a sufficient number of hands to prevent the fire from spreading into my wood, which I think will be greatly endangered unless much care is used? Show him, too, if you can, where his cutting and his post-holes trench on our line, by plan, and, so doing, oblige, as ever,

Yours faithfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

XIII. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

FIRE ISLAND BEACH,

Thursday Morning, *July 25, 1850.*

DEAR FRIEND, — I am writing this at the house of Smith Oakes, within one mile of the wreck. He is the one who rendered most assistance. William H. Channing came down with me, but I have not seen Arthur Fuller, nor Greeley, nor Marcus Spring. Spring and Charles Sumner were here yesterday, but left soon. Mr. Oakes and wife tell me (all the survivors came, or were brought, directly to their house) that the ship struck at ten minutes after four A. M., and all hands, being mostly in their nightclothes, made haste to the fore-castle, the water coming in at once. There they remained; the passengers *in* the fore-castle, the crew above it, doing what they could. Every wave lifted the fore-castle roof and washed over those within. The first man got ashore at nine; many from nine to noon. At flood tide, about half past three o'clock, when the ship broke up entirely, they came out of the fore-castle, and Margaret sat with her back to the foremast,

with her hands on her knees, her husband and child already drowned. A great wave came and washed her aft. The steward (?) had just before taken her child and started for shore. Both were drowned.

The broken desk, in a bag, containing no very valuable papers; a large black leather trunk, with an upper and under compartment, the upper holding books and papers; a carpet-bag, probably Ossoli's, and one of his shoes (?) are all the Ossoli effects known to have been found. Four bodies remain to be found: the two Ossolis, Horace Sumner, and a sailor. I have visited the child's grave. Its body will probably be taken away to-day. The wreck is to be sold at auction, excepting the hull, to-day.

The mortar would not go off. Mrs. Hasty, the captain's wife, told Mrs. Oakes that she and Margaret divided their money, and tied up the halves in handkerchiefs around their persons; that Margaret took sixty or seventy dollars. Mrs. Hasty, who can tell all about Margaret up to eleven o'clock on Friday, is said to be going to Portland, New England, to-day. She and Mrs. Fuller must, and probably will, come together. The cook, the last to leave, and the steward (?) will know the rest. I shall try to see them. In the mean while I shall do what I can to recover property and obtain particulars hereabouts. William H. Channing — did I write it? — has come with me. Arthur Fuller has this moment reached the house. He reached the beach last night. We got here yesterday noon. A good part of the wreck still holds together where she struck, and something may come ashore with her fragments. The last body was found on Tuesday, three miles west. Mrs. Oakes dried the papers which were in the trunk, and she says they appeared to be of various kinds. "Would they cover that table?" (a small round one). "They would if spread out. Some were tied up. There were twenty or thirty

books in the same half of the trunk. Another smaller trunk, empty, came ashore, but there was no mark on it." She speaks of Paulina as if she might have been a sort of nurse to the child. I expect to go to Patchogue, whence the pilferers must have chiefly come, and advertise, etc.

Yours, H. D. THOREAU.¹

Late in 1855, when Emerson's English Traits, long delayed, was soon to appear, and when the author was setting forth for his annual lecture tour in the Northwest, he wrote to Thoreau requesting him to take charge of the last proof sheets of the volume.

XIV. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON,
December 26, 1855.

DEAR HENRY, — It is so easy, at distance, or when going to a distance, to ask a great favor which one would haggle at near by. I have been ridiculously hindered, and my book is not out, and I must go westward. There is one chapter yet to go to the printer; perhaps two, if I decide to send the second. I must ask you to correct the proofs of this or these chapters. I hope you can and will, if you are not going away. The printer will send you the copy with the proof; and yet, 't is likely you will see good cause to correct copy as well as proof. The chapter is Stonehenge, and I may not send it to the printer for a week yet, for I am very tender about

¹ It will readily be seen that this letter relates to the shipwreck on Fire Island, near New York, in which Margaret Fuller, Countess Ossoli, with her husband and child, was lost. A letter with no date of the year, but probably written February 15, 1840, from Emerson to Thoreau, represents them both as taking much trouble about a house in Concord for Mrs. Fuller, the mother of Margaret, who had just sold her Groton house, and wished to live with her daughter near Emerson. Emerson writes: "The dull weather and some inflammation still hold me in the house, and so may cost you some trouble. I wrote to Miss Fuller at

the personalities in it, and of course you need not think of it till it comes. As we have been so unlucky as to overstay the market-day, — that is, New Year's, — it is not important, a week or a fortnight, now.

If anything puts it out of your power to help me at this pinch, you must dig up Channing out of his earths, and hold him steady to this beneficence. Send the proofs, if they come, to Phillips, Sampson & Co., Winter Street.

We may well go away, if, one of these days, we shall really come home.

Yours, R. W. EMERSON.
MR. THOREAU.

This letter may fitly close an intimate correspondence. I have omitted a few notes of different dates, usually asking Thoreau to perform some friendly or hospitable service for Mrs. Emerson or her sister, Mrs. Brown. It seems to have been habitual for Thoreau to take tea at the Emerson house whenever a lecturer from Boston or Cambridge was to speak in Concord and be entertained by the Emersons. In February, 1854, there were two notes from Emerson, who expected to be absent, inviting Thoreau to take charge of Professor Horsford and Theodore Parker in successive weeks.

"They are both to come to my house for the night. Now I wish to entreat your courtesy and counsel to receive these lonely pilgrims, to guide them to our house, and help the alarmed wife to entertain them; and see that they do

Groton, a week ago, that as soon as Saturday (to-morrow) I would endeavor to send her more accurate answers to her request for information in respect to houses likely to be let in Concord. I beg you to help me in procuring the information to-day, if your engagements will leave you space for this charity." He then asks four questions about houses in the village, and adds: "If, some time this evening, you can, without much inconvenience, give me an answer to these questions, you will greatly oblige your imprisoned friend,

R. W. EMERSON."

not lose the way to the Lyceum, nor the hour. If you shall be in town, and can help these gentlemen so far, you will serve the whole municipality as well as

Yours faithfully,

R. W. EMERSON."

Such notes, which were always complied with, show how far Thoreau was from that unsocial mood in which it has pleased some writers to depict him. The same inference can be drawn from the latest letter I shall here give, addressed to Sophia Thoreau from a kind of educational community in New Jersey. Miss Thoreau submitted it to Mr. Emerson for publication, with other letters, in the volume of 1865; but he returned it, inscribed "Not printable at present." The lapse of time has removed this objection.

XV. THOREAU, IN NEW JERSEY, TO HIS SISTER.

[Direct] EAGLESWOOD, PERTH AMBOY, N. J.,
Saturday Eve, *November 1, 1856.*

DEAR SOPHIA, — I have hardly had time and repose enough to write to you before. I spent the afternoon of Friday (it seems some months ago) in Worcester, but failed to see [Harrison] Blake, he having "gone to the horse race" in Boston; to atone for which I have just received a letter from him, asking me to stop at Worcester and lecture on my return. I called on [Theo.] Brown and [T. W.] Higginson; in the evening came by way of Norwich to New York in the steamer Commonwealth, and, though it was so windy inland, had a perfectly smooth passage, and about as good a sleep as usually at home. Reached New York about seven A. M., too late for the John Potter (there was n't any Jonas), so I spent the forenoon there, called on Greeley (who was not in), met [F. A. T.] Bellew in Broadway and walked into his workshop, read at the Astor Library, etc. I arrived here, about thirty miles from New York, about five P. M. Saturday, in company with Miss E. Peabody, who was returning in the

same covered wagon from the Landing to Eagleswood, which last place she has just left for the winter.

This is a queer place. There is one large long stone building, which cost some forty thousand dollars, in which I do not know exactly who or how many work (one or two familiar faces and more familiar names have turned up), a few shops and offices, an old farmhouse, and Mr. Spring's perfectly private residence, within twenty rods of the main building. The city of Perth Amboy is about as big as Concord, and Eagleswood is one and a quarter miles southwest of it, on the Bay side. The central fact here is evidently Mr. [Theodore] Weld's school, recently established, around which various other things revolve. Saturday evening I went to the schoolroom, hall, or what not, to see the children and their teachers and patrons dance. Mr. Weld, a kind-looking man with a long white beard, danced with them, and Mr. [E. J.] Cutler, his assistant (lately from Cambridge, who is acquainted with Sanborn), Mr. Spring, and others. This Saturday evening dance is a regular thing, and it is thought something strange if you don't attend. They take it for granted that you want society!

Sunday forenoon I attended a sort of Quaker meeting at the same place (the Quaker aspect and spirit prevail here, — Mrs. Spring says, "Does thee not?"), where it was expected that the spirit would move me (I having been previously spoken to about it); and it, or something else, did, — an inch or so. I said just enough to set them a little by the ears and make it lively. I had excused myself by saying that I could not adapt myself to a particular audience; for all the speaking and lecturing here have reference to the children, who are far the greater part of the audience, and they are not so bright as New England children. Imagine them sitting close to the wall, all around a hall, with old Qua-

ker-looking men and women here and there. There sat Mrs. Weld [Grimké] and her sister, two elderly gray-headed ladies, the former in extreme Bloomer costume, which was what you may call remarkable; Mr. Buffum, with broad face and a great white beard, looking like a pier head made of the cork-tree with the bark on, as if he could buffet a considerable wave; James G. Birney, formerly candidate for the presidency, with another particularly white head and beard; Edward Palmer, the anti-money man (for whom communities were made), with his ample beard somewhat grayish. Some of them, I suspect, are very worthy people. Of course you are wondering to what extent all these make one family, and to what extent twenty. Mrs. Kirkland (and this a name only to me) I saw. She has just bought a lot here. They all know more about your neighbors and acquaintances than you suspected.

On Monday evening I read the Moose story to the children, to their satisfaction. Ever since I have been constantly engaged in surveying Eagleswood, — through woods, salt marshes, and along the shore, dodging the tide, through bushes, mud and beggar ticks, having no time to look up or think where I am. (It takes ten or fifteen minutes before each meal to pick the beggar ticks out of my clothes; burs and the rest are left, and rents mended at the first convenient opportunity.) I shall be engaged perhaps as much longer. Mr. Spring wants me to help him about set-

ting out an orchard and vineyard, Mr. Birney asks me to survey a small piece for him, and Mr. Alcott, who has just come down here for the third Sunday, says that Greeley (I left my name for him) invites him and me to go to his home with him next Saturday morning and spend the Sunday.

It seems a twelvemonth since I was not here, but I hope to get settled deep into my den again ere long. The hardest thing to find here is solitude — and Concord. I am at Mr. Spring's house. Both he and she and their family are quite agreeable.

I want you to write to me immediately (just left off to talk French with the servant man), and let father and mother put in a word. To them and to aunts,

Love from HENRY.

The date of this visit to Eagleswood is worthy of note, because in that November Thoreau made the acquaintance of the late Walt Whitman, in whom he ever after took a deep interest. Accompanied by Mr. Alcott, he called on Whitman, then living at Brooklyn; and I remember the calm enthusiasm with which they both spoke of Whitman upon their return to Concord. "Three men," said Emerson, in his funeral eulogy of Thoreau (May, 1862), "have of late years strongly impressed Mr. Thoreau, — John Brown, his Indian guide in Maine, Joe Polis, and a third person, not known to this audience." This last was Whitman, who has since become well known to a larger audience.

F. B. Sanborn.

AGRIPPINA.

SHE is sitting on my desk, as I write, and I glance at her with deference, mutely begging permission to begin. But her back is turned to me, and ex-

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presses in every curve such fine and delicate disdain that I falter and lose courage at the very threshold of my task. I have long known that cats are the

most contemptuous of creatures, and that Agrippina is the most contemptuous of cats. The spirit of Bouhaki, the proud Theban beast that sat erect, with gold earrings in his ears, at the feet of his master, King Hana; the spirit of Muezza, whose slumbers Mahomet himself was not bold enough to disturb; the spirit of Micetto, Châteaubriand's ecclesiastical pet, dignified as a cardinal, and conscious ever that he was the gift of a sovereign pontiff, — the spirits of all arrogant cats that have played scornful parts in the world's great comedy look out from Agrippina's yellow eyes and hold me in subjection. I should like to explain to her, if I dared, that my desk is small, littered with many papers, and sadly overcrowded with the useful inutilities which affectionate friends delight in giving me at Christmas time. Sainte-Beuve's cat, I am aware, sat on his desk, and roamed at will among those precious manuscripts which no intrusive hand was ever permitted to touch; but Sainte-Beuve probably had sufficient space reserved for his own comfort and convenience. I have not; and Agrippina's beautifully ringed tail flapping across my copy distracts my attention and imperils the neatness of my penmanship. Even when she is disposed to be affable, turns the light of her countenance upon me, watches with attentive curiosity every stroke I make, and softly, with curved paw, pats my pen as it travels over the paper, — even in these halcyon moments, though my self-love is flattered by her condescension, I am aware that I should work better and more rapidly if I denied myself this charming companionship.

But in truth it is impossible for a lover of cats to banish these alert, gentle, and discriminating little friends, who give us just enough of their regard and complaisance to make us hunger for more. M. Fée, the naturalist, who has written so admirably about animals, and who understands, as only a Frenchman

can understand, the delicate and subtle organization of a cat, frankly admits that the keynote of its character is independence. It dwells under our roof, sleeps by our fire, endures our blandishments, and apparently enjoys our society, without for one moment forfeiting its sense of absolute freedom, without acknowledging any servile relation to the human creature who shelters it. "The cat," says M. Fée, "will never part with its liberty; it will neither be our servant, like the horse, nor our friend, like the dog. It consents to live as our guest; it accepts the home we offer and the food we give; it even goes so far as to solicit our caresses, but capriciously, and when it suits its humor to receive them."

Rude and masterful souls resent this fine self-sufficiency in a domestic animal, and require that it should have no will but theirs, no pleasure that does not emanate from them. They are forever prating of the love and fidelity of the dog, of the beast that obeys their slightest word, crouches contentedly for hours at their feet, is exuberantly grateful for the smallest attention, and so affectionate that its demonstrations require to be curbed rather than encouraged. All this homage is pleasing to their vanity; yet there are people, less magisterial perhaps, or less exacting, who believe that true friendship, even with an animal, may be built up on mutual esteem and independence; that to demand gratitude is to be unworthy of it; and that obedience is not essential to agreeable and healthy intercourse. A man who owns a dog is, in every sense of the word, its master; the term expresses accurately their mutual relations. But it is ridiculous when applied to the limited possession of a cat. I am certainly not Agrippina's mistress, and the assumption of authority on my part would be a mere empty dignity, like those swelling titles which afford such innocent delight to the Freemasons of our severe republic. If I

call Agrippina, she does not come; if I tell her to go away, she remains where she is; if I try to persuade her to show off her one or two little accomplishments, she refuses, with courteous but unswerving decision. She has frolicsome moods, in which a thimble, a shoe-buttoner, a scrap of paper, or a piece of string will drive her wild with delight; she has moods of inflexible gravity, in which she stares solemnly at her favorite ball rolling over the carpet, without stirring one lazy limb to reach it. "Have I seen this foolish toy before?" she seems to be asking herself with musing austerity; "and can it be possible that there are cats who run after such frivolous trifles? Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, save only to lie upon the hearth-rug, and be warm, and 'think grave thoughts to feed a serious soul.'" In such moments of rejection and humiliation, I comfort myself by recalling the words of one too wise for arrogance. "When I play with my cat," says Montaigne, "how do I know whether she does not make a jest of me? We entertain each other with mutual antics; and if I have my own time for beginning or refusing, she, too, has hers."

This is the spirit in which we should approach a creature so reserved and so utterly self-sufficing; this is the only key we have to that natural distinction of character which repels careless and unobservant natures. When I am told that Agrippina is disobedient, ungrateful, cold-hearted, perverse, stupid, treacherous, and cruel, I no longer strive to check the torrent of abuse. I know that Buffon said all this, and much more, about cats, and that people have gone on repeating it ever since, principally because these spirited little beasts have remained just what it pleased Providence to make them, have preserved their primitive freedom through centuries of effete and demoralizing civilization. Why, I wonder, should a great many good men and women cherish an

unreasonable grudge against one animal because it does not chance to possess the precise qualities of another? "My dog fetches my slippers for me every night," said a friend triumphantly, not long ago. "He puts them first to warm by the fire, and then brings them over to my chair, wagging his tail, and as proud as Punch. Would your cat do as much for you, I'd like to know?" Assuredly not! If I waited for Agrippina to fetch me shoes or slippers, I should have no other resource save to join as speedily as possible one of the bare-footed religious orders of Italy. But, after all, fetching slippers is not the whole duty of domestic pets. As La Fontaine gently reminds us,

"Tout animal n'a pas toutes propriétés."

We pick no quarrel with a canary because it does not talk like a parrot, nor with a parrot because it does not sing like a canary. We find no fault with a King Charles spaniel for not flying at the throat of a burglar, nor with a St. Bernard because we cannot put it in our pocket. Agrippina will never make herself serviceable, yet nevertheless is she of inestimable service. How many times have I rested tired eyes on her graceful little body, curled up in a ball and wrapped round with her tail like a parcel; or stretched out luxuriously on my bed, one paw coyly covering her face, the other curved gently inwards, as though clasping an invisible treasure! Asleep or awake, in rest or in motion, grave or gay, Agrippina is always beautiful; and it is better to be beautiful than to fetch and carry from the rising to the setting of the sun. She is droll, too, with an unconscious humor even in her most serious and sentimental moods. She has quite the longest ears that ever were seen on so small a cat, eyes more solemn than Athene's owl blinking in the sunlight, and an air of supercilious disdain that would have made Diogenes seem young and ardent by her side.

Sitting on the library table, under the evening lamp, with her head held high in air, her tall ears as erect as chimneys, and her inscrutable gaze fixed on the darkest corner of the room, Agrippina inspires in the family sentiments of mingled mirthfulness and awe. To laugh at her in such moments, however, is to incur her supreme displeasure. I have known her to jump down from the table and walk haughtily out of the room, because of a single half-suppressed but wholly indecorous giggle.

Schopenhauer has said that the reason domestic pets are so lovable and so helpful to us is because they enjoy, quietly and placidly, the present moment. Life holds no future for them, and consequently no care; if they are content, their contentment is absolute; and our jaded and wearied spirits find a natural relief in the sight of creatures whose little cups of happiness can so easily be filled to the brim. Walt Whitman expresses the same thought more coarsely when he acknowledges that he loves the society of animals because they do not sweat and whine over their condition, nor lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins, nor sicken him with discussions of their duty. In truth, that admirable counsel of Sydney Smith's, "Take short views of life," can be obeyed only by the brutes; for the thought that travels even to the morrow is long enough to destroy our peace of mind, inasmuch as we know not what the morrow may bring forth. But when Agrippina has breakfasted, and washed, and sits in the sunlight blinking at me with affectionate contempt, I feel soothed by her absolute and unqualified enjoyment. I know how full my day will be of things that I don't want particularly to do, and that are not particularly worth doing; but for her time and the world hold only this brief moment of contentment. Slowly the eyes close, gently the little body is relaxed. Oh, you who strive to relieve your overwrought nerves, and cultivate

power through repose, watch the exquisite languor of a drowsy cat, and despair of imitating such perfect and restful grace! There is a gradual yielding of every muscle to the soft persuasiveness of slumber; the flexible frame is curved into tender lines, the head nestles lower, the paws are tucked out of sight; no convulsive throb or start betrays a rebellious alertness; only a faint quiver of unconscious satisfaction, a faint heaving of the tawny sides, a faint gleam of the half-shut yellow eyes, and Agrippina is asleep. I look at her for one wistful moment, and then turn resolutely to my work. It were ignoble to wish myself in her place, and yet how charming to be able to settle down to a nap, *sans peur et sans reproche*, at ten o'clock in the morning!

These, then, are a few of the pleasures to be derived from the society of an amiable cat; and by an amiable cat I mean one that, while maintaining its own dignity and delicate reserve, is nevertheless affable and condescending in the company of human beings. There is nothing I dislike more than newspaper and magazine stories about priggish pussies — like the children in Sunday-school books — that share their food with hungry beasts from the back alleys, and show touching fidelity to old blind masters, and hunt partridges in a spirit of noble self-sacrifice for consumptive mistresses, and scorn to help themselves to delicacies from the kitchen tables, and arouse their households so often in cases of fire that I should suspect them of starting the conflagrations in order to win applause by giving the alarm. Whatever a real cat may or may not be, it is never a prig, and all true lovers of the race have been quick to recognize and appreciate this fact.

"I value in the cat," says Châteaubriand, "that independent and almost ungrateful temper which prevents it from attaching itself to any one; the indifference with which it passes from the salon

to the housetop. When you caress it, it stretches itself out and arches its back, indeed; but that is caused by physical pleasure, and not, as in the case of the dog, by a silly satisfaction in loving and being faithful to a master who returns thanks in kicks. The cat lives alone, has no need of society, does not obey except when it likes, pretends to sleep that it may see the more clearly, and scratches everything that it can scratch."

Here is a sketch spirited enough and of good outline, but hardly correct in every detail. A cat seldom manifests affection, yet is often distinctly social, and likes to see itself the petted minion of a family group. *Agrippina*, in fact, so far from living alone, will not, if she can help it, remain for a moment in a room by herself. She is content to have me as a companion, perhaps in default of better; but if I go upstairs or downstairs in search of a book, or my eyeglasses, or any one of the countless things that are never where they ought to be, *Agrippina* follows closely at my heels. Sometimes, when she is fast asleep, I steal softly out of the door, thinking to escape her vigilance; but before I have taken a dozen steps she is under my feet, mewing a gentle reproach, and putting on all the injured airs of a deserted *Ariadne*. I should like to think such behavior prompted by affection rather than by curiosity; but in my candid moments I find this "pathetic fallacy" a difficult sentiment to cherish. There are people, I am aware, who trustfully assert that their pets love them; and one such sanguine creature has recently assured the world that "no man who boasts the real intimacy and confidence of a cat would dream of calling his four-footed friend 'puss.'" But is not such a boast rather ill-timed at best? How dare any man venture to assert that he possesses the intimacy and confidence of an animal so exclusive and so reserved? I doubt if Cardinal Wolsey, in the zenith of his pride and power, claimed the inti-

macy and confidence of the superb cat that sat in a cushioned armchair by his side, and reflected with mimic dignity the full-blown honors of the Lord High Chancellor of England. *Agrippina*, I am humbly aware, grants me neither her intimacy nor her confidence, but only her companionship, which I endeavor to receive modestly, and without flaunting my favors to the world. She is displeased and even downcast when I go out, and she greets my return with delight, thrusting her little gray head between the banisters the instant I open the house door, and waving a welcome in mid-air with one ridiculously small paw. Being but mortal, I am naturally pleased with these tokens of esteem, but I do not, on that account, go about with arrogant brow and boast of my intimacy with *Agrippina*. I should be laughed at, if I did, by everybody who is privileged to possess and appreciate a cat.

As for curiosity, that vice which the Abbé Galiani held to be unknown to animals, but which the more astute Voltaire detected in every little dog that he saw peering out of the window of its master's coach, it is the ruling passion of the feline breast. A closet door left ajar, a box with half-closed lid, an open bureau drawer,—these are the objects that fill a cat with the liveliest interest and delight. *Agrippina* watches breathlessly the unfastening of a parcel, and tries to hasten matters by clutching actively at the string. When its contents are shown her, she examines them gravely, and then, with a sigh of relief, settles down to repose. The slightest noise disturbs and irritates her until she discovers its cause. If she hears a footstep in the hall, she runs out to see whose it is, and, like certain troublesome little people I have known, she dearly loves to go to the front door every time the bell is rung. From my window she surveys the street with tranquil scrutiny, and, if boys are playing below, she follows their games with a steady scornful stare, very dif-

ferent from the wistful eagerness of a friendly dog, quivering to join in the sport. Sometimes the boys catch sight of her, and shout up rudely at her window; and I can never sufficiently admire Agrippina's conduct upon these trying occasions, the well-bred composure with which she affects neither to see nor to hear them, nor to be aware that there are such objectionable creatures as children in the world. Sometimes, too, the terrier that lives next door comes out to sun himself in the street, and, beholding my cat sitting well out of reach, he dances madly up and down the pavement, barking with all his might, and rearing himself on his short hind legs, in a futile attempt to dislodge her. Then the spirit of evil enters Agrippina's little heart. The window is open, and she creeps to the extreme edge of the stone sill, stretches herself at full length, peers down smilingly at the frenzied dog, dangles one paw enticingly in the air, and exerts herself with quiet malice to drive him to desperation. Her sense of humor is awakened by his frantic efforts, and by her own absolute security; and not until he is spent with exertion, and lies panting and exhausted on the bricks, does she arch her graceful back, stretch her limbs lazily in the sun, and with one light bound spring from the window to my desk. Wisely has Moncrief observed that a cat is not merely diverted by everything that moves, but is convinced that all nature is occupied exclusively with catering to her diversion.

There is a charming story told by M. Champfleury, who has written so much and so admirably about cats, of a poor hermit whose piety and asceticism were so great that in a vision he was permitted to behold his place in heaven, next to that of St. Gregory, the sovereign pontiff of Christendom. The hermit, who possessed nothing upon earth but a female cat, was abashed by the thought that in the next world he was destined to rank with so powerful a prince of the

Church; and perhaps — for who knows the secret springs of spiritual pride? — he fancied that his self-inflicted poverty should win for him an even higher reward. Whereupon a second revelation made known to him that his detachment from the world was by no means so complete as he imagined, for that he loved and valued his cat, the sole companion of his solitude, more than St. Gregory loved and valued all his earthly possessions. The Pope on his throne was the truer ascetic of the two.

This little tale conveys to us, in addition to its excellent moral, — never more needed than at present, — a pleasing truth concerning the lovability of cats. While they have never attained, and never deserve to attain, the widespread and somewhat commonplace popularity of dogs, their fascination is a more potent and irresistible charm. He who yields himself to the sweet seductiveness of a cat is beguiled forever from the simple, honorable friendship of the more generous and open-hearted beast. The small domestic sphinx whose inscrutable eyes never soften with affection; the fetiche animal that comes down to us from the far past, adored, hated, and feared, — a god in wise and silent Egypt, a plaything in old Rome, a hunted and unholy creature, suffering one long martyrdom throughout the half-seen, dimly-fathomed Middle Ages, — even now this lovely, uncanny pet is capable of inspiring mingled sentiments of horror and devotion. Those who are under its spell rejoice in their thralldom, and, like M. Champfleury's hermit, grow strangely wedded to this mute, unsympathetic comradeship. Those who have inherited the old, half-fearful aversion render a still finer tribute to the cat's native witchery and power. I have seen middle-aged women, of dignified and tranquil aspect, draw back with unfeigned dismay at the sight of Agrippina, a little ball of gray and yellow fur, curled up in peaceful slumber on the hearth-

rug. And this instinctive shrinking has nothing in common with the perfectly reasonable fear we entertain for a terrier snapping and snarling at our heels, or for a mastiff the size of a calf, which our friend assures us is as gentle as a baby, but which looks able and ready to tear us limb from limb. It may be ignominious to be afraid of dogs, but the emotion is one which will bear analysis and explanation; we know exactly what it is we fear; while the uneasiness with which many people behold a harmless and perfectly indifferent cat is a faint reflection of that superstitious terror which the nineteenth century still borrows occasionally from the ninth. We call it by a different name, and account for it on purely natural principles, in deference to progress; but the mediæval peasant who beheld his cat steal out, like a gray shadow, on St. John's Eve, to join in unholy rites, felt the same shuddering abhorrence which we witness and wonder at to-day. He simplified matters somewhat and eased his troubled mind by killing the beast; for cats that ventured forth on the feast of St. John, or on Halloween, or on the second Wednesday in Lent, did so at their peril. Fires blazed for them in every village, and even quiet stay-at-homes were too often hunted from their chimney-corners to a cruel death. There is a receipt signed in 1575 by one Lucas Pommo-reux, — abhorred forever be his name! — to whom has been paid the sum of a hundred *sols paris* "for having supplied for three years all the cats required for the fire on St. John's Day;" and be it remembered that the gracious child afterwards Louis XIII. interceded with Henry IV. for the lives of these poor animals, sacrificed to wicked sport and an unreasoning terror.

Girt around with fear and mystery and subtle associations of evil, the cat comes down to us through the centuries; and from every land fresh traditions of sorcery claim it for their own. In Brit-

tany is still whispered the dreadful tale of the cats that danced with sacrilegious glee around the crucifix until their king was killed; and in Sicily men know that if a black cat serve seven masters in turn he carries the soul of the seventh into hell. In Russia black cats become devils at the end of seven years, and in southern Europe they are merely serving their apprenticeship as witches. Norwegian folk lore is rich in ghastly stories like that of the wealthy miller whose mill has been twice burned down on Whitsun night, and for whom a traveling tailor offers to keep watch. The tailor chalks a circle on the floor, writes the Lord's prayer around it, and waits until midnight, when a troop of cats rush in and hang a great pot of pitch over the fireplace. Again and again they try to overturn this pitch, but every time the tailor frightens them away; and when their leader endeavors stealthily to draw him outside of his magic circle, he cuts off her paw with his knife. Then they all fly howling into the night, and the next morning the miller sees with joy his mill standing whole and unharmed. But the miller's wife cowers under the bedclothes, offering her left hand to the tailor, and hiding as best she can her right arm's bleeding stump.

Finer even than this tale is the well-known story which "Monk" Lewis told to Shelley of a gentleman who, late one night, went to visit a friend living on the outskirts of a forest in east Germany. He lost his path, and, after wandering aimlessly for some time, beheld at last a light streaming from the windows of an old and ruined abbey. Looking in, he saw a procession of cats lowering into a grave a small coffin with a crown upon it. The sight filled him with horror, and, spurring his horse, he rode away as fast as he could, never stopping until he reached his destination, long after midnight. His friend was still awaiting him, and at once he recounted what had

happened; whereupon a cat that lay sleeping by the fire sprang to its feet, cried out, "Then I am the king of the cats!" and disappeared like a flash up the chimney.

For my part, I consider this the best cat story in all literature, full of suggestiveness and terror, yet picturesque withal, and leaving ample room in the mind for speculation. Why was not the heir apparent bidden to the royal funeral? Was there a disputed succession, and how are such points settled in the mysterious domain of cat-land? The notion that these animals gather in ghost-haunted churches and castles for their nocturnal revels is one common to all parts of Europe. We remember how the little maiden of the Mountain Idyl confides to Heine that the innocent-looking cat in the chimney-corner is really a witch, and that at midnight, when the storm is high, she steals away to the ruined keep, where the spirits of the dead wait spellbound for the word that shall waken them. In all scenes of impish revelry cats play a prominent part, although occasionally, by virtue of their dual natures, they serve as barriers against the powers of evil. There is the old story of the witch's cat that was grateful to the good girl who gave it some ham to eat, — I may observe here, parenthetically, that I have never known a cat that would touch ham; and there is the fine bit of Italian folk lore about the servant maid who, with no other protector than a black cat, ventures to disturb a procession of ghosts on the dreadful Night of the Dead. "It is well for you that the cat lies in your arms," the angry spirit says to her; "otherwise what I am you also would be." The last pale reflex of a universal tradition I found two years ago in London, where the bad behavior of the Westminster cats — proverbially the most dissolute and profligate specimens of their race — has given rise to the pleasing legend of a country house whither these

rakish animals retire for nights of gay festivity, and whence they return in the early morning, jaded, repentant, and forlorn.

Of late years there has been a rapid and promising growth of what disaffected and alliterative critics call the "cat cult," and poets and painters vie with one another in celebrating the charms of this long-neglected pet. Mr. M. H. Spielmann's beautiful volume in praise of Madame Henriette Ronner and her pictures is a treasure upon which many an ardent lover of cats will cast wandering and wistful glances. It is impossible for even the most disciplined spirit not to yearn over these little furry darlings, these gentle, mischievous, lazy, irresistible things. As for Banjo, that dear and sentimental kitten, with his head on one side like Lydia Languish, and a decorous melancholy suffusing his splendid eyes, let any obdurate scorner of the race look at his loveliness and be converted. Mrs. Graham R. Tomson's pretty anthology, *Concerning Cats*, is another step in the right direction; a dainty volume of selections from French and English verse, where we may find old favorites like Cowper's *Retired Cat* and Calverly's *Sad Memories*, graceful epitaphs on departed pussies, some delightful poems from Baudelaire, and three, no less delightful, from the pen of Mrs. Tomson herself, whose preface, or "foreword," is enough to win for her at once the friendship and sympathy of the elect. The book, while it contains a good deal that might well have been omitted, is necessarily a small one; for poets, English poets especially, have just begun to sing the praises of the cat, as they have for generations sung the praises of the horse and dog. Nevertheless, all English literature, and all the literatures of every land, are full of charming allusions to this friendly animal, — allusions the brevity of which only enhances their value. Those two delicious lines of Herrick's, for example,

"And the brisk mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
Till that the green-eyed kitling comes,"

are worth the whole of Wordsworth's solemn poem *The Kitten and Falling Leaves*. What did Wordsworth know of the innate vanity, the affectation and coquetry, of kittenhood? He saw the little beast gamboling on the wall, and he fancied her as innocent as she looked, — as though any living creature *could* be as innocent as a kitten looks! With touching simplicity he believed her all unconscious of the admiration she was exciting.

"What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!"

Ah, the arrant knavery of that kitten! The tiny impostor, showing off her best tricks, and feigning to be occupied exclusively with her own infantile diversion! We can see her now, prancing and paddling after the leaves, and all the while peeping out of "the tail o' her ee" at the serene poet and philosopher, and waving her naughty tail in glee over his confidence and condescension.

Heine's pretty lines,

"And close beside me the cat sits purring,
Warming her paws at the cheery gleam;
The flames keep flitting, and flicking, and
whirring;
My mind is wrapped in a realm of dream,"

find their English echo in the letter Shelley writes to Peacock, describing, half wistfully, the shrines of the Penates, "whose hymns are the purring of kittens, the hissing of kettles, the long talks over the past and dead, the laugh of children, the warm wind of summer filling the quiet house, and the pelting storm of winter struggling in vain for entrance." How incomplete would these pictures be, how incomplete is any fire-side sketch, without its purring kitten or drowsy cat!

"The queen I am o' that cozy place;
As with ilka paw I dight my face,
I sing an' purr with mickle grace."

This is the sphinx of the hearthstone, the little god of domesticity, whose presence turns a house into a home. Even the chilly desolation of a hotel may be rendered endurable by these affable and discriminating creatures; for one of them, as we know, once welcomed Sir Walter Scott, and softened for him the unfamiliar and unloved surroundings. "There are no dogs in the hotel where I lodge," he writes to Abbotsford from London, "but a tolerably conversable cat *who* eats a mess of cream with me in the morning." Of course it did, the wise and lynx-eyed beast! I make no doubt that, day after day and week after week, that cat had wandered superbly amid the common throng of lodgers, showing favor to none, and growing cynical and disillusioned by constant contact with a crowd. Then, one morning, it spied the noble, rugged face which neither man nor beast could look upon without loving, and forthwith tendered its allegiance on the spot. Only "tolerably conversable" it was, this reserved and town-bred animal; less urbane because less happy than the much-respected retainer at Abbotsford, Master Hinse of Hinsefeld, whom Sir Walter called his friend. "Ah, mon grand ami, vous avez tué mon autre grand ami!" he sighed, when the huge hound Nimrod ended poor Hinse's placid career. And if Scott sometimes seems to disparage cats, as when he unkindly compares Oliver le Dain to one, in *Quentin Durward*, he atones for such indignity by the use of the little pronoun "*who*" when writing of the London puss. My own habit is to say "*who*" on similar occasions, and I am glad to have so excellent an authority.

It were an endless though a pleasant task to recount all that has been said, and well said, in praise of the cat by those who have rightly valued her com-

panionship. Théophile Gautier's charming pages are too familiar for comment. Who has not read with delight of the Black and White Dynasties that for so long ruled with gentle sway over his hearth and heart; of Madame Théophile, who thought the parrot was a green chicken; of Don Pierrot de Navarre, who deeply resented his master's staying out late at night; of the graceful and fastidious Seraphita; the gluttonous Enjolras; the acute Bohemian, Gavroche; the courteous and well-mannered Éponine, who received M. Gautier's guests in the drawing-room and dined at his table, taking each course as it was served, and restraining any rude distaste for food not to her fancy. "Her place was laid without a knife and fork, indeed, but with a glass, and she went regularly through dinner, from soup to dessert, awaiting her turn to be helped, and behaving with a quiet propriety which most children might imitate with advantage. At the first stroke of the bell she would appear, and when I came into the dining-room she would be at her post, upright on her chair, her forepaws on the edge of the tablecloth; and she would present her smooth forehead to be kissed, like a well-bred little girl who was affectionately polite to relatives and old people."

I have read this pretty description several times to Agrippina, who is extremely wayward and capricious about her food, rejecting plaintively one day the viands which she had eaten with apparent enjoyment the day before. In fact, the difficulty of catering to her is so well understood by tradesmen that recently, when the housemaid carried her on an errand to the grocery, — Agrippina is very fond of these jaunts and of the admiration she excites, — the grocer, a fatherly man, with cats of his own, said briskly, "Is this the little lady who eats the biscuits?" and presented her on the spot with several choice varieties from which to choose. She is fastidious,

too, about the way in which her meals are served; disliking any other dishes than her own, which are of blue and white china; requiring that her meat should be cut up fine and all the fat removed, and that her morning oatmeal should be well sugared and creamed. Milk she holds in scorn. My friends tell me sometimes that it is not the common custom of cats to receive so much attention at table, and that it is my fault Agrippina is so exacting; but such grumblers fail to take into consideration the marked individuality that is the charm of every kindly treated puss. She differs from her sisters as widely as one woman differs from another, and reveals varying characteristics of good and evil, varying powers of intelligence and adaptation. She scales splendid heights of virtue, and, unlike Sir Thomas Browne, is "singular in offenses." Even those primitive instincts which we believe all animals hold in common are lost in acquired ethics and depravity. No heroism could surpass that of the London cat that crawled back five times under the stage of the burning theatre to rescue her litter of kittens, and, having carried four of them to safety, perished devotedly with the fifth. On the other hand, I know of a cat that drowned her three kittens in a water-butt, for no reason, apparently, save to be rid of them, and that she might lie in peace on the hearth-rug, — a murder well planned, deliberate, and cruel.

"So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat."

Only in her grace and beauty, her love of comfort, her dignity of bearing, her courteous reserve, and her independence of character does puss remain immutable and unchanged. These are the traits which win for her the warmest corner by the fire, and the unshaken regard of those who value her friendship and aspire to her affection. These are the traits so subtly suggested by Mrs. Tom-

son in a sonnet which every true lover of cats feels in his heart *must* have been addressed to his own particular pet:—

“Half gentle kindness, and half disdain,
Thou comest to my call, serenely suave,
With humming speech and gracious gestures
grave,
In salutation courtly and urbane;
Yet must I humble me thy grace to gain,
For wiles may win thee, but no arts enslave;

And nowhere gladly thou abidest, save
Where naught disturbs the concord of thy
reign.

“Sphinx of my quiet hearth! who deignst to dwell

Friend of my toil, companion of mine ease,
Thine is the lore of Ra and Rameses;
That men forget dost thou remember well,
Beholden still in blinking reveries,
With sombre sea-green gaze inscrutable.”

Agnes Repplier.

JOHN AUSTIN.

I AM often asked, “What was your grandfather like?” “What was it that prevented Mr. John Austin from achieving the success that seemingly ought to have been his?” In answer, I feel impelled to write a short sketch of this remarkable man, whose splendid abilities, owing to constitutional drawbacks, never received that public recognition and meed of fame which were his due.

John Austin was the eldest son of Mr. Jonathan Austin, a substantial miller and corn merchant, who had mills at Creting and Ipswich, in Suffolk, England, and at Longford, in Essex. All his children were distinguished by force of character and brilliant intellectual qualities. I have heard that his grandmother, Anne Adkins, had gypsy blood in her veins. Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin, only daughter of my great-uncle, Mr. Alfred Austin, tells me that years ago she went with her father to Foxearth, where the Austins of five generations ago lie buried. There they found an old woman who remembered Anne Adkins, and gave them a striking description of her vivacity and her ringing laugh, her large dark eyes and her high temper. Her husband was not an easy man to live with, and, I suppose, made every one about him miserable, for one of the sons enlisted in the ranks and went to America. On her tombstone these few pregnant words

are inscribed: “She died of a broken heart.”

Her son Jonathan married Anne Redhouse, only daughter of a small gentleman farmer, or yeoman. Well educated, gently nurtured, and possessed of exceptional abilities, she must have inspired her husband with her love for learning. His education had been neglected, but he was always fond of reading, and acquired a great deal of knowledge of both history and political economy. He had a very exact mind, and particularly disliked any kind of exaggeration. To an acute sense of fun was joined considerable enthusiasm, and a touching story or a noble action moved him deeply. Even as quite an old man he was strikingly handsome, with silver-white hair. His wife was deeply religious, though in no narrow way. She was charitable and helpful, but a strong tinge of melancholy, probably increased by delicate health and fits of nervous depression, overshadowed her whole life. This she transmitted to several of her children, tempered with the Austin family characteristic of wit and fun. Her sense of duty was exceptionally high, and above all things she hated a lie. She died at about sixty.

John Austin was born on the 3d of March, 1790. He inherited his mother's delicate health and nervous organization. She must have imbued him with her

deep religious feeling, for when three years old he would kneel before a chair with the Bible laid upon it and read aloud to her. Later, as a boy of seven, he was found by his eldest sister on his knees, in the garden, praying earnestly for a bow and arrows he had long coveted. The gift of eloquence he evidently possessed when a child, and turned it to better account than in after life; for he used to sit by his father at dinner, and so engage him in talk that the worthy miller never noticed that John drank up his glass of beer.

He entered the army before he was sixteen, serving under Lord William Bentinck at Malta and in Sicily. There is in my possession a mutilated diary which the young officer kept during the year 1812, and from these pages we may glean hints which to some extent explain the problem of his comparative failure in after life. The diary shows him, at the age of twenty-two, to have been endowed with an introspective and critical temper, haughty in his intellectual attitude and almost morbidly conscious of his inert temperament. He speaks of "indolence, always the prominent vice of my character," "this lethargy of the faculties," "the listlessness of indolence and *ennui*." He complains that, while sharing in the sports and follies of his comrades, he finds but little pleasure in that "relaxation which none but the industrious can relish." It does not appear that these expressions are merely the outcome of a passing mood of melancholy. The tone of the diary is gray, austere, and inelastic. The passages in which the writer shows the greatest warmth and spring of energy are those dedicated to the analysis of philosophical works which he was studying, — Dugald Stewart's *Essays*, Enfield's *History of Philosophy*, and Drummond's *Academical Questions*. Of the preface to the last-mentioned book the young soldier remarks, "Though tainted with a little schoolboy pedantry,

it is the most energetic and eloquent apology for the study of metaphysics that I recollect to have seen." Enfield's *History* he notes as "an abstract freely drawn from Brucker's work on the same subject. The book is not characterized by much philosophical depth, but the author displays a mild and liberal spirit truly edifying in a theologian. He now and then discovers the cloven foot in his attempts to enforce Dr. Priestley's modification of Christianity, but in a manner very different from that of his arrogant principal. I was much pleased with the clear statement given of the skeptical doctrines advanced by Pyrrho and his followers." Critical in his judgment of others, he was still more severe upon himself. After composing certain reports, he observes: "The style of these papers, though labored with great care, was stiff and monotonous. Indeed, whatever I write is wanting in copiousness and simplicity. The only excellences of my style are clearness and precision."

These early memoirs show that John Austin's vital energy was insufficient for the rough work of the world. Later on in life, the physical troubles which must even in youth have been dormant in his constitution manifested their presence in chronic depression and hypersensitiveness. Making enormous demands upon himself and others, refusing to acknowledge any work except of the most perfect quality, he exhausted his nervous strength in preparations, and stumbled repeatedly upon the very threshold of great undertakings. The travail of the brain reacted on the digestive organs, produced sickness and fever, and culminated in excruciating headaches which laid the powerful thinker and eloquent orator prostrate, before the thoughts with which his mind was teeming found their channel of relief in expression.

On the death of his second brother, in 1812, John Austin obeyed the earnest request of his parents and resigned his

commission. Friends had already strongly urged him to quit the military profession for one more suited to his studious tastes, and, after due reflection, he determined to study for the bar. Till the end of his life my grandfather retained a strong love and respect for the military character. As his wife says: "The high and punctilious sense of honor, the chivalrous tenderness for the weak, the generous ardor mixed with reverence for authority and discipline, the frankness and loyalty, which were, he thought, the distinguishing characteristics of a true soldier, were also his own; perhaps even more preëminently than the intellectual gifts for which he was so remarkable."¹

Lord Brougham, Sir S. Romilly, and Sir W. Erle have all told me that the eminent lawyers under whom Mr. Austin studied, as well as his fellow-students, were astonished by the force and clearness of his mind, his retentive memory, and the scholarly aptness of his language. All were confident that he would attain the highest place in the profession. In 1818 he was called to the bar, being probably spurred on to considerable effort by his passionate attachment to Miss Sarah Taylor, who became his wife in the following year.

After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Austin occupied for some years part of a house in Queen's Square, Westminster. The windows looked into Mr. Bentham's garden, and just round the corner lived Mr. James Mill. This close neighborhood and a strong congeniality of tastes and opinions led to a great intimacy between Bentham, the Mills, and the Austins. Mr. J. S. Mill became as one of their own family, reading Roman law with Mr. Austin, and learning German from his wife. Of my grandfather Mr. J. S. Mill writes: "On me his influence was most salutary. It was moral in the best sense. . . . There was in his conversation and demeanor a tone of high-

mindedness which did not show itself as much, if the quality existed, in any of the other persons with whom at that time I associated. My intercourse with him was the more beneficial owing to his being of a different mental type from all other intellectual men whom I frequented, and he from the first set himself decidedly against the prejudices and narrowness which are almost sure to be found in a young man formed by a particular mode of thought or a particular social circle."²

This coterie was the foundation of the Westminster school of utilitarian philosophy which afterwards produced important results.

After Mr. Austin was called to the bar, he went on the Norfolk circuit, but I never heard that he held a brief. The attorneys were afraid of him, and he was apt to be too late for a consultation. It is singular that the extraordinary eloquence which he displayed in private deserted him in public, and he felt great difficulty in addressing the court. I suspect that the legal studies to which he dedicated his powers, when he left the army, were injurious to a man of his peculiar temperament. They rendered him even more fastidious about the exact poise and verbal nicety of phrases, still more scrupulous in searching after that "clearness and precision" which he recognized to be the leading qualities of his style. Of this he seems to have been conscious, for he wrote as follows to his future wife about the influence of his training in a lawyer's chambers: "I almost apprehend that the habit of drawing will in a short time give me so exclusive and intolerant a taste (as far, I mean, as relates to my own productions) for perspicuity and precision that I shall hardly venture on sending a letter of much purpose even to you, unless it be labored with the accuracy and circumspection which are requisite in a deed of

¹ Preface to *The Province of Jurisprudence Determined*, p. v.

² *Autobiography*, J. S. Mill, p. 75.

conveyance." This precision of expression gives to his style something of an archaic and severe tinge; but his command of vigorous and apt language is remarkable, and the very reiteration to which some might object tends to impress his meaning on the mind of his reader.

His habitually calm and dispassionate judgment was allied to a naturally enthusiastic character, which found vent in severe blame or in generous admiration, and even veneration; as when he speaks of Locke to praise "that matchless power of precise and just thinking, with that religious regard for general utility and truth which marked the incomparable man who emancipated human reason from the yoke of mystery and jargon;"¹ and again in the masterly vindication of Hobbes.²

Mr. Austin was as intolerant of confused habits of thinking or of unmeaning expression in himself as in others, for we find him referring in one of his lectures to something he had stated in a former lecture, and which Mr. J. S. Mill (who was one of his class) had questioned: "I said that a negative servitude might be *jus in rem*, if it were possible for any but the owner or other occupant to violate the right. But that remark was absurd. For as Mr. Mill very truly observed," etc.³ Again, with characteristic self-refutation, he remarks: "I said in a former lecture that an obligation to will is impossible. Why I said so I am somewhat at a loss to see. For it is quite certain that the proposition is grossly false, and is not consistent with my own deliberate opinion."

The legitimate hopes entertained by all who knew Mr. Austin were soon doomed to disappointment, for the constitutional peculiarities which lay at the root of the maladjustment between mental faculties of the highest order and their natural outcome in action or expression assumed in middle life the form

of a real though apparently intangible malady. The pride and lofty standard which he cherished as an ideal rendered him incapable of doing rough-and-ready work, and after a painful struggle he gave up practice at the bar in 1825.

At this time the foundation of the London University occasioned the opening of a school of jurisprudence, and by common consent John Austin was chosen to fill the chair. He determined to spend the interval between his appointment and the commencement of his duties in enlarging his knowledge of Roman law and jurisprudence by some months' study among the German lawyers. For this purpose he resided for a time at Bonn. There was probably no man in England at that time who had studied Roman law with so much care as Mr. Austin; he was a master of the science. This visit to Germany made him acquainted with the works of Von Savigny and Mittermaier. The former afterwards became a personal friend. It also led to the warm interest taken by Mr. and Mrs. Austin in German literature, which they contributed to make known in England.

In the Law Magazine (May, 1860) Lord Brougham wrote: "For a teacher his [Mr. Austin's] qualifications were most eminent: profound learning, great reach and force of mind, and a wonderful faculty of exposition. . . . His lectures were admired by all, but mostly by those whose knowledge and sagacity made their approval of greatest value, and everything seemed to promise a continuance of the success with which his labors began, and which conferred upon the college a reputation in this department even beyond expectation. But, in spite of the brilliant commencement of his career as a professor, it soon became evident that this country could not afford such a succession of students of jurisprudence as would suffice to maintain a chair; and as there was no other

¹ The Province of Jurisprudence Determined, vol. i. p. 150.

² Idem, vol. i. p. 448, note.

³ Idem, vol. iii. p. 128.

provision for the teachers than the students' fees, it followed of necessity that no man could continue to hold that office unless he had a private fortune, or combined some gainful occupation with his professorship. Mr. Austin, who had no fortune, and who regarded the study and exposition of his science as more than sufficient to occupy his whole life, and who knew that it would never be in demand amongst that immense majority of law students who regard their profession only as a means of making money, found himself under the necessity of resigning his chair in 1832." As Mrs. Austin wrote to her sister, "We cannot live on air, but must go somewhere where our small means will support us." The *Province of Jurisprudence Determined* was published in the same year, and gradually became the recognized textbook in this department of law.

In 1833 Mr. Austin was appointed a member of the Criminal Law Commission, "but," to quote again from Lord Brougham, "it soon appeared to his colleagues that his views were too abstract and scientific; they desiring to prepare a more practical report. Further, he differed from his colleagues as to the mode in which they were attempting to perform their duties; and the opinion, indeed, of Mr. Austin has been justified by the event. It is deeply to be regretted that an arrangement should not have been made for his forming a complete mass of the whole field of criminal law. He was of all others the man most capable to do this."

From every meeting of the commission Mr. Austin returned disheartened, and agitated by the notion that he was receiving public money for work which would be of no public utility. To his wife he said: "If they would give me two hundred pounds a year for two years, I would shut myself up in a garret, and at the end of that time I would produce a complete map of the whole field of crime and a draft of a

criminal code. *Then* let them appoint a commission to pull it to pieces."

A few blotted and much-corrected sheets in my grandfather's bold handwriting, and the beginning of a criminal code, which are among his papers in my possession, show the painful struggle that was going on in his mind between a lofty sense of duty to the nation and a natural disinclination to sacrifice the well-being of his wife and child. Duty won the day, and he resigned his place.

The society of the Inner Temple had for some time desired to make an attempt to teach the principles and history of jurisprudence, and in 1834 Mr. Austin was engaged to deliver a course of lectures. This appointment could be regarded only as an experiment. The demand for anything like scientific legal education had to be created, and Mr. Austin was by nature disqualified from tentative or temporary work. Depressed by failure, bestowing an amount of labor hard to be appreciated on all he did, and harassed by anxiety about the future of his family, his health broke down completely, and he determined to abandon a conflict in which he had met with nothing but defeat. "I was born out of time and place. I ought to have been a schoolman of the twelfth century or a German professor!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Austin had been living at Boulogne for a year and a half when he was appointed royal commissioner to inquire into the grievances of the Maltese. Sir George C. Lewis (then Mr. Lewis), who had been his pupil at London University, went with him as second commissioner. To this day Austin's name is revered in the island. Justice and humanity were inherent parts of his nature. He had small sympathy with the insolence of a dominant race, and at the same time was too sagacious to be imposed upon by groundless complaints. Every measure he proposed was adopted, and Sir James Stephen used to say that the

reform of the tariff which was accepted by government on Mr. Austin's recommendation was the most successful piece of legislation he had seen in his time. Mr. Lewis having been recalled to England, my grandfather was about to apply himself to legal and judicial reform when he was abruptly recalled. He had been appointed when Lord Glenelg was colonial secretary, whose removal was as abrupt as his own, and whose successor probably thought that the termination of the commission was the most acceptable report he could give of it to the House of Commons.

Residence at Malta had not improved Mr. Austin's health, and he was advised to try the waters of Carlsbad. From 1840 till 1844 he passed the summers there, and the intervening winters at Dresden and Berlin. He used to tell with great gusto how once, when traveling in Germany with his wife, they came to a country inn. Mrs. Austin felt tired and went early to bed, setting, as is the custom, her little shoes outside the door. She had very small and beautiful feet. Mr. Austin went out for a walk, and on his return found that a party of students had arrived. As he entered the dining-room they were at supper, and drinking with many "*Hochs*" and great enthusiasm the health of the unknown owner of the little shoe which one of them had picked up in the passage and was holding aloft.

In 1844 the Austins settled in Paris, where, shortly afterwards, he was elected by the Institute a corresponding member of the Moral and Political Class. Mrs. Austin's small salon was a centre where Frenchmen of every shade of opinion met eminent representatives of England, Germany, and Italy. She spoke all three languages well, and was a good Latin scholar. Her beauty was still great and her intellectual power extraordinary, accompanied with a vigor of mind and body which was tempered by an excellent judgment and a kind heart.

During the revolution of 1848 Mr. Austin was in Paris, and in a long letter to his daughter, Lady Duff Gordon, I find a remarkable passage: "It is important to recollect that the present revolutionary tendencies are social rather than political; aiming at equality of possessions, or an equal distribution of the national revenue, rather than the mere establishment of democratical constitutions. This is the alarming feature in the present condition of France. In England socialist opinions and feelings have not as yet a definite shape; they are rather dispositions or tendencies than distinct theories or *formules*. But, in consequence of the vast inequalities of our social positions, these dispositions, though yet latent, are probably more strong and general than in France; for in this last country a large proportion of the people are small landowners, and have a visible and urgent motive to respect the properties of the rich. . . . The only remedy is the education of the people; especially the diffusing amongst them a knowledge of the natural causes which determine the distribution of the products of labor and capital. This knowledge, if diffused amongst them, would cut up revolutionary tendencies by the roots; for this last revolution has proved (what I always believed) that they arise from popular ignorance, and not from popular envy."

Convinced that permanent tranquillity was not to be looked for in France, Mr. and Mrs. Austin took a cottage at Weybridge, in England, and here the last ten years of my grandfather's life were passed in retirement and content.

I am not sure but I have unwittingly painted him in too sombre colors. The few people still left who knew Mr. Austin all dwell on his extraordinary eloquence. One writes: "It was beyond anything I ever heard, and it was of all kinds. A touching incident, a humorous situation, a satirical description, — all were equally good." Phrases which

struck my fancy when, as a child, I walked by my grandfather's side over the purple heather recur to my mind; and I seem still to see his erect figure, his white hair, and his large dark eyes, as, in his musical, rich voice, he told me that it was most important to think distinctly

and to speak my thoughts with meaning. Mr. Burke and Mr. Bentham were names I learnt to revere as a very small girl, — long before I knew who they were; indeed, I have an idea I thought they had something to do with the Bible.

Janet Ross.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE TRAITS.

I HAVE repeatedly heard it said, and seen it written, that the Chinese race and civilization, compared with the Japanese, are of a decidedly inferior type. Unprogressive China is supposed to be ugly, prosaic, and degraded; mechanical in temperament, sordid and practical in aim. The art of Japan, especially, is thought to shine by contrast with that of her western neighbor. It is expressly asserted that the Chinese have never been a nation of artists, poets, and idealists.

This prejudice I believe to be unfounded. Although a lover of things Japanese, I can best show the grounds of my esteem, not by using China as a foil, but by acknowledging her as the classic source of inspiration. Whatever we admire most in the island race, be it the art, the gentle manners, the poetry, the unworldly ideal, — for all these the Japanese himself pays homage to his Chinese masters. Can it be that he knows less about the matter than our Western newspapers?

Our mistake is doubtless due to a pardonable ignorance of Asiatic history. We cannot truly exhibit the contributions of a great race to the cause of civilization by cutting, as it were, a cross-section through its organic structures. What value would attach to a comparative estimate of the Greek and Italian races drawn solely from a contrast of Florence with Constantinople in the fif-

teenth century? What more from a contrast of Tokio with Peking to-day? One is the home of a civilization of hoary age, with strength spent, struggle and crisis long since passed; the other, that of a youth in experience and temper, who has never till now been forced to grapple with the deepest social problems in a life-and-death struggle. Yet a comparative biography of these two racial lives would exhibit the closest affinities between them. From it we should discover that the specific types of far Eastern civilization have rested upon a common basis of constructive ideas; that the same moving principles which dominated the policy of successive Japanese eras, the same ideals which gave life and form to their myth, their poetry, and their art, had already created structures of similar nature, but on a far vaster scale, beyond the Yellow Sea. The continental art and literature and law, hot from the mortal struggle of China to objectify her highest ideals, were received and gayly worn as beautiful jewels, or wreathed anew into lovely garlands, by the more fortunate island mountaineers. To Chinese art and culture at their best in the Tang and Sung dynasties we must yield the palm for power, dignity, truth, and spiritual earnestness. No doubt there are an elusive subtlety and a buoyant geniality in the subsequent Japanese illuminations which have a distinct charm of their own. No

doubt, too, in Japanese character there is something which reminds us strongly of the modern French or of the ancient Athenians. Nevertheless, on the whole, and in spite of temperament, it may be, we are forced to say that China has played the part of Greece for the whole Eastern world. Just as all that is classic and supreme in the inspiration of Western literature and art and philosophy comes down the ages to us from its creative centre at Athens, so all that is vital and classic in Oriental culture radiates from Loyang and Hangchow; and just as frankly as Rome borrowed her models from Greece, so did Japan borrow hers from China.

Having said something in vindication of the rightful claims of Chinese civilization, I wish now to consider a charge of directly opposite import, which is sometimes made by writers and travelers, for the most part English. The Japanese are accused of being the most fickle and changeable people in the world, unstable, weak in character, vacillating in policy, and are unfavorably compared with the Chinese, who are praised for their solid, reliable, and manly qualities. The prudent conservatism of China condemns the hasty radicalism of Japan. The proof of this moral superiority of the former is supposed to lie in the fact that foreign merchants in Japan have to employ Chinese cashiers.

Now, to appreciate the mistake involved in this estimate, we must again go back to national history. Levity and change on the one side, stolidity and conservatism on the other, are not inexplicable race characteristics. In China there was no blind love for the past, no universal hatred of change or of foreigners, previous to a comparatively recent date. There was as sharp a conscious struggle of the new with the old, as full a development of great individualities, innovating statesmen, constructive philosophers, inspired poets, and original artists, in the great Sung dynasty as at

any period of European civilization. Her great seaports harbored large colonies of Arab merchants; Jewish synagogues flourished in the interior; she gladly learned science and the useful arts from the Venetians. Even more recently, in the days of her decadence, she thankfully made the Jesuit missionaries her teachers.

On the other hand, it is not true that the history of Japan is characterized by fickleness, blind change, and weak innovation. In unswerving allegiance to the single dynasty of her divinely descended Emperor she exhibits the oldest political institution in all history. Her regard for Buddhism never wavered from the seventh century to the sixteenth. She grasped firmly the ideals of the Sung dynasty nearly five hundred years ago, and has perpetuated them through an unbreakable tradition to our day in the aristocratic courts of the Tokugawa *régime*. How near the last two centuries of solid despotism came to making of Japan a copy of formalistic China may be seen to-day in a wide streak of stupid conservatism, of which, too, the foreign merchants complain. Both races, then, have exhibited on the scale of centuries, in grand alternation or in strange mixture, the opposite traits of individuality and formalism; and their peculiar temperaments and national tendencies to-day are only final resultants of vast movements of rise and fall, of hopeful ideal, mortal struggle, and temporary exhaustion.

What now do I mean by individuality? Surely not that sickly cast of thought, that morbid self-consciousness, which is sometimes spoken of as the feeling of personality. This has been necessarily absent from creative periods, whether in the East or in the West. I mean by individuality, not the self of which we think, but the self by which we do. It is the power to produce freshly from within, to react and adapt under rapid change of environment. It

transcends institution, custom, love of approbation, fear of disapproval, all slowly acting forces of sheer mass. It is spontaneous origination, the salt of social life, the last hope of a race.

The problem, therefore, of each successive Oriental dynasty has been how to preserve all its inherited ideals, whether of patriarchal socialism, of Confucian statics, or of Buddhist discipline, by bringing to their support a renewed measure of individuality before success and organization should become so complete as to establish tyrannical rules. This could be done only when the stimulus of prolonged local warfare, or the shock of foreign contact, or the incidence of new constructive philosophies and religions gave a decided change to the conditions of the problem. Only three times in the course of three thousand years of Chinese history did these favorable conditions recur. On the third occasion, eleven centuries after Christ, the statesmen, scholars, poets, artists, priests, and philosophers of the great Sung dynasty waged a final and stupendous struggle with the hosts of formalism, and created the culminating glories of China's most individualistic illumination in an attempt to fuse together the three great religions of Taoism, Confucianism, and Buddhism. The downfall of this last movement, under the Mongol conquest, was the death-knell of Chinese individuality. All subsequent efforts to revive it were too weak and scattered. In the absence of new constructive matter, babbling Confucians of the narrowest commentating school have monopolized power and education for the last five hundred years, and have covered the glow of native genius with such a crust of literary formalism that intelligence has become stunted and government itself petrified.

But in Japan, in the course of the comparatively brief thirteen hundred years of its civilization, the disruptive forces and the renewed attack have re-

curred at five separate times, the last of which was as recent as the second half of the eighteenth century. It is not necessary for me here more specifically to characterize these five well-defined epochs in Japanese culture. It is enough for us to know that their rapid succession was caused either by the local independence and conflict of numerous feudal centres, or by the perpetual impact of foreign theories and religions. A happy rotation of cultures has prevented the Japanese mental soil from becoming exhausted; though it must not be inferred from this, as is frequently asserted, that the Japanese have been only borrowers and copyists. If this were true, if there had been no fresh individuality waiting to apprehend and restate the problem for its insular uses, no mere change of atmosphere would have galvanized into life a culture. The Japanese would have passed from idol to idol with the unintelligent submission of savages, and with a benumbing indifference to principles. But in fact Japan has ever and anon renewed her youth; and to-day one can warm himself at her living fires, kindled from those which grew cold in almost forgotten Chinese dynasties.

Here, then, is the key to the contrast. In China the outbursts of creative effort grew fainter and fainter, until they finally ceased; but in Japan they followed one another with such rapidity that individuality came to ingrain itself into the people as a race characteristic. So strong had this become that it was only half chilled and checked by two hundred and fifty years of the Tokugawa despotism, which it finally overthrew. Slowly and insidiously, during the last few centuries, China has sunk into the night of unthinking like a huge animal in a quicksand; just as the Greek intelligence sank under the formalism of the Byzantine Empire. But the underlying fact which explains the contradictory elements in the Japanese character of to-day is this:

that the old free shoots of individuality, never quite cut away, are sturdily working themselves up through the thin lava crusts of the last two centuries.

We are now in a position to estimate truly the relative values of these resultant traits. It is the extreme of short-sightedness to ascribe the recent changes of the Japanese to a fickleness of disposition and a lightness or weakness of character, as if they were mere children seeking some new toy for momentary amusement; and equally short-sighted to overpraise the solid or stolid traits of Chinese persistence and uniformity, as if they were grand, conscientious, and constructive moral qualities. That the mutual trust which comes from reliability is an essential factor of our strong Western civilizations is doubtless true; and it is natural that it should be especially Englishmen, with their dogged tenacity of purpose and their lack of sympathy with alien institutions, who should most esteem this "staying" quality of the Chinese. By it, no doubt, they are better fitted to become successful business men. But, from a point of view beyond that of the foreigner who would use them as his tools, the incidence in advantage from national temper is on the other side. It is not blind, useless change that the Japanese is prone to, but the free facility to construct and reconstruct under the necessarily ever-changing environment. The very scientific idea of life is perpetual power of readaptation; and the highest life is reached when this readaptation implies a synthesis of all the organs and faculties through a free presiding intelligence. Failure to change, through the increasing inertia of the constitution, is the beginning of death, and the mere monotonous repetition of a single function is the nature of an automaton.

The success of Japan in taking up and solving the unprecedented, difficult, and sudden problems of the last thirty years certainly exhibits one of the most

extraordinary feats of individuality on record. She is now actually putting into operation a new constitution, granted by the free act of her sovereign, in which his absolute power and prerogative become defined in relation to the other political forces of the nation. Imagine the boldest and most intellectual of the Chinese dreaming even for a second of accomplishing such a feat! The relative immobility of the atoms of the Celestial Empire renders all projects of reform well-nigh utopian. But variability, being the very raw metal out of which civilizations are stamped, is Japan's greatest strength. I go further, and say that it is a national strength in this sense unique in the whole recorded history of man. It lies in this: Japan is privileged to change so rapidly that she is able to pass through every phase of a problem in practical experience *within the lifetime of a single individual*. This unique circumstance conserves all the experience of the pre-revolutionary era as a basis for intelligent reconstruction at its end. The very *samurai*, who knew the old Tokugawa system of ideas and government, witnessed the alarming shock of foreign impact; rushed forward to seize the treasures of Western example lavishly offered; studied face to face the inner significance of European principles of organization; felt the throbs of his own national life, which refused to accept a manufactured civilization, and insisted that native ideals, necessities, and precedents should be taken into account; turned his attention back again to the national and Asiatic point of view, and studied with foreign eyes his own past life and institutions. This person is now the pilot at the helm, who brings the wealth of his cycle of experiences to solve the conscious problems of self-evolutionary reconstruction. In almost every other historical case of a return to ideas swept away by national convulsions, several generations have elapsed, and the consciousness of the past has

had coldly to be reproduced by scholars from written documents. Few men can do more than see and state one side of a question strongly. The Japanese statesman has the perplexity, but the unspeakably valuable opportunity, of seeing all sides of all questions. Let us then pardon the pent-up individuality of these Japanese, if at the first moment of relief it carried them to the extreme of extravagant change. It was like the fizzing of a champagne bottle which has just forced out its own cork. But, because it fizzed, did it follow that there was bad wine within? Or, on the other hand, because Chinese customs were apparently strong as steel, did it follow that China could hammer out for herself a newly armored ship of state? Can a machine clean, oil, and reconstruct itself? The Chinese may be splendid material in the hands of foreigners; but is it strength to have little or no power of self-determination toward rational ends? Is it not nobler to be a free, self-controlling Japanese, bravely meeting the unheard-of responsibilities which his deliberate act brings upon him, even though he be recalcitrant and unusable material in the hands of his neighbors? So it is that the very weakness of Japan is her strength, and the very strength of China is her weakness.

One more question concerning present Oriental traits remains for me to answer. If it really be that the strength of Japan to-day consists in her having preserved with freshness and vigor the essence of the old Asiatic and lost Chinese ideals, how comes it that she is so willing to masquerade in the custom and costume of antipodal Western races? Does not her very tergiversation prove the inferiority of the Chinese standard to that not of Europe alone, but of Japan also? Is not Professor Chamberlain correct when he says that the Japanese very much resent any praise of their finer and more delicate tastes and faculties, and that they are ready to throw these to the

winds for a tithe of the wealth and the physical and mechanical vigor which endow England with her supremacy?

Doubtless there are such Japanese as this; the more shame to them! But I believe that I echo the opinion of the majority of the young educated Japanese of to-day when I say that Professor Chamberlain's mistake is most unfortunate, if not offensive. His covert sneer at those who, like Sir Edwin Arnold, have rendered the Japanese praise is a shaft not aimed in the interests of truth. How then shall I explain the double fact of their earnest adoption of Western practices, and their apparent indifference to Western appreciation of their earlier traits? In this way: first, because Western appreciation of these traits has been hitherto, for the most part, insufferably superficial. We have mistaken the monstrous and the fantastic for the genuine Japanese. We have praised the trivialities of their lightest fancy and the patient skill of their touch rather than their earnestness and their faith, the bold passion of their individuality. We have failed to see the depth of the great social issues which they have at stake. We have travestied in every way the inner harmony of their souls.

But, in the second place, though of more importance, I know that the readiness of the Japanese to undergo their present Western discipline by no means arises from love for the English type of civilization, but is a deliberate sacrifice, a momentary necessity of developing wealth and military strength, in order to preserve their national independence. This was the policy of all the great liberals who inaugurated the present era. Japan's position in the East, in close proximity to China, Corea, Russia, and England (at Hong-Kong), is extremely precarious. In the event of a war between any two of these nations, she would find it almost impossible to maintain her neutrality. She wants iron ships, and big battalions, and bags of

dollars, to hold an even position in any one of these balances. If, in a terrible emergency, she lose the power of self-determination, what will her artistic instincts, or polite amenities, or peaceful harmonic ideals of civilization avail her? Therefore she is willing to make every sacrifice, even to the throwing away for a time of her very ideals and choicest qualities, in order in the end to restore and conserve them. No doubt, of recent years, many leading Japanese have come to perceive that the sacrifice is too great, both because the necessity is not so urgent as supposed, and because the experiment is socially too dangerous. This is shown by the popular opposition to proposed treaties and codes of law, which would probably have strengthened Japan for the moment, but, as was believed, eventually at too high a price.

Moreover, there are many Japanese and not a few foreigners who think now that it will never be possible for Japan to develop herself into a great manufacturing nation like England. The temperament, the training, and the necessary materials are, for the most part, lacking. We can pardon the Japanese their quixotic desire to commit intellectual hara-kiri rather than be beheaded by an enemy; but that it will be hara-kiri, and not any very great strengthening along material lines, seems more and more clear. For the far-seeing are now beginning to recognize that, even in industrial lines, the greatest hope of Japan lies in her very genial and artistic temperament. It is along the way of the development of her indigenous art-industries that she has the greatest natural advantages over competing peoples. In her capacity to design she has stored away an enormous capital, which even the disastrous introduction of a bastard foreign system of pencil-drawing in her public schools has not wholly exhausted.

It may be that, at some distant day, China will develop into a fully armed colossus which shall draw the attention of European coalitions to strategic centres far to the east of the Dardanelles and the Neva; but it is much more possible for the perfected arts of Japan, deriving inspiration from carefully nurtured refinement, unworldly ideal, and creative individuality, peacefully to invade the willing marts of the West with her laden "treasure ship of good fortune," and conquer the world by the sword of the spirit.

Thus, I believe that, theoretically and practically, it will be best for Japan to hold fast to her own ideals of Asiatic tradition. It is a solemn service which she owes to humanity. She is the last custodian of the sacred fire. She alone has the unspeakable advantage of seeing through the materialistic shams with which Western civilizations delude themselves, while she appropriates their sounder materials to rekindle her flame. In bringing to pass the fusion of Eastern and Western types which, two thousand years after Alexander the Great carried the borders of Greece to India, becomes for a second time possible, and which shall create in both hemispheres a far more rounded civilization than either has ever known, Japan has the inestimable privilege of becoming our most alert pioneer. Through her temperament, her individuality, her deeper insight into the secrets of the East, her ready divining of the powers of the West, and, more than all, through the fact that hers, the spiritual factor of the problem, must hold the master key to its solution, it may be decreed in the secret council chambers of Destiny that on her shores shall be first created that new latter-day type of civilized man which shall prevail throughout the world for the next thousand years.

Ernest Francisco Fenollosa.

NUREMBERG.

OVER the wide tumultuous sea
In tranced hours I dream of thee,
Ancient city of song and myth,
Whose name is a name to conjure with,
And make the heart throb, Nuremberg!

I see thee fair in the white moonlight;
The stars are asleep at noon of night,
Save one that between St. Lawrence' spires
Kindles aloft its silver fires, —
A flaming cresset, Nuremberg!

Leaning over thy river's brim
Crowd the red roofs and oriels dim,
While under its bridges glide and gleam
The rippling waves of a silent stream,
Sparkling and darkling, Nuremberg!

Oh, the charm of each haunted street,
Ways where Beauty and Duty meet, —
Sculptured miracles soaring free
In temple and mart for all to see,
Wherever the light falls, Nuremberg!

Even thy beggars lift their eyes,
Finding ever some new surprise;
Even thy children pause from play
To hear what thy graven marbles say,
Thy myriad voices, Nuremberg!

Other cities for crown and king
Wide their glorious banners fling,
Lifting high on the azure field
Blazoned trophies of sword and shield,
That pierce the far skies, Nuremberg!

But thou, O city of old renown,
Thou dost painter and sculptor crown;
Thou dost give to the poet bays,
Immortelles for the deathless lays
Chanted for thee, fair Nuremberg!

They are thy Lords of High Degree,
Marvels of art who wrought for thee,
Toiling on with tireless will
Till the wondrous hands in death were still.
Being dead, they yet speak, Nuremberg!

They were dust and ashes long ago;
 Over their graves the sweet winds blow;
 Yet they are alive whom men call dead,—
 This is thy spell, when all is said,
 This is thy glory, Nuremberg!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

AN AMERICAN AT HOME IN EUROPE.

II.

THE HOUSE AND GARDEN WE DID NOT
 FIND IN PROvence, TOURAINE, THE
 PYRENEES, ALGERIA, AND SPAIN.

THE dark, chilly Paris winter had imparted an especial value to sunshine and warmth. When I started, alone, on my journey southward to spy out the land for a new home, it was agreed that sunshine should be the first consideration. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun," said the Preacher, with the august authority of Scripture, and I might have blazoned the sentiment on my banner as its motto. We were to have floods of sunshine, an unlimited supply of it. Apart from that, we were to have a house and garden, and the surroundings of the house and garden were to be pleasantly romantic in the mediæval or other antiquarian way, as heretofore described. We had not liked the suburbs of Paris, but, of course, the nearer to Paris this could be realized, the better.

It will be seen in the sequel whether I grew—or possibly remained—unpleasantly over-critical as to everything that was presented to me, or whether it was only the effect of that alluring imagination which is always promising something better just a little further on. At all events, the result was an unexpected long journey. I made a great sweep southward through several foreign lands, touched at nearly all the typical points

that vaunt, with reason, their winter climate, and returned to Paris from quite another point of the compass.

Allowing a sufficient interval for a presumable change of climate, the first place I got off at was Nevers, a hundred and fifty miles down the P. L. M. Naturally, you contract your railroads here, too. The Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean is reduced to those few letters, just as we talk about the cabalistic C. B. & Q. at home. Do I catch at once the remark that nobody ever heard of living at Nevers, or that it offered any inducements whatever? The observation permits me to say that I myself have more than once wondered whether those persons who are trying to do something nobody else has ever done,—a passion quite impossible of gratification, furthermore, in these populous times,—whether such persons are not all wrong. Very likely, the conventional people who follow the beaten track have been through it once for themselves,—or somebody else has for them,—and know there is nothing in it, and so do not let it interfere with their comfort. Thus, perhaps the would-be pioneers are only laggards instead. An eighteenth-century French writer, very notable in his day, says he thinks an excellent book could be made on prejudices justified; and so original a person as the great Goldsmith himself tells us bluntly, "Whoever does a new thing does a bad thing; whoever says a new thing says a false thing."

I can discourse in this tone with the

more freedom since we did not live in Nevers, nor were ever at all near doing so. It was a charming bright book that made me get off there, — Champfleury's *The Faïence Violin*, the most amusing satire I know of on the china craze. I did my best to make it known, some years ago, in *The Atlantic*. Dalègre, in Nevers, agrees to pick up, under instructions, some odd bits for Gardilanne, an old schoolmate in Paris. He imbibes the collecting mania himself, becomes guilty of astounding treasons, and the whole ends in comic catastrophe. I walked about, and looked at the houses where these worthies might have lived, and at the chief manufactory of pottery, and at some good specimens of the old ware in a small museum bundled up into the attic of the fine sculptured palace of the Gonzaga, Duke of Nevers, who introduced the manufacture into the place. But Nevers would not do.

A traveling acquaintance in the train had assured me I should find just what I was in search of on the Boulevard Victor Hugo. It was lately the Boulevard Saint Gildard, but the saint had been upset for the poet. Everywhere you go, in France, in these republican days, you are certain to find a boulevard or avenue, generally one of the best, named for Victor Hugo, another for Gambetta; and now Carnot, also, is having his turn. This was a raw new one, and the stiff little gardens had exactly the same lack of privacy I had already found so unpleasant in suburban Paris. It is a general complaint, I fear. As the wealthy have too much behind their massive walls, which spoil the prospect, an average is got by giving the more modest too little. Saint Jean — Midsummer's Day — is the great renting-day here, as it is also in Touraine and the Pyrenees, Saint Michel resuming his sway again further south. It is true, there were two first-story apartments in the old part of the town, close to the ducal palace and the cathedral, that might almost have done.

They were thirteen hundred francs and six hundred and fifty francs respectively, and the latter was much in need of repairs; but we were not yet at the stage of considering apartments.

Lyons would not do. Tame and featureless, in spite of the bold heights around it, up which the *ficelle*, the string, as they call it, takes you, horses, carts, and all, like the cable-road in Cincinnati, I can only conceive of any one living in Lyons if he were kept there by some commercial appointment with handsome pay. Ancient Vienne, Valence, and Orange would not do. At Valence lodgings might have been had in the house next to the one occupied by the young Napoleon when a second lieutenant in garrison there, and I am not sure but in that very one itself. He must often have looked off from the eastern terrace of the town to the Alps, and from the western to the splintered old ruin of Crussol that accompanies the view so long as you journey down the wide plain of Provence. Of what were his meditations in those days? Surely not much of house-hunting. How are great things ever accomplished when the smallest require such a deal of pains?

What I had really thought of in advance was Avignon. I sincerely hoped Avignon would do. When we talked of Avignon in Paris, however, a French friend used to pooh! and bah! at it in what we should call a highly American spirit.

"You will have used up its antiquities in three days. Petrarch's Laura will last you but half an hour," he would say, "and then how will you occupy yourselves? No, if you *will* seek the Midi, keep on rather to Marseilles. There you will find movement, a proper stir of life, the theatre — a big city, in fact, and its resources."

Each one speaks after his own taste, and these considerations left us unmoved, though Marseilles itself, all unknown as it was, evoked ideas of southern warmth

and gayety, and it would have seemed by no means a disagreeable fate. Provence opened well as to the forwardness of vegetation. Cold and wintry behind us still, here, on the 9th of April, the peach and almond trees were in bloom, and the generality of the trees well budded out. In spite of this, however, and the perennial foliage of the olive, the moist green of Burgundy was abandoned. The face of the plain and the mountains that inclose it have a gray, mud-colored, sad tone that it would take all the traditional sunshine of Provence to brighten. It recalled Southern California in the dry season, but without the oranges. It recalled it, too, even to the winds, except that the winds that raise the dust-storms at Los Angeles or Riverside have no such persistency as the famous *mistral*, which tears through the gorges of Montélimar, and becomes the scourge of all the country down to Marseilles, and of Marseilles worse than all the rest.

The first requirement of an Old World town was always a good site for its fortress, just as the starting-point of a Western border town is its railway station, "saloon," and grocery. At Avignon was found an excellent bold, flat-topped rock to put the castle upon, and the broad Rhone beside it made the best of waterways for commerce. When the expatriated popes had acquired it, in the time of the great schism, they covered the rock with a gigantic brown-stone fortress palace, which ancient Froissart calls "the strongest and finest abode in all the world." It is on so great a scale that the city round about, though it contains forty thousand people, seems a mere scattering of tributary huts. Connect this with a ruinous suburb, having a mediæval fortress pure and simple on a like scale, by a bridge with most of its arches broken, — the bridge upon which, according to the nursery rhyme, there used to be so much dancing, — and you have Avignon. Its antiquities, its archi-

tecture, its traditions, were all charming, and corresponded to the preconceived ideal; occupation for one's idle moments would never have been wanting there. Then, too, the principal modern street, leading from the station, made an unexpectedly fine display of shops; there was a clinking of officers' swords, and a cheery promenading in the evening in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville; and there was, above all, the fresh vitalizing breath of the *Felibrige*, the literary movement which has revived the glories of old Provençal poetry. It was my good fortune to see something of the new troubadours, — bluff, hearty old Roumanille in his little bookshop in the Rue Saint Agri-col, and manly, kinglike Mistral in his village of Maillane. Amiable, genuine people of modest merit, all those leaders, who drew back in reserve, and would not willingly lend their countenance to a sort of traveling showman and foolish apostle of the moment, who was trying to turn their movement into a bombastic parade for his own notoriety.

On the Doms rock, the choicest of all sites, nothing rural appeared but the small public garden, whence you had the view over the level country, — the wide Rhone, turbid and headstrong as another Mississippi, and snow-patched Ventoux in the distance. Ventoux is the signal: while snow rests upon the head of Ventoux, it is not yet summer. In the old town, once compressed within ramparts, it was useless to seek any open space for living. And let us make a general rule of it at once; the same is true of all old towns everywhere. In the new district, near the station, which, crabbedly, never comes to meet an European town more than halfway, — this district — h-m! h-m! — it was low and flat, and filled up with factories smoking lustily, and the cottages of their hands. It was Avignon, to be sure, but, even supposing something presentable to offer there, — and it did not chance to, — such an environment was not within

the plan laid down for the expedition. I began to surmise for the first time that the search for the desired house and garden might be a difficult one.

I had been in wretched, many-storied Rue Abraham and Place de Jérusalem of the ancient Jews' quarter, not house-hunting, but curiosity-hunting, for the two pursuits were inextricably mingled; then under the brown awnings of the queer, crowded, entertaining market in the Place Pie; and had swung round back to the Rue Joseph Vernet and the chapel of the Oratoire, which, being circular and quite open within, pleasingly suggests a little Gothic Pantheon. There were bills out on two houses near by, — wide, respectable, even stately houses. My ring was answered by an ancient servant, or *concierge* (though the *concierge* system can hardly be said to prevail in the smaller towns), in an extraordinarily clean white cap. She retained a guarded air, as who should say, "You *may* be all right, coming along in this sudden way, with a stranger accent, making inquiries as if you meant to live here, and I shall say nothing to your face to the contrary, but the thing is very much open to doubt." She had a first-story apartment, at one thousand francs a year. It could not be shown, however, for another fortnight, and, as it would obviously have been imprudent for me to wait so long, I do not know to this day what it was like. The other was a second story, at only six hundred francs. It was up a very high cold stone stairway. The parquet floors of the north have disappeared; we are in a land of stone and tiles now, a land that plans for summer rather than winter. There was no way of entering the various rooms, five or six of them and of good size, except through each other, there being no corridor. All the water to be used would have to be brought up from a fountain in the court below. It would be a compensation, of course, that there were some carven lions' heads, but I fear hardly enough.

I did not often avail myself of the services of house-agents, where they existed, nor of the notaries who sometimes charged themselves with renting property. These persons, quite unaware that you might have all Europe, with Africa thrown in, for your hunting-ground, or that you could think of settling in any other place than theirs, proceeded with a hopeless deliberation. They proposed to settle comfortably down to it and make a campaign of weeks, or, for what I know, of years, as the case might require. In the first place, they wanted to make an appointment with you, to prepare a list. Then they would accompany you themselves, and, being rheumatic or otherwise disabled, get on with mortal slowness; and they would try to show you everything, even to the last window-catch in a given apartment. Or they would send a blundering youth with you, who brought the wrong keys or could not find the right address. Or they would, perhaps by way of showing you the extent of their affairs, send you to places that were already rented, or that the occupants declared had never been to rent. And finally they would take great pains to prevent your getting any general grasp of all the vacancies in the place, or looking at any other than such as chanced to be in their hands. The advertisements in the local papers are but a slight resource, as these are not advertising communities. It is the general custom to put out bills on all houses to rent; thus you have only to choose the quarter that suits you, and if you do not find what there are it is the fault of your own diligence. My plan of verifying in advance the architectural and other attractions of the given place, to see if these were going to be strong enough to hold us, took me to all parts of it. Indeed, were it not for this plan, I should have to marvel, in summing up the general collection, how uniformly the habitations to rent found themselves in the neighborhood of some fine monument, — much

as that other sage traveler marveled that wherever you found a great city you were apt to find a great river flowing before it. It was precisely in issuing from these monuments that I saw the habitations to rent. Of course there was liability to oversight, under such a system, and I will not maintain that I did not overlook plenty of opportunities, veritable jewels of homes for our purpose.

The Rue de la Vieille Poste was a mere winding dark alley, but the apartment at the corner had a window looking into the Place du Palais. A mosaic-paved vestibule, a dining-room, and a kitchen on the damp entrance floor, the kitchen faced with Moorish-looking tiles; then, up a narrow winding stair, a handsome large sunny drawing-room and a bedroom, and above that, again, a servant's room; and finally the right to share in an inclosed square of garden, full of rather sober myrtles, laurels, and cypress, with a bit of historic tower looking down upon it. I tried to figure how, if we took it, we would harden our hearts to the lot of the maid in the damp kitchen, pass but the briefest possible moments daily in the damp dining-room, and then seek refuge in the sunny salon, and pass our time gazing out rapturously at the glimpse of the Palace of the Popes. It went down on the list, for want of something better. As I turned into that same Place again, the mistral was whistling loudly, and even rattling small gravel along the base of the grandiose Palais de la Monnaie, close by, which is more boldly original and striking in its way than its vaster rival across the square. My French local guidebook naively pretended that the streets of Avignon were made narrow and tortuous to defeat the searching violence of this remorseless north wind. This theory would do very well, except that every other town and village in Europe, Turin excepted, is built upon the same plan. What is more certain is that the modern Chamber of Commerce

was put where it is, across the opening at the southern end of the Place, to break the irruption of the hurricane into the heart of the city.

Other apartments could have been had in a private palace of Julius II., the heritage of a decayed noble family, the vestiges of whose escutcheon remain over the door where it was battered to pieces in the Revolution. Henry IV., and even so much rarer a celebrity as Saint Francis de Sales, had slept in it. But it was in a darker and narrower street than all the rest; they did not mind such things in those days. Meantime, too, the mistral, which I would not greatly believe in at first, was more impressed upon me daily as a positive and standing disadvantage of climate. The best authorities, including those whose local patriotism might well enough have obscured their honesty, agreed that it was a veritable scourge. Stendhal says it is the drawback to all the pleasures one might enjoy in Provence. The lamented Roumanille told me it had flattened him against the wall like a leaf. It uproots trees and tears down houses, and blows three, nine, even twelve days at a time. What then should we do here, when I recollected that S——, in Paris, has a horror, above all things, of having her hat-brim blown about in the breeze?

Nevertheless, as there are degrees and variations of it, I continued to look longingly in Provence, and sometimes almost to forget it. I looked at Tartarin's — and King René's — Tarascon; at Saint Remy; at the rock-cut marvels of Les Baux, which some one has called "a Pompeii of the Middle Ages;" and at Arles. At Les Baux you could have bought a beautifully carved Renaissance dwelling outright for three hundred dollars, and could probably have rented it in proportion. It would not have been bad at all to pass a vacation in. At Arles there is a pleasant Moorish touch in the minor habitations, a trace still, perhaps, of the long Saracen domination

there. The house that chiefly caught my eye was on a street leading up to the Roman arena, and showing at the end a square Moorish watch-tower looming up grandly on the top of that massive work. It was at Tarascon, in the Rue des Halles, that the pleasant matron whom, in doubt, I asked as to the direction of the sun in her apartment answered, in affected confusion: "Mon Dieu! I have never stopped to think of it. I've never taken my bearings here." Alas! it was bare, uncompromising north; nothing could have been more so.

Arrived at Marseilles, all warm, cheery anticipations, all romantic illusions about the city of Monte Cristo, were at once swept away. It was bleaker than any part of the Rhone Valley above, and vegetation which had been out there seemed here to have gone in again; a cold, gray, wind-swept place, lacking color, and composed of very tall buildings devoid of mouldings. Some of the shabby hill-climbing streets recalled streets of certain American towns, — Albany for one. The Allées de Meilhan were but a slatternly promenade, and the walking was muddy on the Cours Belzunce, which was not even graveled. The great merit of many of the more important buildings cannot be denied, but they cannot redeem the general raw effect.

Whither next, then? Surely further south, to Algeria; it began to seem as if only there was winter warmth a certainty. But the notion took me of a run through the Riviera first. It had not been in the programme. I had long permitted myself a sort of disdainful air towards it, as a mere nest of idle fashion and expense, not likely to agree with either our purse or our tastes; and on various former European journeys I had carefully avoided this route, going into Italy by others. I am sure there are not a few estimable people who think the same way. Only the other day we were reproached by friends in America, of a most intelligent sort, who were quite ignorant of

the fund of ancient romance the Riviera contains, in connection with its exquisite scenery and climate, for our satisfaction and pleasure in it, since we have become converts to its charms. I shall have to return to this subject at length another time.

I went more out of curiosity than in prosecution of my general mission. It was the middle of April. Not expecting very much, I may have been somewhat *distracted* in the beginning of the journey. I do not recollect just where I was first fully under the shelter of the high Alpine ranges that make the Riviera what it is, "the sunny garden wall of Europe." Nor do I recall just where I saw the first oranges; it was the season of orange blossoms, rather, and the air was perfumed with their rich fragrance, the fruit having been mostly harvested. But when I did see them, they left an ineffaceable impression. They were like yellow lamps, and the landscape from which they were missing thereafter seemed cold and tame, as if some illumination necessary to it had gone out. At the small station of La Farlède, fifty miles east of Marseilles, I was suddenly aware that there was a delicious pink rose blooming in the hedge, not ten feet from the car window. Perhaps there had been plenty before, but I had not seen them. Thenceforward, judging by the flowers, it was June, and not April, though the Riviera spring can have a good deal of chill in it, too.

I traversed the stretch of one hundred and fifty miles to the Italian frontier, at Mentone, purposely leaving a house-hunting trip in Italy for another occasion. Saint Raphael, discovered by Alphonse Karr, and Cannes, by Lord Brougham; Nice, once a capital of the House of Savoy, and a place of consequence always, quite apart from the modern taste for winter stations; Monaco, with the evil brilliancy of its playhouse, and Mentone, a lesser Cannes, — this group, clustered near together in the last third of the

way, was the main field for examination. House-agents enough there; they were well used to receiving strangers, and had made ample provision for them. Pleasing surprises were in store in more ways than one. The greatest of all was that prices were not necessarily higher in this delightful region than in some forlorn little hyperborean places with hardly an attraction of any kind to offer. Passing between Nice and Monte Carlo, and again on the return, I stopped at the beautiful harbor of Villefranche. It receives the fleets and the yachtsmen of many lands, and it is said to have a peculiarly sheltered climate of its own. I met with an eccentric agent, who offered me something in the clean narrow main street of the old town. It would not have been bad in the town itself, with its mediæval charm and wide sea view, but this was not my house and garden. The agent had another place on the hill above, and we went up to see it. The house was large, and was capable of being made very comfortable; there was ample ground; there were oranges, lemons, and roses, and lovely views, and the price was tempting. But alas! he must let it immediately; he could not possibly wait beyond the first of May, whereas I had now committed myself to a journey in Algeria and Spain, returning by way of western France, and should not have been content to decide till I had seen what all that should offer. Added to which, the Paris apartment was paid for till the middle of July. So I left this house, though it was the best that I had seen.

The voyage from Marseilles to Algiers is supposed to be made in twenty-eight hours; we gave thirty-four to it, instead. A violent head wind and turbulent sea lay in wait for us outside the break-water, and buffeted us all the way over. I had a similar experience, later, in going to Corsica. The blue Mediterranean of tradition is often, and even generally, a stormy sea, and the yachtsmen are quite

right in laying up their craft for three months at a time and going comfortably to a hotel. *Imprimis*, then, it is difficult to get to Algeria, and, by a parity of reasoning, difficult to get away from it.

Lights were strung along the shore in beadlike lines, marking the streets of modern civilization, while others, scattered upon a hillside like dim coals of an expiring bonfire, marked the steep Moorish town. A sort of bare-legged Othello seized my belongings and piloted me to an hotel in the Rue Bab-el-Oued. It was raining, too, and I had obscure glimpses of the massive arches of the grand quay; the fine new Boulevard de la République, which is a military bastion as well; other weird Othellos; the Duke of Orléans on horseback in the large Place du Gouvernement, and at one side of it a spacious mosque, — a real Arabian mosque, — as fine, neat, and perfectly whitewashed as the best reproduction of itself in an international exhibition. The hotel was French, with some Spanish element in the management, I think. The Spanish are strong in the colony, even to the extent of causing some jealousy. At Oran, for instance, they are largely in the majority, and publish several journals in their own tongue.

The Rue Bab-el-Oued is one of the European streets that, with its continuation, the Rue Bab-Azoun, was once the main thoroughfare, but is now reduced to a second line, and is a sort of buffer between the later grandeurs in front and the Moors. Going along it, the next morning, I saw, from under the eucalyptus and palms of the Place du Gouvernement, the Moorish town shining high and white and minareted above. A temptation so novel was not to be resisted, and I climbed to it without a moment's delay. The plan of it on the map is like a congeries of Arabic letters. It is a sort of hill of Montmartre, covered with blind alleys, and turned into a grave Moorish hive of industry.

Let it be said at once that the characteristic Moorish life — the dwellings, dress, occupations, and habits — is still presented with surprising fullness. It is indeed Africa, another world; the rich Oriental subjects to which the painters have accustomed us still await them in unlimited supply. Algiers itself gives a better exhibition of this peculiar life than any other part of the province; its large population has resisted the aggressive European encroachments much better than the smaller communities have been able to do. The French are no respecters of this Mussulman antiquity, and it has been predicted with alarm that in a quarter of a century a Moorish building will be as great a curiosity for Algerians themselves as for the tourists from abroad. In that day the enthusiasm of tourists will be greatly cooled, as it has been in these late years by the commonplace spirit that has all but taken away the charm of Rome. No doubt there have been prodigious changes since the arrival of the French in 1830; but the stranger, ignorant of these, will think it an ample supply of bizarre entertainment that is still left him.

You may stroll about in it all with perfect freedom; you will come to no greater harm than a patch of whitewash on your sleeve from the door of the mosque, where you have taken off your shoes, or of Ali's diminutive café, or of Ahmed's basket-shop. The whitewash is universal, except where it is varied, with a happy effect, by blue wash or pink wash. The best point of view is the battlements of the ancient Casbah, the ruined palace where the janissaries used to set up a sovereign and assassinate him, — sometimes as many as seven in a day. Your eyes wink at the dazzling brightness of the town and the wide blue sea beyond it. You may look down upon some details of private life, — perhaps a woman in a lemon-colored jacket, come forth to talk to her maid on the flat roof of her whitewashed house.

Singular figures promenade, in no small numbers, also in the European streets, — the mysterious white-robed waddling women, a horseman of Fromentin in long dull red mantle, or a group, like Joseph and his brethren, prodding some camels along towards the port.

So far so good. The living accommodations in the town are a scanty choice of apartments in the new French buildings. For house and garden you would have to go out of the gate of Babel-Oued or the gate of Isly. Passing the latter, the nearer suburbs, Mustafa Inférieur and Agha Inférieur, are found given up to machine-shops and a populace more or less connected with these interests. The freer upper portions were dusty and unfinished, and very steep to climb. I remember in Mustafa Inférieur a whole *pension* to rent — and this only — for the summer, furnished, and at such a price that it was evident this "Land of Thirst" retained very few of its *habitués* for the scorching summer season. But Mustafa Supérieur, two miles and more from the town, is the quarter enjoying the chief favor of strangers. Three-horse omnibuses mount to it. It was a curious sensation to have in the omnibus some of the mysterious veiled women as fellow-passengers. The district was sown, as you might say, entirely to modern villas of an expensive sort. It is the custom to rent them furnished for the winter, and it might be difficult to find one unfurnished. The merit of their spacious, well-kept grounds could not be denied; the fragrance of their flowers weighted the air. It would be charming to take up a comfortable country life there, with pleasant neighbors close at hand, and go down occasionally, by way of a change, for a dip into the decorative Moslemism of Algiers. But it was a high climb, and far from market. I should think you would want to have horses and plenty of servants there, and not be obliged to count the cost very closely. The governor-general's summer

palace is a white, fairy-like abode, embowered in luxuriant palms, that makes you think of another summer palace, the captain-general's *quinta* in sultry, tropical Havana.

The gate of Bab-el-Oued gives you more three-horse omnibuses to Saint Eugène and Point Pescade. These are on the level and on the border of the sea. Small merchants of the town live at Saint Eugène, a mile and a quarter out, and gay Sunday excursionists go to Point Pescade for fish chowder, such as Thackeray celebrated as Bouillabaisse. At Saint Eugène I could have lived in a two-story villa, Rue Salvandy, for one thousand francs. Its modest garden contained the orange, fig, almond, and pomegranate. It was too low to command the sea, but from the rear, the south (for the coast here looks directly north), there was a charming view of the green hill and Notre Dame d'Afrique, the striking church built in memory of those who have perished in the sea. That same green hill, most likely, cut off a great deal too much of the sun in the winter. Hereabouts horseshoe arches and bright tiling gave a graceful Moorish look to some of the villas; but it was a real Moorish house, in a small farm of its own, that most caught my fancy.

I heard part of the Easter service at Notre Dame d'Afrique. You could take such a position, a little within the porch, that — and most appropriately — nothing but the outspread blue sea was visible. How soft and blue it was, that morning! You could never have suspected it of malice. Thence upward to a signal station looking down on Notre Dame; thence upward again to a mountain height, from which the signal station was as far below as was Notre Dame d'Afrique below the signal station, and Algiers below Notre Dame d'Afrique; and so, round about, into the clean white village of Bouzarea. The snow peaks to the eastward are four-square, like a vast snow castle, and the white Moor-

ish villas, amid their vegetation in the valleys, are like the sugar *pièces montées* of the confectioners. The Valley of the Consuls contains, happily, a patriotic memory for Americans. It was the abode of Shaler, a United States consul, who left behind him an impression which it would be well if more of our consuls could leave upon their districts. His Sketch of the State of Algiers, written in the barbarous old corsair times, remains the best authority on the subject to the present day. Even a French writer, discontented with reason, contrasts his energy and intelligence with the indifference of whole generations of French consuls. "Though our consuls had resided at Algiers ever since the sixteenth century," he says, "they had left us in the most absolute ignorance of its topography, customs, language, and history. And yet we had much more at stake in the country than the United States, for instance, whose representative, Mr. Shaler, has written a most interesting history of it." At the moment of the conquest such information was of pressing need, and from official sources none was to be had. It is to be hoped a like supineness does not really characterize the colonization work, so much stirred up in the French parliament of late.

I cannot linger upon the fascinating prospect from Bouzarea. It was the village that pleased me most of all I saw. Just as there was nothing African about the country, in the usual torrid, desert sense, there was nothing makeshift or immigrant-like about the village, standing on its broad, perfectly well made road. One could quite envy the urchins who were taught in the pretty white communal school and enjoyed its glorious view. A little further on was a cluster of Kabyle dwellings, like "hunks" of plum cake whitewashed; and on a knoll apart a white *marabout*, the tomb of a holy man, with a clean toadstool of a dome.

The genuine Moorish house I have referred to was easily reached by a short cut from Saint Eugène. It stood in the midst of a few cypress-trees, with a tract of two hectares in vines about it. It was white, square, blockish, flat-roofed, and had few or no windows without, being lighted, in the customary way, from an open court within. The rent was but four hundred francs, and the agent furthermore maintained that a return of from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred francs could be got from the vines. Here was something to cause an agreeable flutter of excitement: to turn farmer, in a Mussulman home, down in Algeria, and derive profit as well as pleasure from the experience, — that would be a novelty indeed.

I saw how a civilized family could make something quite delectable, quaint, and possibly habitable out of the house, fitting it up with draperies, and so on, in keeping with itself. The court had some columns and horseshoe arches, a well, and a kitchen and three chambers about it. Upstairs there were three more chambers. None of them received other light than what came in by the doors and some round holes over them. They were all tinted light blue, and the ceiling beams, openly displayed, were rounds of tree-trunk with the bark on. It was an altogether unheard-of sort of dwelling; but at the worst we could pass all our time out of doors, which really is what one goes to such a climate for. One would have to, if he were going to turn all those vines to account; they looked beyond the strength of a single person, and especially a novice.

"You could have a hired man for 80 francs a month," suggested the agent.

"And how much should I have to count on for his keep?"

"About 50 francs a month."

Let us take to our arithmetic: 80 and 50 make 130; equal to 1560 a year. If the yield of grapes were 1500 francs, we should be out by 60 francs. But per-

haps it would be 1800. No doubt the estate had been cultivated in its time by Christian slaves taken by the corsairs, and it was allowable to presume that one of them had run away with his master's sympathizing daughter; the romantic should stand for something. Then, too, the yield might be increased. When I inquired of a *garde-champêtre*, afterwards, as to the character of the native servants, he replied: "For one thing, the *indigène* has no judgment about the vine. He can't get it through his head, like a white man." He said that these men were mild and tractable enough, in spite of their wild looks, and that their greatest vice was pilfering.

I journeyed by rail all along the northern belt of Algeria, more than two hundred and fifty miles, to Oran. The country was green and pastoral, planted with rich crops or flower-clad, like California in springtime. Now and again there were bananas waving their broad tattered leaves; orange groves with fruit glowing very red; muddy rivers cutting deeply into their clay banks; lonesome white marabouts afar; Arabs, old as the hills in type, minding their flocks, statue-like, under a bush. Next in attraction to Algiers, by a long remove, was Blidah. One of its own Arab poets has said of it, quaintly, "Others call you a little town, but I, I call you a little rose." A later poet might well find inspiration in its principal avenue. It consists simply of a double line of lovely orange-trees. They were all in flower at the time of my visit, and the perfume was so continuous and all-pervading that you wondered if you ought not to take precautions against it, just as you ought not to keep flowers in your chamber at night. The well to do lived on a comfortable avenue of new two-story houses amid shrubbery, near a small park, which, though new, contained part of an ancient Sacred Wood. A four-room brick cottage on the avenue leading from the station was seven hundred francs a year.

Prices were certainly not less than at Algiers. I spoke of this at my hotel. "Oh, yes," replied a resident, with a brisk, matter-of-course air, "things are dearer here." As I waited to have some peculiar local explanation of it, he added, "There is no competition, you see." I found that an American had been farming on a large scale near Blidah for ten years past. Have I said that cheap American chromos were rather frequent in the Moorish shops at Algiers, such subjects as Thanksgiving in New England and A Trotting-Match on the Bloomingdale Road?

Bou Farik and Beni Mered, before Blidah, and El Affroun, Affreville, and others, after, — prosperous new villages all. Each has its Moslem quarter, which has become much what "China-town" and "Spanish-town" are in California. The natives bear themselves with much more dignity, but when they have a service to demand of you they do it with a meek gentleness that reminds you of the Mexican Indians. I aided one of them to send an express package. He could neither read nor write, and it was a question of filling out the blanks in the printed formula. Between us we got off a basket of thirty-five kilogrammes from Haj Hamet Kaboosh, of Relizane, to Haj ben Ahmed, at the Moorish market Adelia. I sincerely trust it arrived safely. It rained hard a good part of the way, the slopes of the Atlas were sprinkled with snow, and it was chilly. Some pretend that, owing to the great planting of trees, the climate has wholly changed. The women used to wear muslins in winter time, and now, on April 25, a man got in with a fur cap. "Is it often like this?" I asked the depressed-looking ticket-agent at Oued Fodda. "Alas! it has done little else for three months," he replied.

Oran is of little account after Algiers, although, on the other hand, it has a mosque much more charming than anything in the larger city. You contem-

plate at leisure the plashing fountain and tropical vegetation in the semicircular cloister of this mosque, and the blue tiling all round its walls; you toil up and down the excessively steep Rue Philippe, take a refreshment on the level Place Kleber, wonder at the inaccessible forts on the naked environing crags, and you have finished Oran.

The question of residence, then, stands or falls by the attractiveness of Algiers proper. I need not go into formal statistics of the thermometer and the details that invalids of various sorts should have; all that is found in the regular treatises. It is certainly a charming flowery climate, where winter is almost abolished. In summer it is so hot that the favorite train from Algiers to Oran is run at night, only once a week at that, and people wait for it. Dr. Bennet asserts that in the summer malarial fevers exist there almost everywhere, in the high mountains as well as on the plains. It is much farther away than the Riviera, for instance, without corresponding advantages, since the lower latitude on the south side of the Mediterranean is counterbalanced by the sheltering mountain ranges on the north side, and the winter temperature remains much the same. I can see how it might be popular enough among English people, who in going there are not far away from home at the worst. But the question was whether, besides separating ourselves three or four days further from our letters, it agreed with our peculiar ideas of thrift to transport our household effects such a long journey by land and sea, and then still have before us the probable necessity of getting out of the country again and making the return journey northward for the summers.

I had a shrewd idea of my own that the question would speedily settle itself in Spain. We were forty-eight hours coasting along to various north African ports and crossing to Malaga. The auspices were favorable. This voyage was

as smooth and delightful as the other had been detestable. The process of elimination seemed to be placing our destiny there, and I was not at all sorry. I began to see how we should probably be led to call our new abode a castle in Spain, and I hoped the humor of this would not be considered too threadbare at a distance. But for our purpose the land of enchantment proved disappointing. There was a far-away, difficult-of-access feeling about it. I did not strike the ideal habitation that would have overcome the ideas of expense and remoteness from support. That is the truth of the matter. The domain of climate is confined chiefly to Andalusia. The elusive house and garden did not present themselves. Suburban life in Spain is unusually confined, whether because the environs of the cities have not been very safe, or the cities themselves have continued large enough without spreading out, or whether it is a matter of sociability and taste. Malaga was simply ugly. Granada alone, of all that I saw, really offered a considerable temptation. The warm-toned, half-ruinous Alhambra, somewhat inferior to its reputation as a spectacle, is very much beyond it as a comfortable thing to live with.

My notebook shows a plan of one of the few apartments I saw offered for rent there; not a house of one's own, mind you, but an apartment. It was in a small plaza precisely under the Alhambra tower of La Vela. At the left, as you faced it, was an old church, a little bridge across the Darro, and the route by which you would go up among the gypsies in their hillside caverns. It was a third *piso*, or story, which means, however, that you went up only two pairs of stairs; the ground floor being counted a story here, as it is not in France. It was in a very wide, brilliantly white house with an *azotea*, or *loggia*, on top, balconies to every window, and, at the moment, yellow draperies hanging from the balconies in honor of some

festival. I much fear me that it was to the north once more, and the Alhambra hill shut off the sun from the south; but, looking at it merely as a type and basis, that makes no difference. That it was supposed to be warm enough in winter is inferred from the fact that there were no fireplaces except in the kitchen. There were eleven rooms, plain and large, brick-floored and calcimined. The doors were all paneled in a peculiarly elaborate way. One good idea, I thought, was closing the upper panels of the closet doors with only a pretty lattice-work, for the freer admission of air. In the kitchen, the swift water of the Darro was pumped into a reservoir consisting of a Forty-Thieves-like earthen jar. The chief characteristic of the place was its vast and labyrinthine extent. It had three courts of various sizes, and a proportionate amount of corridor to get around them. Most of the bedrooms received their light only from these courts, and were what we should call "dark rooms," though their cool obscurity may have been grateful enough in a fervid summer. All this, the grizzled, smiling proprietor assured me, would cost one hundred and forty-five *duros* (dollars). He said at first, good-naturedly, that that would arrange itself, not believing I would take it, and he was right. It was not conventional, at any rate. One could probably find a better; and what with the reasonable and attractive marketing, the lively shopping in the old street of the Zacatin, the university, the cathedral, the theatre, and the really grand cafés, — for it is a city of eighty thousand people, with modern resources, too, as well as those for which it is forever famous, — life at Granada ought to pass with economy, comfort, and charm.

Seville, though nearly twice the size of Granada, I should estimate as less than half as attractive. Neither the second *piso* of seven rooms I saw under the shadow of the Giralda, nor the other commanding a view of the delicious old

Alcazar, nor a third opposite the richly sculptured Ayuntamiento, — none of these was more than plain, neat, and commonplace. The dearest of the three was about two hundred and twenty-five dollars. They have a curious way of counting the rent by the day. Thus the one above was stated to be twelve reals a day, no matter how long the period. As the real is but five cents, you find yourself forever boiling down magnificent totals of thousands of reals, and finding the residuum a very modest sum. In general, in Spain, you can count on having a highly presentable apartment for four hundred dollars, — this in the large, expensive cities, including Madrid. Perhaps even one of the famous houses in Seville, with *patio*, or half-Moorish courtyard, could be had for that, if one of them could ever be found vacant. The cost of provisions cannot vary greatly from what it is in France. In servants' wages there is a notable reduction. You can have an excellent cook for thirty-five *pesetas* (francs), and a maid-of-all-work for no more than fifteen or twenty.

I had once thought very seriously of Madrid, but cold middle and northern Spain could never retain one who had tasted the charm of genial climate. Why, then, detail it all, — the inadequacy of Don Quixote's brown and lonesome La Mancha, of Madrid with all its Velasquez and its fine new *paseos*, and Salamanca with its venerable university, to square with our highly valuable ideas? I had been breathing the soft breath of summer, and everybody thereabouts was wearing a heavy winter overcoat on the blessed 10th of May. My last plan, curiously enough, was sketched at Philip II.'s gloomy Escorial. The village that holds the stern granite magnificence of that ascetic monarch is more or less of a summer resort for Madrid people. Even this usage does not brighten it. The only redeeming feature is the plentiful thyme and kindred balsamic plants

which, as in sympathy, perfume the bleak granite hills. The court retainers who occupied the village in Philip's day used, no doubt, to express their opinion strongly of their ruler's attempt to turn life into death. I saw a bill out, and went in to see what country life was like where no cottages, but only cramped apartments, were offered even for the professed vacation season. The "bill," after a common Spanish usage, was only a bit of white rag tied to a railing. There were two stories, and two apartments of four rooms each. The floors were brick, the staircase was wood, — a concession to warmth which is made in the north; but thus much having been done for comfort, it was not thought necessary to paint it. The rooms had numerous closed alcoves for beds, so that a much larger family could have been stowed away in them than you might have thought. In the yard were two flowerless flower-beds, and backed against the end wall was an unsculptured fountain; for sculpture was never a fashion in this more than Puritanical village. The visit was, naturally, more one of curiosity than practical design; but "How much?" I asked. "Two hundred pesetas for the three months of the *temporada* [the summer season], and five duros the month if taken for all the year."

Surely not dear; and one who happened to be living at Madrid might do worse, as a student, than move some furniture out there, and pass the *temporada* in re-reading Prescott and thoroughly mastering Philip's vast Escorial. But there are other ideas. "Many thanks and good-day, señora."

"Vaya con Dios!" (Go with God), she mumbles piously.

The better and more frequent trains, the more active stir of life, were grateful, when back in France again. I carried the same programme of "ifs" and "buts" through Gascony, the Pyrenees, Touraine, and the Orléannais. All had

their peculiar charm, all had their attendant drawbacks. In particular, all had to contend with a memory, a subtle persuasive recollection from near the other end of the journey, which kept rising into greater and greater prominence. I see I must be yet briefer in this final stretch of the course, though, like Spain, it needs more ample treatment.

A sort of bargain offered at Saint Jean de Luz, a beach of yellow sand, a modest, dull little place just over the frontier, — good, like much of this district, for winter and summer alike. The houses, when not of gray granite, are in open timber-work and plaster, of a half-Swiss or Early English effect, as they are in northern Spain. A tradesman of the place would have let me have such a one, on the hill, across the port, a large one, well furnished and with a garden at last, for six hundred francs. I exclaimed in surprise at finding it furnished, which I had not expected; and his demands at first were much higher, but *mon Dieu ! enfin* — he would let it go at that rather than be at the trouble of taking out the furniture. Breaking on the wheel would not draw a price from a proprietor until he had first shown you the attractions of his premises. The house had squalid neighbors, much too close, on one side, though they were very good on the other; the drinking-water had to be brought up from a public fountain down on the road, and other water from a neglected spring at the far end of the long garden. Still, this was a chance that did not fail to go into my notebook with an especial mark of approval.

Biarritz was too much like Dinard; it had an ephemeral, hasty look; the shops were full of the usual seaside knick-knacks, and of English tourists selecting keepsakes from them. The villa of the ex-Empress Eugénie did not redeem it; could it have been so bare, treeless, and ordinary as that in the days of the Empire? Pau, on the other hand, has a good deal of solidity. Like Nice, its

great contemporary on the other side of France, it has an air of being there partly for its own people, and not merely for the swarm of passing strangers. Let us remember that the towns are not of the same dimensions; Nice has eighty thousand people, and Pau thirty thousand. What is very comfortable about both is that they are so well used to receiving strangers, and have made such ample provision for housing them, that a few more or less do not throw them into a flurry. Quarters are not difficult to find, and you see at once that you are not expected to sleep on a billiard-table if you want to stay there. Then the shops abound with everything to sustain life agreeably; they are numerous and substantial, and the fever of novelty being long past, and unscrupulous fleeing checked by wholesome competition, they furnish their goods at about as reasonable prices as if there were no question of a *ville de raison*.

The favor that Pau meets with from the large English colony is well accounted for by the beauty of the site, the magnificent view of the snow-crowned Pyrenees from the terrace, and the green and thrifty country round about. In a short promenade I had already found three lodgments, any one of which would have done. They were all, as it happened, on that most respectable thoroughfare, the Rue Henri Quatre. The dearest of them was eight hundred francs, and it had three or four more bedrooms than we should have needed. Another, a first story, in the house of a respectable official, consisting of antechamber, kitchen, dining-room, parlor, two bedrooms, and servant's bedroom, was but five hundred and fifty francs. Perhaps one would not need a garden so much in a semi-rural place like this, being low down, and with ample opportunity to debouch into the Place Royale and other spacious promenades close at hand.

The château of Henry IV., like the château of Francis I. at Saint Germain,

would be much better if it had been left to a little of its sentimental ruin. Directly underneath it is a smoking tannery, which scents up the town in a way it is hard to understand how an energetic *ville de raison* can put up with. The panorama of the snowy Pyrenees, too, is often veiled, for we are in a rather moist country, and not a dry one. Consult your weather-records; I have heard an acquaintance, somewhat given to exaggeration by nature, assert that he has seen it rain forty days at a time at Pau. You have lovely camellias there, and what not beside, but you have no oranges. The yellow lamps have gone out in the green landscape, and leave you almost sad.

Arcachon and its flat district re-deemed from the once desert Landes, — a whiff of hygienic pine, and a pretty glimpse of garden-patch or so in the clearings, but not to the purpose. The two large cities of Bayonne and Bordeaux each in turn had something state-ly, smooth, green, and pleasant about it, but here we are in the rainy zone of Brittany again. I wanted to get off at Angoulême and Poitiers, as I had wanted to get off at Coutances and Avranches in Normandy; they occupy the same sort of position, on high terraces with borders of garden. Tours, in Touraine, focus of the best château life, and rendezvous of all those who esteem themselves most highly in the social way, was too large and level for me, forsooth. It was clear now that a place must be hilly to be truly picturesque. A hilly site, too, can be cleaner. The agent I saw had no notable bargains for me. The house he showed me in the Rue des Acacias was thoroughly commonplace; and one would need horses, I thought, if he lived in the others he indicated, some miles away from town. Orléans, again, seemed too level. We were getting very near to Paris now, and from Orléans on, the regimented fields of choice vineyards that had long embellished the land gave place to flatter, more ordinary plain. A

second-story apartment, close to the grand atrium of the cathedral, for one thousand francs, the rooms more numerous, but no better, than our own in Paris; and a pleasing two-story house, with high slate mansard, in the shady little Place Saint Aignan, at twelve hundred francs: these are the items I noted there. I would gladly have taken the latter, had it been elsewhere than in storied Orléans.

Blois alone, thirty-five miles farther from Paris than Orléans, — I keep it to the last, — Blois alone checked the course of this universal disparagement. Blois was hilly, *accidenté*, or varied, clean, tranquil, not too large, endowed with pretty promenades, and amply romantic. "Here was not wanting," as Dr. Johnson puts it, "the private passage, the dark cavern, the deep dungeon, or the lofty tower." The silvery Loire reflected its old red bricks and bluish slates; round about were vineyards, a rich undulating plain, prosperous villages with windmills and castles in their midst; the famous châteaux of the Loire were close at hand; and, best of all, one of the most prepossessing of them was the very *clou*, the centre-piece and clinching argument, of the town. Here the houses to rent were in the Place, beside the rich red Louis XII. château itself, which the painter Marchetti, among others, has rendered with such appreciative feeling. One of the houses, unnecessarily large for us, fourteen rooms, with a garden, was about twelve hundred francs. Another was seven hundred francs. It was a queer place, without any windows at all on the square, I think; only its entrance door, which, with a very long hall, was wedged between two other houses. It was much in need of repairs, but these were promised. It was three stories in height, when you got to it, and had seven rooms, and a small sunny terrace which looked down on the slate roofs of the town, old churches, and the ancient bridge crossing the Loire. The Loire ought to be

a resource for boating and swimming in the summer. It was to be considered whether its lush meadows, with their essentially French perspective of vaporous poplars, sent up any malarious exhalations that were to be guarded against. That was one of the things to be inquired about. The Château of Blois was entirely charming, and the strangers coming up to look at its warm façade and see the room where the Duke of Guise was stabbed would be something of a distraction, if other amusement failed.

There was another point in favor of Blois, — a strong one: it was only four hours from Paris. All the other localities mooted would entail long and costly migrations; if such a place as Blois would do, what a vast saving in expense and trouble, besides retaining the closer connection with America! Naturally it was not the same sort of a change; plenty of brooding skies, plenty of winter, might be expected at Blois; but, considering the notable economy, some disadvantages could be put up with. The lilacs were in bloom in those last days, and spring gave her most illusive impressions.

Arrived in Paris, and submitting the

report of the journey to the expectant ears of S——, we summed up the whole subject calmly, and again not at all so calmly. We fancied ourselves living now in face of the ducal palace at Nevers, now by the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, now in the Moorish farmhouse at Algiers, now under the red Alhambra tower at Granada, again at Saint Jean de Luz, at Pau, and at Blois. We threw them out one by one; then threw them back again and began anew.

"If we should write to the man at Villefranche-sur-Mer, and see if by any chance *that* one — the one, you know, with the long walk, and the terrace, and the unlimited orange-trees — was not rented yet?" suggested S——.

The suggestion being acted upon, the agent at Villefranche-sur-Mer replied that his villa was not rented. He had probably known quite well it would not be, and fixed the date of the first of May only to force a decision more advantageous to himself. He placed it entirely at our disposition; he would put it in order, and we could have it from the 1st of July. We gladly closed with him, and completed the negotiation by mail.

William Henry Bishop.

THE WITCHING WREN.

"There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine."

THE song of the winter wren is something that must be heard to be appreciated; words can no more describe it than they can paint the sky at evening, or translate the babble of the mountain brook.

"Canst thou copy in verse one chime
Of the wood bell's peal and cry?"

This witching carol, one of nature's most alluring bits of music, fell upon my ear for the first time one memorable morning in June. It was a true siren-

strain. We forgot, my comrade and I, what we were seeking in the woods. The junco family, in their snug cave among the roots, so interesting to us but now, might all fly away; the oven-bird, in the little hollow beside the path, might finish her lace-lined domicile, and the shy tanager conclude to occupy the nest on the living arch from which we had frightened her, — all without our being there to see. For the moment we cared for but one thing, — to follow that "wandering voice," to see that singer.

Silently we arose, folded our camp-

stools, and started. We wished to move without sound; but the woods were dry, and every dead stick snapped with a crack; every fallen leaf rustled with startling sound; every squirrel under whose tree we chanced to pass first shrieked, and then subsided into a sobbing cry or a scolding bark, according as his fur was gray or red. A procession of elephants could hardly make more noise, or create more consternation among the residents of the forest, than we three (counting the dog), when we wished to be silent as shadows. But the wren sang on. Evidently, he was accustomed to squirrel vagaries, and snapping twigs did not disturb him. Nearer and nearer sounded the song, and more and more enraptured we became. We were settling ourselves to listen and to look for our charmer, when the third member of our party created a diversion. Wrens had no attraction for him, but he came upon the scent of something he was interested in, and instantly fell to pawing the ground and tearing up the obstructing roots with his teeth, as though he had gone suddenly mad.

The door through which had doubtless vanished some delectable mouse or mole was, when discovered, of a proper size for his small body, but in less than a minute it was big enough to admit the enormous head of the dog, who varied his eager tearing up of the soil with burying his head and shoulders in the hole he had made; smelling and listening a few seconds, then jerking it out with a great snort, and devoting himself with fresh vigor to digging. It was a curious contrast to the indifference with which he usually accompanied us, but it proved that he had his enthusiasms, if he did not share ours. We could not but be amused, notwithstanding the delicious trilling notes that drew us grew fainter and fainter, and we despaired of seeing our songster till the important affairs of that mouse should be settled. Arguments were of no avail with the four-

footed sportsman, a rival attraction failed to attract, and commands were thrown away on him in his excited state. We were forced to go home without the sight we desired.

We were not the first to be fascinated by this marvelous melody. "Dull indeed must be the ear that thrills not on hearing it," says Audubon, and its effect upon him is worth telling. He was traveling through a swamp, where he had reason to suspect the presence of venomous snakes and other reptiles. While moving with great circumspection, looking out for these unwelcome neighbors, the captivating little aria burst upon his ear. Instantly snakes were forgotten, his absorbing passion took full possession, and he crashed recklessly through the briars and laurels in pursuit. It is pleasant to know, further, that he found not only the singer, but his nest, which was the first he had ever seen, and gave him a delight known only to enthusiastic bird-lovers.

The morning after the absurd incident of a mouse-hunt, by the dog who in his character of protector was our daily companion, we started out afresh, with ears for nothing but wren songs. Making a wide detour to avoid the scene of yesterday's excitement, we were soon comfortably seated near the spot the wren seemed to haunt, and silence fell between us. That is to say, *we* were quiet, though nothing is farther from the truth than our common expression "silent woods." The forest is never silent. Hushed it may be of man's clamor, and empty as well of his presence, but it is filled with sounds from its own abundant life; not so loud, perhaps, and aggressive to the ear as the rumble of Broadway, but fully as continuous; and if the human wanderer in its delightful shades will but bring his own noisy progress to a halt, he will enjoy a new sensation. There is the breeze that sets all the leaves to whispering, not to speak of rougher winds that fill the dim aisles

with a roar like Niagara. There are the falling of dead twigs, the rustle of leaves under the footsteps of some small shy creature in fur, the dropping of nuts, and the tapping of woodpeckers. There are the voices of the wood-dwellers, — not songs alone, but calls and utterances of many kinds from birds; cries and scolding of squirrels, who have a *répertoire* astonishing to those who do not know them; squawks and squeals of little animals more often heard than seen; and, not least, the battle-cries of the winged hosts “who come with songs to greet you” wherever and whenever you may appear.

Moreover, the moment one of the human race is quiet, — such is our reputation for unrest, — the birds grow suspicious, and take pains to announce to all whom it may concern that here is an interloper in nature. Even if there be present no robin, — vociferous guardian of the peace, — a meek and gentle flicker mounts the highest tree and cries “pe-auk! pe-auk!” as loud as he can shout, a squirrel on one side shrieks at the top of his voice, veeries call anxiously here and there, while a vireo warbles continuously overhead, and a redstart “trills his twittering horn.”

When the wren song began, quite near this time, everything else was forgotten, and after a few moments’ eager suspense we saw our bird. He was little and inconspicuous in shades of brown, with tail stuck pertly up, wren fashion, foraging among the dead leaves and on old logs, entirely unconscious that he was one of the three distinguished singers of the wood; none but the hermit thrush and the veery being comparable to him. Whenever, in the serious business of getting his breakfast, he reached a particularly inviting twig, or a more than usually nice rest on a log, he threw up his little head and poured out the marvelous strain that had taken us captive, then half hopped, half flew down, with such energy that he “whirred” as he went.

We watched his “tricks and manners,” and, what was more, we steeped our souls in his music as long as we chose, that morning.

The lovely long June days were never more fascinating. Every morning we went into our beloved woods to watch its bird population; to find out who was building, who had already set up house-keeping; to penetrate their secrets, and discover their wonderfully hidden nests. Each day we heard the witching song that never lost its charm for us. One morning — it was the fifteenth of the month — we were sauntering up one of the most inviting paths. The dog was ahead, carrying on his strong and willing neck his mistress’s stool, she following closely, steadying the same with her hand, while I, as was my custom, brought up the rear. Suddenly, as we approached a pile of dead limbs from a fallen tree, my friend stopped motionless, and as usual the caravan came to instant halt. Without taking her eyes from the brush heap, she silently pulled the stool from the dog’s neck and sat down upon it. I seated myself beside her, and the dog stretched himself at our feet.

“A wren,” she whispered briefly, and in a moment I saw it. A mother, no doubt, for her mouth was full of food, and she was fidgeting about on a branch, undecided as yet what she should do, with that formidable array in front of her very door, as it afterward turned out. A wren is a quick-witted little creature, and she was not long in making up her mind. She flitted around us, turned our right flank (so to speak), and vanished behind us.

We took the hint, changed our front, and, after the moment’s confusion, subsided again, gently waving our maple boughs to terrorize the foe that was always with us, and keeping sharp watch while we held whispered consultation as to whether that was the winter wren, and the mate of our singer.

“Oh, if she has a nest!” said my

comrade, to whose home belonged these woods. "The winter wren is not known to nest here. We must find it."

Silence again, while a tanager called his agitated "chip-chur!" in the tops of the tall beech-trees, a downy woodpecker knocked vigorously at the door of some ill-fated grub in a maple trunk, and the wren burst into his maddest melody afar off. We were not to be lured this morning. We were enjoying the excitement of discoverers. Where a bird is carrying food must be a nest with birdlings, and nothing could draw us from that.

We waited. In a few minutes the bird appeared again with her mate. Was he the singer? Breathless hush on our part, with eyes fixed on the two restless parents, who were anxious to pass us. In a moment one of them became aggressive. He—or she—flew to a twig eight or ten feet from us, jerked himself up in a terrifying way, as though about to annihilate us, and then bowed violently; not intending a polite salutation, as might be supposed, but defiance, threat, or insult. We held our ground, refusing to be frightened away, and at last parental love conquered fear; both of them flew past us at the same instant, went to one spot under the upturned roots of a fallen tree, and in a moment departed together.

My fellow-student hurried eagerly to the place, dropped upon her knees on the wet ground, amid rank ferns and weeds, leaned far under the overhanging roots with their load of black earth, thrust careful fingers into something, and then rose, flushed and triumphant.

"Come here," she commanded. "A nest full of babies! Oh, what luck!"

There it was, sure enough, away back under the heavy roof of earth and roots, a snug round structure of green moss, little bigger than a croquet ball. The hole occupied by the roots when the tree stood erect was now filled with water, and before it waved a small forest of ferns. It was an ideal situation for a

nest; pleasant to look at, and safe—if anything could be safe—from the small fur-clad gentry who claimed the wood and all it contained for their own.

"The hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness"

than had this pair of wise little wrens.

From the blissful moment of our discovery, whatever interesting excursion was planned, whatever choice nest to be sought or charming family of nestlings to be called upon, our steps first turned of themselves up the wren path. Every day we saw the birds go in and out, on household cares intent, and we soon began to look for the exit of the younglings.

During this time of close watching, it happened that for a day or two I was obliged to make my visit alone. Why is it that solitude in the depths of the forest has so mysterious an effect on the imagination? One dreads to make a noise, and though having nothing to fear he instinctively steals about as if every tree concealed a foe. The first morning I sauntered along the lonely paths in silence, admiring for the hundredth time the trunks of the trees, with their varied decorations of lichen and their stately moss-grown insteps, and pausing a moment before the butternut which had divided itself in early youth, and now supported upon one root three tall and far-spreading trees. I had not heard the wren; and indeed the birds seemed unusually silent, the squirrels appeared to be asleep in their nests, and not a leaf was stirring. Wordsworth's admonition came into my mind:—

"Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods."

Suddenly something sprang out from under a tree, as I passed, jerked at my gown, and ran after with noisy footsteps. I started, and quickly turned to face my assailant, expecting to see a bear at least. I found instead—a dead branch which had caught in my dress and was drag-

ging behind me. I loosened the branch from its hold, and went on. But though I laughed at the absurdity, I found my nerves a little shaken. Just as I reached the wren corner a shriek arose, as if I had stepped on a whole family of birdlings. Again I started, when a saucy squirrel ran out on the branch of a tree, scolding me in good round terms.

It is impossible to discourage or tire out a squirrel; his business is never pressing, and if it were, he considers it an important part of his duties to see that no one interferes with the nests he depends on for fresh eggs. He is sure to keep up a chatter which puts all the birds of the neighborhood on their guard; and as I was particularly desirous not to reveal to him the position of the wrens' nest, I stayed only long enough to assure myself that the little birds had not flown, and the parents were attending strictly to domestic affairs.

The next day I succeeded in reaching the wren quarter without arousing the ire of the squirrels, and I placed my seat very near the nest to see if the bird had learned not to fear me. Fixing my eyes on the place she must enter, I waited, motionless. Some time passed, and though I heard many bird notes about me, and the wren song itself afar off, there was no flit of wing nor faintest wren note near me. But suddenly a shadowy form passed in directly from the front, stayed an instant, and left in the same way. It was perfectly silent, not the slightest rustle of a feather, and it was so near the ground I could not tell whether it flew or ran; it appeared to glide. Brave little creature! I was heartily ashamed of annoying her. I moved my seat to a more respectful distance, and she went in and out as usual.

It was much more satisfactory watching the little mother about her daily cares than trying to keep track of her mate. He was one of the most baffling birds I ever tried to spy upon. Often I

heard his delightful song so near that I was sure in a moment I should see him. Then I peered through the low bushes without moving so much as an eyelash, expecting every instant that my eyes would fall upon him, and certain that not a leaf had rustled nor a twig sprung back, when all at once I heard him on the other side. He had flitted through the underbrush, not flying much, but hopping on or very near the ground, without a breath to betray him. The wren mother could not hide herself so completely from me, there being one spot on earth she could not desert,—the charming nook that held her babies; and yet, be as motionless as I might, I could not deceive her. She never could be convinced that I was a queer-shaped bush, not even when I held a maple bough before my face, and my garments harmonized perfectly with my surroundings. She always came near and bowed to me, jerked herself up, and flirted her wings and tail, as if to say, "I know you. You need n't try to hide." When I went too near, as on the occasion spoken of, while she was much more wary she was not afraid, and I had no compunctions about studying her quaint ways.

We were exceedingly desirous of seeing that family start out in life, and we did, in a way that startled us as much as it must have surprised them. "I wonder if they're gone," was our anxious thought every morning as we approached; and one day, not seeing either parent, we feared they had made their *début* without our assistance, in the magical morning hours when so many things take place in the bird world.

"I mean to see if they are still there," said my comrade, creeping up to the mass of roots, leaning far under, and carefully thrusting one finger into the nest.

A dynamite bomb could not have been more effective, nor more shocking to us, for lo! in sudden panic five baby wrens took flight in five different directions. The cause of the disturbance

rose, with a look of discomfiture on her face, as if she had been caught robbing a nest. She seemed so dismayed that I laughed, while those wrenlings made the air fairly hum about her head.

That they were ready to fly, and only waiting for "the Discourager of Hesitancy" to start them, was plain, for every one used his little wings manfully, — perhaps I should say wrenfully, — and flew from fifteen to twenty feet before he came down. In less than a minute the air was filled with wren-baby chirps, and we seated ourselves to await the mother's return and witness the next act in the wren drama. The mother took it philosophically, recognizing the chirps, and locating them with an ease and precision that aroused envy in us bird-lovers, to whom young-bird calls seem to come from every direction at once. She immediately began to feed, and to collect them into a little flock. With her help we also found them, and watched them a long time: their pretty baby ways, their eager interest in the big world, their drawing together as they heard one another's voices, and their cozy cuddling up together on a log.

Feeling that we had made disturbance enough for one day, we finally went home; but the next day, and several days thereafter, we hunted up the little family as it wandered here and there in the woods, noting the putting on of pert wren ways, and the growth of confidence and helpfulness. We identified them fully as the family of our beautiful singer, for we saw him feed them, then mount a projecting root and sing his perfect rhapsody, not fifteen feet from us.

I must explain the name I have used, "the Discourager of Hesitancy." It is the invention of Mr. Frank Stockton, as every one knows, but I applied it to my fellow-student because of her conduct in the case of the wrens; and a day or two later she proved her right to it by her

treatment of a chipping-sparrow family near the house. She took hold of the tip end of a branch and drew it down to look at the nest full of young chip-pies. "They're about ready to fly," she remarked calmly; and at that instant the branch was released, sprang up, and four young birds were suddenly tossed out upon the world. They sailed through the air, too much surprised to use their wings, and dropped back into the tree, which fortunately was a thick evergreen. The "Discourager's" face displayed a mixture of horror and shame that was very droll. She *said* the twig broke, but in the light of her behavior to the wrens, and her avowed pleasure in stirring birds up to see what they would do, I must say I have my suspicions, especially when I remember that that was the second family whose minds she had made up for them that week.

After about ten days of watching the wren family, we lost their lively chirpings, the witching song ceased, the place seemed empty of wren life, and our charming acquaintance with them a thing to be remembered only. At least so we sadly thought, till nearly the end of July, when, on sauntering through the old paths for almost the last time (for me), we heard once more the familiar music, as full, as fresh, as bewitching, as in the spring. We sought the singer, eager to see as well as hear. After a tramp over underbrush and through a swamp, we saw him, — the same delightful bird, so far as we could tell; certainly he had sung the exact song that charmed us in early June. He had probably trained and started out in life his five babies, and now had time as well as inclination to sing again.

During the three days that were left of my stay I heard the enchanting voice every time I went into the woods,

"Chaunting his low impassioned vespers-hymn,
Clear as the silver treble of a stream."

Olive Thorne Miller.

DON ORSINO.¹

XII.

ORSINO looked about him with some curiosity, as he entered Del Ferice's abode. He had never expected to find himself the guest of Donna Tullia and her husband, and when he took the robust countess's hand he was inclined to wish that the whole affair might turn out to be a dream. In vain he repeated to himself that he was no longer a boy, but a grown man, of age in the eyes of the law to be responsible for his own actions, and old enough in fact to take what steps he pleased for the accomplishment of his own ends. He found no solace in the reflection, and he could not rid himself of the idea that he had got himself into a very boyish scrape. It would indeed have been very easy to refuse Del Ferice's invitation, and to write him a note within the hour explaining vaguely that circumstances beyond his control obliged him to ask another interview for the discussion of business matters. But it was too late now. He was exchanging indifferent remarks with Donna Tullia, while Del Ferice looked on benignantly, and all three waited for Madame d'Aranjuez.

Five minutes had not elapsed before she came, and her appearance momentarily dispelled Orsino's annoyance at his own rashness. He had never before seen her dressed for the evening, and he had not realized how much to her advantage the change from the ordinary costume or the inevitable "tea garment" to a dinner gown would be. She was assuredly not overdressed, for she wore black without colors, and her only ornament was a single string of beautiful pearls, which Donna Tullia believed to be false, but which Orsino accepted as real. Possibly he knew

even more about pearls than the countess, for his mother had many and wore them often, whereas Donna Tullia preferred diamonds and rubies. But his eyes did not linger on the necklace, for Maria Consuelo's whole presence affected him strangely. There was something light-giving and even dazzling about her which he had not expected, and he understood for the first time that the language of the newspaper paragraphs was not so grossly flattering as he had supposed. In spite of the great artistic defects of feature, which could not long escape an observer of ordinary taste, it was clear that Maria Consuelo must always be a striking and central figure in any social assembly, great or small. There had been moments in Orsino's acquaintance with her when he had thought her really beautiful; as she now appeared, one of those moments seemed to have become permanent. He thought of what he had dared on the preceding day; his vanity was pleased and his equanimity restored. With a sense of pride which was very far from being delicate, and was by no means well founded, he watched her as she walked in to dinner before him, leaning on Del Ferice's arm.

"Beautiful, eh? I see you think so," whispered Donna Tullia in his ear.

The countess treated him at once as an old acquaintance, which put him at his ease, while it annoyed his conscience.

"Very beautiful," he answered, with a grave nod.

"And so mysterious," whispered the countess again, just as they reached the door of the dining-room. "She is very fascinating. — take care!"

She tapped his arm familiarly with her fan and laughed, as he left her at her seat.

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"What are you two laughing at?" asked Del Ferice, smiling pleasantly as he surveyed the six oysters he found on his plate, and considered which should be left until the last, as the crowning tidbit. He was fond of good eating, and especially fond of oysters as an introduction to the feast.

"What were we laughing at? How indiscreet you are, Ugo! You always want to find out all my little secrets. Consuelo, my dear, do you like oysters, or do you not? That is the question. You do, I know, — a little lemon and a very little red pepper. I love red, even to adoring cayenne."

Orsino glanced at Madame d'Aranjuez, for he was surprised to hear Donna Tullia call her by her first name. He had not known that the two women had reached the first halting-place of intimacy.

Maria Consuelo smiled rather vaguely, as she took the advice in the shape of lemon juice and pepper. Del Ferice could not interrupt his enjoyment of the oysters by words, and Orsino waited for an opportunity of saying something witty.

"I have lately formed the highest opinion of the ancient Romans," said Donna Tullia, addressing him. "Do you know why?"

Orsino professed his ignorance.

"Ugo tells me that in a recent excavation twenty cartloads of oyster shells were discovered behind one house. Think of that! Twenty cartloads to a single house! What a family must have lived there! Indeed, the Romans were a great people."

Orsino thought that Donna Tullia herself might pass for a heroine in future ages, provided that the shells of her victims were deposited together in a safe place. He laughed politely, and hoped that the conversation might not turn upon archæology, which was not his strong point.

"I wonder how long it will be before modern Rome is excavated, and

the foreigner of the future pays a franc to visit the ruins of the modern house of parliament?" suggested Maria Consuelo, who had said nothing as yet.

"At the present rate of progress, I should think about two years would be enough," answered Donna Tullia. "But Ugo says we are a great nation. Ask him."

"Ah, my angel, you do not understand those things," said Del Ferice. "How shall I explain? There is no development without decay of the useless parts. The snake casts its old skin before it appears with a new one. And there can be no business without an occasional crisis. Unbroken fair weather ends in a dead calm. Why do you take such a gloomy view, madame?"

"One should never talk of things; only people are amusing," said Donna Tullia, before Madame d'Aranjuez could answer. "Whom have you seen to-day, Consuelo? And you, Don Orsino? And you, Ugo? Are we to talk forever of oysters, and business, and snakes? Come, tell me, all of you, what everybody has told you. There must be something new. Of course that poor Carantoni is going to be married again, and the Princess Befana is dying, as usual, and the same dear old people have run away with each other, and all that. Of course. I wish things were not always just going to happen. One would like to hear what is said on the day after the events which never come off. It would be a novelty."

Donna Tullia loved talk and noise, and gossip above all things, and she was not quite at her ease. The news that Orsino was to come to dinner had taken her breath away. Ugo had advised her to be natural, and she was doing her best to follow his advice.

"As for me," he said, "I have been tormented all day, and have spent but one pleasant half hour. I was so fortunate as to find Madame d'Aranjuez

at home, but that was enough to indemnify me for many sacrifices."

"I cannot do better than say the same," remarked Orsino, though with far less truth. "I believe I have read through a new novel, but I do not remember the title, and I have forgotten the story."

"How satisfactory!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo, with a little scorn.

"It is the only way to read novels," answered Orsino, "for it leaves them always new to you, and the same one may be made to last several weeks."

"I have heard it said that one should fear the man of one book," observed Maria Consuelo, looking at him.

"For my part, I am more inclined to fear the woman of many."

"Do you read much, my dear Consuelo?" asked Donna Tullia, laughing.

"Perpetually."

"And is Don Orsino afraid of you?"

"Mortally," said Orsino. "Madame d'Aranjuez knows everything."

"Is she blue, then?" asked Donna Tullia.

"What shall I say, madame?" inquired Orsino, turning to Maria Consuelo. "Is it a compliment to compare you to the sky of Italy?"

"For blueness?"

"No; for brightness and serenity."

"Thanks. That is pretty. I accept."

"And have you nothing for me?" asked Donna Tullia, with an engaging smile.

The other two looked at Orsino, wondering what he would say in answer to such a point-blank demand for flattery.

"Juno is still Minerva's ally," he said, falling back upon mythology, though it struck him that Del Ferice would make a poor Jupiter, with his fat white face and dull eyes.

"Very good!" laughed Donna Tullia. "A little classic, but I pressed you hard. You are not easily caught. Talking of clever men," she added,

with another meaning glance at Orsino, "I met your friend to-day, Consuelo."

"My friend? Who is he?"

"Spicca, of course. Whom did you think I meant? We always laugh at her," she said, turning to Orsino, "because she hates him so. She does not know him, and has never spoken to him. It is his cadaverous face that frightens her. One can understand that. We of old Rome have been used to him since the deluge. But a stranger is horrified at the first sight of him. Consuelo positively dreads to meet him in the street. She says that he makes her dream of all sorts of horrors."

"It is quite true," said Maria Consuelo, with a slight movement of her beautiful shoulders. "There are people one would rather not see, merely because they are not good to look at. He is one of them, and if I see him coming I turn away."

"I know; I told him so to-day," continued Donna Tullia cheerfully. "We are old friends, but we do not often meet nowadays. Just fancy! It was in that little antiquary's shop in the Monte Brianzo, — the first on the left as you go; he has good things, — and I saw a bit of embroidery in the window that took my fancy, so I stopped the carriage and went in. Who should be there but Spicca, hat and all, looking like old Father Time! He was bargaining for something, — a wretched old bit of brass, — bargaining, my dear! For a few sous! One may be poor, but one has no right to be mean. I thought he would have got the miserable antiquary's skin."

"Antiquaries can generally take care of themselves," observed Orsino incredulously.

"Oh, I dare say, but it looks so badly, you know. That is all I mean. When he saw me he stopped wrangling, and we talked a little while I had the embroidery wrapped up. I will show it to you after dinner. It is sixteenth century, Ugo says, — a piece

of a chasuble, — exquisite flowers on claret-colored satin; a perfect gem, so rare now that everything is imitated. However, that is not the point. It was Spicca. I was forgetting my story. He said the usual things, you know, — that he had heard that I was very gay this year, but that it seemed to agree with me, and so on. And I asked him why he never came to see me, and as an inducement I told him of our great beauty here, — that is you, Consuelo, so please look delighted instead of frowning; and I told him that she ought to hear him talk, because his face had frightened her so that she ran away when she saw him coming towards her in the street. You see, if one flatters his cleverness, he does not mind being called ugly, — or at least I thought not until to-day. But to my consternation he seemed angry, and he asked me almost savagely if it were true that the Countess d'Aranjuez — that is what he called you, my dear — really tried to avoid him in the street. Then I laughed and said I was only joking, and he began to bargain again for the little brass frame, and I went away. When I last heard his voice he was insisting upon seventy-five centimes, and the antiquary was jeering at him and asking a franc and a half. I wonder which got the better of the fight in the end? I will ask him the next time I see him."

Del Ferice supported his wife with a laugh at her story, but it was not very genuine. He had unpleasant recollections of Spicca in earlier days, and his name recalled events which Ugo would willingly have forgotten. Orsino smiled politely, but resented the way in which Donna Tullia spoke of his father's old friend. As for Maria Consuelo, she was a little pale and looked tired. But the countess was irrepressible, for she feared lest Orsino should go away and think her dull.

"Of course we all really like Spicca," she said. "Every one does."

"I do, for my part," said Orsino gravely. "I have a great respect for him, for his own sake, and he is one of my father's oldest friends."

Maria Consuelo looked at him very suddenly, as though she were surprised by what he said. She did not remember to have heard him mention the melancholy old duelist. She seemed about to say something, but changed her mind.

"Yes," said Ugo, turning the subject, "he is one of the old tribe that is dying out. What types there were in those days, and how those who are alive have changed! Do you remember, Tullia? But of course you cannot, my angel; it was far before your time."

One of Ugo's favorite methods of pleasing his wife was to assert that she was too young to remember people who had indeed played a part as lately as after the death of her first husband. It always soothed her.

"I remember them all," he continued. "Old Montevarchi, and Frangipani, and poor Casalverde, and a score of others."

He had been on the point of mentioning old Astrardente, too, but he checked himself.

"Then there were the young ones, who are in middle age now," he went on, "such as Valdarno and the Montevarchi, whom you know, as different from their former selves as you can well imagine. Society was different, too."

Del Ferice spoke thoughtfully and slowly, as though wishing that some one would interrupt him or take up the subject, for he felt that his wife's long story about Spicca and the antiquary had not been a success, and his instinct told him that Spicca had better not be mentioned again, since he was a friend of Orsino's, and since his name seemed to exert a depressing influence upon Maria Consuelo. Orsino came to the rescue, and began to talk

of current social topics in a way which showed that he was not so profoundly prejudiced by traditional ideas as Del Ferice had expected. The momentary chill wore off quickly enough, and when the dinner ended Donna Tullia was sure that it had been a success. They all returned to the drawing-room, and then Del Ferice, without any remark, led Orsino away to smoke with him in a distant apartment.

"We can smoke again when we go back," he said. "My wife does not mind, and Madame d'Aranjuez likes it. But it is an excuse to be alone together for a little while; and besides, my doctor makes me lie down for a quarter of an hour after dinner. You will excuse me?"

Del Ferice extended himself upon a leathern lounge, and Orsino sat down in a deep easy-chair.

"I was so sorry not to be able to come away with you to-day," said Orsino. "The truth is, Madame d'Aranjuez wanted some information, and I was just going to explain that I would stay a little longer, when you asked us both to dinner. You must have thought me very forgetful."

"Not at all, not at all," answered Del Ferice. "Indeed, I quite supposed that you were coming with me, when it struck me that this would be a much more pleasant place for talking. I cannot imagine why I had not thought of it before; but I have so many details to think of."

Not much could be said for the veracity of either of the statements which the two men were pleased to make to each other, but Orsino had the small advantage of being nearer to the letter, if not to the spirit, of the truth. Each, however, was satisfied with the other's tact.

"And so, Don Orsino," continued Del Ferice, after a short pause, "you wish to try a little operation in business. Yes. Very good. You have, as we said yesterday, a sum of money

ample for a beginning, and you have the necessary courage and intelligence. You need a practical assistant, however, and it is indispensable that the point selected for the first venture should be one promising speedy profit. Is that it?"

"Precisely."

"Very good, very good. I think I can offer you both the land and the partner, and almost guarantee your success, if you will be guided by me."

"I have come to you for advice. I will follow it gratefully. As for the success of the undertaking, I will assume the responsibility."

"Yes. That is better. After all, everything is uncertain in such matters, and you would not like to feel that you were under an obligation to me. On the other hand, as I told you, I am selfish and cautious. I would rather not appear in the transaction."

If any doubt as to Del Ferice's honesty of purpose crossed Orsino's mind at that moment, it was fully compensated by the fact that he himself distinctly preferred not to be openly associated with the banker.

"I quite agree with you," he said.

"Very well. Now for business. Do you know that it is sometimes more profitable to take over a half-finished building than to begin a new one? Often, I assure you, for the returns are quicker, and you get a great deal at half price. Now, the man whom I recommend to you is a practical architect, and was employed by a certain baker to build a tenement building in one of the new quarters. The baker dies, the house is unfinished, the heirs wish to sell it as it is (there are at least a dozen of them), and meanwhile the work is stopped. My advice is this: buy this house, go into partnership with the unemployed architect, agreeing to give him a share of the profits, finish the building, and sell it as soon as it is habitable. In six months you will get a handsome return."

"That sounds very tempting," answered Orsino, "but it would need more capital than I have."

"Not at all, not at all. It is a mere question of taking over a mortgage and paying stamp duty."

"And how about the difference in ready money, which ought to go to the present owners?"

"I see that you are already beginning to understand the principles of business," said Del Ferice, with an encouraging smile. "But in this case the owners are glad to get rid of the house on any terms by which they lose nothing, for they are in mortal fear of being ruined by it, as they probably will be if they hold on to it."

"Then why should I not lose, if I take it?"

"That is just the difference. The heirs are a number of incapable persons of the lower class, who do not understand these matters. If they attempted to go on, they would soon find themselves entangled in the greatest difficulties. They would sink where you will almost certainly swim."

Orsino was silent for a moment. There was something despicable, to his thinking, in profiting by the loss of a wretched baker's heirs.

"It seems to me," he said presently, "that if I succeed in this I ought to give a share of the profits to the present owners."

Not a muscle of Del Ferice's face moved, but his dull eyes looked curiously at Orsino's young face.

"That sort of thing is not commonly done in business," he said quietly, after a short pause. "As a rule, men who busy themselves with affairs do so in the hope of growing rich, but I can quite understand that where business is a mere pastime, as it is to be in your case, a man of generous instincts may devote the proceeds to charity."

"It looks more like justice than charity, to me," observed Orsino.

"Call it what you will, but succeed

first, and consider the uses of your success afterwards. That is not my affair. The baker's heirs are not especially deserving people, I believe. In fact, they are said to have hastened his death in the hope of inheriting his wealth, and are disappointed to find that they have got nothing. If you wish to be philanthropic, you might wait until you have cleared a large sum, and then give it to a school or a hospital."

"That is true," said Orsino. "In the mean time it is important to begin."

"We can begin to-morrow, if you please. You will find me at the bank at midday. I will send for the architect and the notary, and we can manage everything in forty-eight hours. Before the week is out you can be at work."

"So soon as that?"

"Certainly. Sooner, by hurrying matters a little."

"As soon as possible, then. And I will go to the bank at twelve o'clock to-morrow. A thousand thanks for all your good offices, my dear count."

"It is a pleasure, I assure you."

Orsino was so much pleased with Del Ferice's quick and business-like way of arranging matters that he began to look upon him as a model to imitate, so far as executive ability was concerned. It was odd enough that any one of his name should feel anything like admiration for Ugo, but friendship and hatred are only the opposite points at which the social pendulum pauses before it swings backward, and they who live long may see many oscillations.

The two men went back to the drawing-room, where Donna Tullia and Maria Consuelo were discussing the complicated views of the almighty dressmaker. Orsino knew that there was little chance of his speaking a word alone with Madame d'Aranjuez, and resigned himself to the effort of helping the general conversation. Fortunately, the time to be got over in this

way was not long, as all four had engagements in the evening. Maria Consuelo rose at half past ten, but Orsino determined to wait five minutes longer, or at least to make a show of meaning to do so. But Donna Tullia put out her hand, as though she expected him to take his leave at the same time. She was going to a ball, and wanted at least an hour in which to screw her magnificence up to the dancing pitch.

The consequence was that Orsino found himself helping Maria Consuelo into the modest hired conveyance which awaited her at the gate. He hoped that she would offer him a seat for a short distance, but he was disappointed.

"May I come to-morrow?" he asked, as he closed the door of the carriage. The night was not cold, and the window was down.

"Please tell the coachman to take me to the *Via Nazionale*," she said quickly.

"What number?"

"Never mind, — he knows. I have forgotten. Good-night."

She tried to draw up the window, but Orsino held his hand on it.

"May I come to-morrow?" he asked again.

"No."

"Are you angry with me still?"

"No."

"Then why" —

"Let me shut the window. Take your hand away."

Her voice was very imperative in the dark. Orsino relinquished his hold on the frame, and the pane ran up suddenly into its place with a rattling noise. There was obviously nothing more to be said.

"*Via Nazionale*. The signora says you know the house," he called to the driver.

The man looked surprised, shrugged his shoulders after the manner of livery-stable coachmen, and drove slowly off in the direction indicated. Orsino stood looking after the carriage, and a

few seconds later he saw that the man drew rein and bent down to the front window as though asking for orders. Orsino thought he heard Maria Consuelo's voice answering the question, but he could not distinguish what she said, and the brougham drove on at once without taking a new direction.

He was curious to know whither she was going, and the idea of following her suggested itself; but he instantly dismissed it, partly because it seemed unworthy, and partly, perhaps, because he was on foot, and no cab was passing within hail.

Orsino was very much puzzled. During the dinner Maria Consuelo had behaved with her usual cordiality, but as soon as they were alone she spoke and acted as she had done in the afternoon. Orsino turned away and walked across the deserted square. He was greatly disturbed, for he felt a sense of humiliation and disappointment quite new to him. Young as he was, he had been accustomed already to a degree of consideration very different from that which Maria Consuelo thought fit to bestow, and it was certainly the first time in his life that a door — even the door of a carriage — had been shut in his face without ceremony. What would have been an unpardonable insult coming from a man was at least an indignity when it came from a woman. As Orsino walked along, his wrath rose, and he wondered why he had not been angry at once.

"Very well," he said to himself.

"She says she does not want me. I will take her at her word, and I will not go to see her any more. We shall see what happens. She will find out that I am not a child, as she was good enough to call me to-day, and that I am not in the habit of having windows put up in my face. I have much more serious business on hand than making love to Madame d'Aranjuez."

The more he reflected upon the situation, the more angry he grew, and

when he reached the door of the club he was in a humor to quarrel with everything and everybody. Fortunately, at that early hour, the place was in the sole possession of half a dozen old gentlemen, whose conversation diverted his thoughts, though it was the very reverse of edifying. Between the stories they told and the considerable number of cigarettes he smoked while listening to them, he was almost restored to his normal frame of mind by midnight, when four or five of his usual companions straggled in and proposed baccarat. After his recent successes he could not well refuse to play, so he sat down rather reluctantly with the rest. Oddly enough, he did not lose, though he won but little.

"Lucky at play, unlucky in love," laughed one of the men carelessly.

"What do you mean?" asked Orsino, turning sharply upon the speaker.

"Mean? Nothing," answered the latter in great surprise. "What is the matter with you, Orsino? Cannot one quote a common proverb?"

"Oh — if you meant nothing, let us go on," Orsino answered gloomily.

As he took up the cards again, he heard a sigh behind him, and, turning round, saw that Spicca was standing at his shoulder. He was shocked by the melancholy count's face, though he was used to meeting him almost every day. The haggard and cadaverous features, the sunken and careworn eyes, contrasted almost horribly with the freshness and gayety of Orsino's companions, and the brilliant light in the room threw the man's deadly pallor into strong relief.

"Will you play, count?" asked Orsino, making room for him.

"Thanks, no. I never play nowadays," answered Spicca quietly.

He turned and left the room. With all his apparent weakness his step was not unsteady, though it was slower than in the old days.

"He sighed in that way because we

did not quarrel," said the man whose quoted proverb had annoyed Orsino.

"I am ready and anxious to quarrel with everybody to-night," replied Orsino. "Let us play baccarat, — that is much better."

Spicca left the club alone, and walked slowly homewards to his small lodging in the Via della Croce. A few dying embers smouldered in the little fireplace which warmed his sitting-room. He stirred them slowly, took a stick of wood from the wicker basket, hesitated a moment, and then put it back again instead of burning it. The night was not cold, and wood was very dear. He sat down under the light of the old lamp which stood upon the mantelpiece, and drew a long breath. But presently, putting his hand into the pocket of his overcoat in search of his cigarette case, he drew out something else which he had almost forgotten, a small something wrapped in coarse paper. He undid it, and looked at the little frame of chiseled brass which Donna Tullia had seen him buying in the afternoon, turning it over and over absently, as though thinking of something else. Then he fumbled in his pockets again, and found a photograph which he had also bought in the course of the day, — the photograph of Gouache's latest portrait, obtained in a contraband fashion and with some difficulty from the photographer.

Without hesitation Spicca took a pocket-knife and began to cut the head out, with that extraordinary neatness and precision which characterized him when he used any sharp instrument. The head just fitted the frame. He fastened it in with drops of sealing-wax, and carefully burned the rest of the picture in the embers.

The face of Maria Consuelo smiled at him in the lamplight, as he turned the picture in different ways so as to find the best aspect of it. Then he hung it on a nail above the mantelpiece, just under a pair of crossed foils.

"That man Gouache is a very clever fellow," said Spicca aloud. "Between them, he and nature have made a good likeness."

He sat down again, and it was a long time before he made up his mind to take away the lamp and go to bed.

XIII.

Del Ferice kept his word, and arranged matters for Orsino with a speed and skill which excited the latter's admiration. The affair was not, indeed, very complicated, though it involved a deed of sale, the transfer of a mortgage, and a deed of partnership between Orsino Saracinesca and Andrea Contini, architect, under the style "Andrea Contini and Company," besides a contract between this firm, of the one party, and the bank in which Del Ferice was a director, of the other; the partners agreeing to continue the building of the half-finished house, and the bank binding itself to advance small sums up to a certain amount for current expenses of material and workmen's wages. Orsino signed everything required of him, after reading the documents, and Andrea Contini followed his example.

The architect was a tall man, with bright brown eyes, a dark and somewhat ragged beard, close-cropped hair, a prominent bony forehead, and large, coarsely shaped, thin ears oddly set upon his head. He habitually wore a dark overcoat, of which the collar was generally turned up on one side, and not on the other. Judging from the appearance of his strong shoes, he had always been walking a long distance over bad roads, and when it had rained within the week his trousers were generally bespattered with mud to a considerable height above the heel. He habitually carried an extinguished cigar between his teeth, of which he chewed the thin black end uneasily.

Orsino fancied that he might be about eight - and - twenty years old, and was not altogether displeased with his appearance. He was not at all like the majority of his kind, who, in Rome at least, usually affect a scrupulous dandyism of attire and an uncommon refinement of manner. Whatever Contini's faults might prove to be, Orsino did not believe that they would turn out to be those of idleness or vanity. How far he was right in his judgment will appear before long, but he conceived his partner to be gifted, frank, enthusiastic, and careless of outward forms.

As for the architect himself, he surveyed Orsino with a sort of sympathetic curiosity which the latter would have thought unpleasantly familiar if he had understood it. Contini had never before spoken with any personage more exalted than Del Ferice, and he studied the young aristocrat as though he were a being from another world. He hesitated some time as to the proper mode of addressing him, and at last decided to call him "Signor Principe." Orsino seemed quite satisfied with this, and the architect was inwardly pleased when the young man said "Signor Contini" instead of "Contini" alone. It was quite clear that Del Ferice had already acquainted him with all the details of the situation, for he seemed to understand all the documents at a glance, picking out and examining the important clauses with unflinching acuteness, and pointing with his finger to the place where Orsino was to sign his name. At the end of the interview Orsino shook hands with Del Ferice and thanked him warmly for his kindness, after which he and his partner went out together. They stood side by side upon the pavement for a few seconds, each wondering what the other was going to say.

"Perhaps we had better go and look at the house, Signor Principe," observed Contini, in the midst of an

ineffectual effort to light the stump of his cigar.

"I think so, too," answered Orsino, realizing that since he had acquired the property it would be as well to know how it looked. "You see I have trusted my adviser entirely in the matter, and I am ashamed to say I do not know where the house is."

Andrea Contini looked at him curiously.

"This is the first time that you have had anything to do with business of this kind, Signor Principe," he observed. "You have fallen into good hands."

"Yours?" inquired Orsino, a little stiffly.

"No. I mean that Count Del Ferice is a good adviser in this matter."

"I hope so."

"I am sure of it," said Contini, with conviction. "It would be a great surprise to me if we failed to make a handsome profit by this contract."

"There is luck and ill luck in everything," answered Orsino, signaling to a passing cab. The two men exchanged few words as they drove up to the new quarter in the direction indicated to the driver by Contini. The cab entered a sort of broad lane, the sketch of a future street, rough with the unrolled metaling of broken stones, the space set apart for the pavement being an uneven path of trodden brown earth. Here and there tall detached houses rose out of the wilderness, mostly covered by scaffoldings and swarming with workmen, but hideous where so far finished as to be visible in all the isolation of their six-storied nakedness. A strong smell of lime, wet earth, and damp masonry was blown into Orsino's nostrils by the sirocco wind. Contini stopped the cab before an unpromising and deserted erection of poles, boards, and tattered matting.

"This is our house," he said, getting out, and making another attempt to light his cigar.

"May I offer you a cigarette?" asked Orsino, holding out his case.

Contini touched his hat, bowed a little awkwardly, and took one of the cigarettes, which he immediately transferred to his coat pocket.

"If you will allow me, I will smoke it by and by," he said. "I have not finished my cigar."

Orsino stood on the slippery ground beside the stones and contemplated his purchase. All at once his heart sank, and he experienced a profound disgust for everything within the range of his vision. He became suddenly aware of his own total and hopeless ignorance of everything connected with building, theoretical or practical. The sight of the stiff, angular scaffoldings draped with torn straw mattings that flapped fantastically in the southeast wind, the apparent absence of anything like a real house behind them, the blades of grass sprouting abundantly about the foot of each pole and covering the heaps of brown pozzolana earth prepared for making mortar, even the detail of a broken wooden hod before the boarded entrance, — all these things contributed at once to increase his dismay, and to fill him with a bitter sense of inevitable failure. He found nothing to say, as he stood, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the general desolation, but he understood for the first time why women cry for disappointment. And, moreover, this desolation was his own peculiar property, by deed of purchase, and he could not get rid of it. Meanwhile, Andrea Contini stood beside him, examining the scaffoldings with his bright brown eyes, in no way disconcerted by the prospect.

"Shall we go in?" he asked at last.

"Do unfinished houses always look like this?" inquired Orsino, in a hopeless tone, without noticing his companion's proposition.

"Not always," answered Contini cheerfully. "It depends upon the amount of work that has been done,

and upon other things. Sometimes the foundations sink and the buildings collapse."

"Are you sure nothing of the kind has happened here?" asked Orsino, with increasing anxiety.

"I have been several times to look at it since the baker died, and I have not noticed any cracks yet," replied the architect, whose coolness seemed almost exasperating.

"I suppose you understand these things, Signor Contini?"

Contini laughed, and felt in his pockets for a crumpled paper box of waxlights.

"It is my profession," he answered. "And then I built this house from the foundations. If you will come in, Signor Principe, I will show you how solidly the work is done."

He took a key from his pocket and thrust it into a hole in the boarding, which latter proved to be a rough door and opened noisily upon rusty hinges. Orsino followed him in silence. To the young man's inexperienced eye the interior of the building was even more depressing than the outside. It smelt like a vault, and a dim gray light entered the square apertures from the curtained scaffoldings without, just sufficient to help one to find a way through the heaps of rubbish that covered the unpaved floors. Contini explained rapidly and concisely the arrangement of the rooms, calling one cave familiarly a dining-room and another a "conjugal bedroom," as he expressed it, and expatiating upon the facilities of communication which he himself had carefully planned. Orsino listened in silence, and followed his guide patiently from place to place, in and out of dark passages and up flights of stairs as yet unguarded by any rail, until they emerged upon a sort of flat terrace intersected by low walls, which was indeed another floor, and above which another story and a garret were yet to be built to complete the house.

Orsino looked gloomily about him, lighted a cigarette, and sat down upon a bit of masonry.

"To me it looks very like failure," he remarked. "But I suppose there is something in it."

"It will not look like failure next month," returned Contini carelessly. "Another story is soon built, and then the attic, and then, if you like, a Gothic roof and a turret at one corner. That always attracts buyers first, and respectable lodgers afterwards."

"Let us have a turret, by all means," answered Orsino, as though his tailor had proposed to put an extra button on the cuff of his coat. "But how in the world are you going to begin? Everything looks to me as though it were falling to pieces."

"Leave all that to me, Signor Principe. We will begin to-morrow. I have a good overseer, and there are plenty of workmen to be had. We have material for a week, at least, and paid for, excepting a few cartloads of lime. Come again in ten days and you will see something worth looking at."

"In ten days? And what am I to do in the mean time?" asked Orsino, who fancied that he had found an occupation.

Andrea Contini looked at him in some surprise, not understanding in the least what he meant.

"I mean, am I to have nothing to do with the work?" added Orsino.

"Oh, as far as that goes, you will come every day, Signor Principe, if it amuses you; though, as you are not a practical architect, your assistance is not needed until questions of taste have to be considered, such as the Gothic roof, for instance. But there are the accounts to be kept, of course, and there is the business with the bank from week to week, office work of various kinds. That becomes, naturally, your department, as the practical superintendence of the building is mine; but you will of course leave it to the steward

of the Signor Principe di Sant' Ilario, who is a man of affairs."

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Orsino. "I will do it myself. I will learn how it is done. I want occupation."

"What an extraordinary wish!" Andrea Contini opened his eyes in real astonishment.

"Is it? You work. Why should not I?"

"I must, and you need not, Signor Principe," observed Contini. "But if you insist, then you had better get a clerk to explain the details to you at first."

"Do you not understand them? Can you not teach me?" asked Orsino, displeased with the idea of employing a third person.

"Oh, yes, I have been a clerk myself. I should be too much honored, but—the fact is, my spare time"—

He hesitated, and seemed reluctant to explain.

"What do you do with your spare time?" asked Orsino, suspecting some love affair.

"The fact is—I play a second violin at one of the theatres, and I give lessons on the mandolin, and sometimes I do copying work for my uncle, who is a clerk in the Treasury. You see, he is old, and his eyes are not as good as they were."

Orsino began to think that his partner was a very odd person. He could not help smiling at the enumeration of his architect's secondary occupations.

"You are very fond of music, then?" he asked.

"Eh—yes—as one can be, without talent—a little by necessity. To be an architect one must have houses to build. You see, the baker died unexpectedly. One must live somehow."

"And could you not—how shall I say? Would you not be willing to give me lessons in book-keeping instead of teaching some one else to play the mandolin?"

"You would not care to learn the mandolin yourself, Signor Principe? It is a very pretty instrument, especially for country parties, as well as for serenading."

Orsino laughed. He did not see himself in the character of a mandolinist.

"I have not the slightest ear for music," he answered. "I would much rather learn something about business."

"It is less amusing," said Andrea Contini regretfully. "But I am at your service. I will come to the office when work is over, and we will do the accounts together. You will learn in that way very quickly."

"Thank you. I suppose we must have an office. It is necessary, is it not?"

"Indispensable; a room, a garret,—anything; a habitation, a legal domicile, so to say."

"Where do you live, Signor Contini? Would not your lodging do?"

"I am afraid not, Signor Principe; at least not for the present. I am not very well lodged, and the stairs are badly lighted."

"Why not here, then?" asked Orsino, suddenly becoming desperately practical, for he felt unaccountably reluctant to hire an office in the city.

"We should pay no rent," said Contini. "It is an idea. The walls are dry downstairs, and we need only a pavement, and plastering, and doors and windows, and papering, and some furniture, to make one of the rooms quite habitable. It is an idea, undoubtedly. Besides, it would give the house an air of being inhabited, which is valuable."

"How long will all that take? A month or two?"

"About a week. It will be a little fresh, but if you are not rheumatic, Signor Principe, we can try it."

"I am not rheumatic," laughed Orsino, who was pleased with the idea of having his office on the spot, and

apparently in the midst of a wilderness. "And I suppose you really do understand architecture, Signor Contini, though you do play the fiddle?"

In this exceedingly sketchy way was the firm of Andrea Contini and Company established and lodged, being at the time in a very shadowy state, theoretically and practically, though it was destined to play a more prominent part in affairs than either of the young partners anticipated. Orsino discovered before long that his partner was a man of skill and energy, and his spirits rose by degrees as the work began to advance. Contini was restless, untiring, and gifted, such a character as Orsino had not yet met in his limited experience of the world. The man appeared to understand his business to the smallest details, and could show the workmen how to mix mortar in the right proportions, or how to strengthen a scaffolding at the weak point, much better than the overseer or the master builder. At the books he seemed to be infallible, and he possessed, moreover, such a power of stating things clearly and neatly that Orsino actually learnt from him in a few weeks what he would have needed six months to learn anywhere else. As soon as the first dread of failure wore off, Orsino discovered that he was happier than he had ever been in the course of his life before. What he did was not, indeed, of much use in the progress of the office work, and rather hindered than helped Contini, who was obliged to do everything slowly, and sometimes twice over, in order to make his pupil understand; but Orsino had a clear and practical mind, and did not forget what he had learned once. An odd sort of friendship sprang up between the two men, who under ordinary circumstances would never have met, or known each other by sight. The one had expected to find in his partner an overhearing, ignorant patrician; the other had supposed that his companion would turn

out a vulgar, sordid, half-educated builder. Both were equally surprised when each discovered the truth about the other.

Though Orsino was reticent by nature, he took no especial pains to conceal his goings and comings, but, as his occupation took him out of the ordinary beat followed by his idle friends, it was a long time before any of them discovered that he was engaged in practical business. In his own home he was not questioned, and he said nothing. The Saracinesca were considered eccentric, but no one interfered with them nor ventured to offer them suggestions. If they chose to allow their heir absolute liberty of action, merely because he had passed his twenty-first birthday, it was their own concern, and his ruin would be upon their own heads. No one cared to risk a savage retort from the aged prince, or a cutting answer from Sant' Ilario, for the questionable satisfaction of telling either that Orsino was going to the bad. The only person who really knew what Orsino was about, and who could have claimed the right to speak to his family of his doings, was San Giacinto, and he held his peace, having plenty of important affairs of his own to occupy him, and being blessed with an especial gift for leaving other people to themselves.

Sant' Ilario never spied upon his son, as many of his contemporaries would have done in his place. He preferred to trust him to his own devices so long as these led to no great mischief. He saw that Orsino was less restless than formerly, that he was less at the club, and that he was stirring earlier in the morning than had been his wont, and he was well satisfied.

It was not to be expected, however, that Orsino should take Maria Consuelo literally at her word, and cease from visiting her all at once. If not really in love with her, he was at least so much interested in her that he sorely missed the daily half hour or more

which he had been used to spend in her society. Three several times he went to her hotel at the accustomed hour, and each time he was told by the porter that she was at home; but on each occasion, also, when he sent up his card, the hotel servant returned with a message from the maid to the effect that Madame d'Aranjuez was tired and did not receive. Orsino's pride rebelled equally against making a further attempt and against writing a letter requesting an explanation. Once only, when he was walking alone, she passed him in a carriage, and she acknowledged his bow quietly and naturally, as though nothing had happened. He fancied she was paler than usual, and that there were shadows under her eyes which he had not formerly noticed. Possibly, he thought, she was really not in good health, and the excuses made through her maid were not wholly invented. He was conscious that his heart beat a little faster as he watched the back of the brougham disappearing in the distance, but he did not feel an irresistible longing to make another and more serious attempt to see her. He tried to analyze his own sensations, and it seemed to him that he rather dreaded a meeting than desired it, and that he felt a certain humiliation for which he could not account. In the midst of his analysis his cigarette went out, and he sighed. He was startled by such an expression of feeling, and tried to remember whether he had ever sighed before in his life; but if he had, he could not recall the circumstances. He sought to console himself with the absurd supposition that he was sleepy, and that the long-drawn breath had been only a suppressed yawn. Then he walked on, gazing before him into the purple haze that filled the deep street just as the sun was setting, and a vague sadness and longing touched him which had no place in his catalogue of permissible emotions, and which were as far removed from the cold cynicism

which he admired in others and affected in himself as they were beyond the sphere of his analysis.

There is an age, not always to be fixed exactly, at which the really masculine nature craves the society of womankind, in one shape or another, as a necessity of existence; and by the society of womankind no one means merely the daily and hourly social intercourse which consists in exchanging the same set of remarks half a dozen times a day with as many beings of the gentle sex, who, to the careless eye of ordinary man, differ from one another in dress rather than in face or thought. There are eminently manly men, that is to say men fearless, strong, honorable, and active, to whom the common five o'clock tea presents as much distraction and offers as much womanly sympathy as they need; who choose their intimate friends among men rather than among women; and who die at an advanced age without ever having been more than comfortably in love, — and of such is the kingdom of heaven. The masculine man may be as brave, as strong, and as scrupulously just in all his dealings, but, on the other hand, he may be weak, cowardly, and a cheat, and he is apt to inherit the portion of sinners, whatever his moral characteristics may be, good or bad.

Orsino was certainly not unmanly, but he was also eminently masculine, and he began to suffer from the loss of Maria Consuelo's conversation in a way that surprised himself. His acquaintance with her, to give it a mild name, had been the first of the kind which he had enjoyed, and it contrasted too strongly with the crude experiences of his untried youth not to be highly valued by him and deeply regretted. He might pretend to laugh at it, and repeat to himself that his Egeria had been but a very superficial person, fervent in the reading of the daily novel, and possibly not even worldly wise; he

did not miss her any the less for that. A little sympathy and much patience in listening will go far to make a woman of small gifts indispensable even to a man of superior talent, especially when he thinks himself misunderstood in his ordinary surroundings. The sympathy passes for intelligence, and the patience for assent and encouragement. A touch of the hand, and there is friendship; a tear, a sigh, and devotion stands upon the stage, bearing in her arms an infant love who learns to walk his part at the first suspicion of a kiss.

Orsino did not imagine that he had exhausted the world's capabilities of happiness. The age of Byronism, as it used to be called, is over. Possibly tragedies are more real and frequent in our day than when the century was young; at all events, those which take place seem to draw a new element of horror from the undefinable, mechanical, prosaic, pseudo-scientific conditions which make our lives so different from those of our fathers. Everything is terribly sudden nowadays, and alarmingly quick. Lovers make love across Europe by telegraph, and poetic justice arrives in less than forty-eight hours by the Oriental Express. Divorce is our weapon of precision, and every pack of cards at the gaming-table can distill a poison more destructive than that of the Borgia. The unities of time and place are preserved by wire and rail in a way which would have delighted the hearts of the old French tragics. Perhaps men seek dramatic situations in their own lives less readily since they have found out means of making the concluding act more swift, sudden, and inevitable. At any rate, we all like tragedy less and comedy more than our fathers did, which, I think, shows that we are sadder and possibly wiser men than they.

However this may be, Orsino was no more inclined to fancy himself unhappy than any of his familiar companions,

though he was quite willing to believe that he understood most of life's problems, and especially the heart of woman. He continued to go into the world, for it was new to him; and if he did not find exactly the sort of sympathy he secretly craved, he found at least a great deal of consideration, some flattery, and a certain amount of amusement. But when he was not actually being amused, or really engaged in the work which he had undertaken with so much enthusiasm, he felt lonely, and missed Maria Consuelo more than ever. By this time she had taken a position in society from which there could be no drawing back, and he gave up forever the hope of seeing her in his own circle. She appeared to avoid even the Gray houses where they might have met on neutral ground, and Orsino saw that his only chance of finding her in the world lay in going frequently and openly to Del Ferice's house. He had called on Donna Tullia after the dinner, of course, but he was not prepared to do more, and Del Ferice did not seem to expect it.

Three or four weeks after he had entered into partnership with Andrea Contini, Orsino found himself alone with his mother in the evening. Corona was seated near the fire in her favorite boudoir, with a book in her hand, and Orsino stood warming himself on one side of the chimney-piece, staring into the flames, and occasionally glancing at his mother's calm, dark face. He was debating whether he should stay at home or not.

Corona became conscious that he looked at her from time to time, and dropped her novel upon her knee.

"Are you going out, Orsino?" she asked.

"I hardly know," he answered. "There is nothing particular to do, and it is too late for the theatre."

"Then stay with me. Let us talk." She looked at him affectionately, and pointed to a low chair near her.

He drew it up until he could see her face as she spoke, and then sat down.

"What shall we talk about, mother?" he asked, with a smile.

"About yourself, if you like, my dear. That is, if you have anything you know I would like to hear. I am not curious, am I, Orsino? I never ask you questions about yourself."

"No, indeed. You never tease me with questions; nor does my father, either, for that matter. Would you really like to know what I am doing?"

"If you will tell me."

"I am building a house," said Orsino, looking at her to see the effect of the announcement.

"A house?" repeated Corona in surprise. "Where? Does your father know about it?"

"He said he did not care what I did." Orsino spoke rather bitterly.

"That does not sound like him, my dear. Tell me all about it. Have you quarreled with him, or had words together?"

Orsino told his story quickly, concisely, and with a frankness he would perhaps not have shown to any one else in the world, for he did not even conceal his connection with Del Ferice. Corona listened intently, and her deep eyes told him plainly enough that she was interested. On his part, he found an unexpected pleasure in telling her the tale, and he wondered why it had never occurred to him that his mother might sympathize with his plans and aspirations. When he had finished, he waited for her first word almost as anxiously as he would have waited for an expression of opinion from Maria Consuelo.

Corona did not speak at once. She looked into his eyes, smiled, patted his lean brown hand lovingly, and smiled again before she spoke.

"I like it," she said at last. "I like you to be independent and determined. You might perhaps have chosen a better man than Del Ferice for your

adviser. He did something once — Well, never mind. It was long ago, and it did us no harm."

"What did he do, mother? I know my father wounded him in a duel before you were married" —

"It was not that. I would rather not tell you about it, — it can do no good; and after all, it has nothing to do with the present affair. He would not be so foolish as to do you an injury now. I know him very well. He is far too clever for that."

"He is certainly clever," said Orsino. He knew that it would be quite useless to question his mother further, after what she had said. "I am glad that you do not think I have made a mistake in going into this business."

"No, I do not think you have made a mistake, and I do not believe that your father will think so, either, when he knows all about it."

"He need not have been so icily discouraging," observed Orsino.

"He is a man, my dear, and I am a woman, — that is the difference. Was San Giacinto more encouraging than he? No. They think alike, and San Giacinto has an immense experience besides. And yet they are both wrong. You may succeed, or you may fail, — I hope you will succeed, — but I do not care much for the result. It is the principle I like, the idea, the independence of the thing. As I grow old, I think more than I used to do when I was young."

"How can you talk of growing old?" exclaimed Orsino indignantly.

"I think more," said Corona again, without heeding him. "One of my thoughts is that our old restricted life was a mistake for us, and that to keep it up would be a sin for you. The world used to stand still in those days, and we stood at the head of it, or thought we did. But it is moving now, and you must move with it, or you will not only have to give up your place, but you will be left behind altogether."

"I had no idea that you were so modern, dearest mother," laughed Orsino. He felt suddenly very happy and in the best of humors with himself.

"Modern, — no, I do not think that either your father or I could ever be that. If you had lived our lives, you would see how impossible it is. The most I can hope to do is to understand you and your brothers as you grow up to be men. But I hate interference and I hate curiosity, — the one breeds opposition, and the other dishonesty; and if the other boys turn out to be as reticent as you, Orsino, I shall not always know when they want me. You do not realize how much you have been away from me since you were a boy, nor how silent you have grown when you are at home."

"Am I, mother? I never meant to be."

"I know it, dear, and I do not want you to be always confiding in me. It is not a good thing for a young man. You are strong, and the more you rely on yourself the stronger you will grow.

But when you want sympathy, if you ever do, remember that I have my whole heart full of it for you. For that, at least, come to me. No one can give you what I can give you, dear son."

Orsino was touched and pressed her hand, kissing it more than once. He did not know whether, in her last words, she had meant any allusion to Maria Consuelo, or whether, indeed, she had been aware of his intimacy with the latter. But he did not ask the question of her nor of himself. For the moment he felt that a want in his nature had been satisfied, and he wondered again why he had never thought of confiding in his mother.

They talked of his plans until it was late, and from that time they were more often together than before, each growing daily more proud of the other, though perhaps Orsino had better reasons for his pride than Corona could have found, for the love of mother for son is more comprehensive, and not less blind, than the passion of woman for man.

F. Marion Crawford.

"HAVE I NOT LEARNED TO LIVE WITHOUT THEE YET?"

HAVE I not learned to live without thee yet? —

Years joined to scornful years have mocked my pain;
 Light-footed joys have proffered transient gain,
 And smiled on me, and wooed me to forget;
 And lesser loves my pathway have beset
 With cheap enticements. Since my heart was fain,
 Sometimes I listened, but their boast was vain, —
 They had no coin to pay the old time's debt.

And thou? Thou art at rest, and far away
 From all the vain delusions of the hour;
 Like some forsaken child, I weep by night,
 Whilst thou rejoicest in thy perfect day:

Thine is the triumph, thine the immortal power, —
 Art thou too glad to mourn for earth's delight?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW STELLAR SYSTEM.

It has become customary, within the last few years, for popular writers upon astronomy to distinguish two branches of that science by the terms "old" and "new." By the old astronomy they understand the investigation of the comparative structure and of the relative places and movements of the bodies composing the universe, so far as this inquiry can be conducted by direct observation of them, or by inference from the facts thus observed. These were the only means of astronomical research available to the ancients, and until a time within the memory of the present generation they still continued to be almost exclusively in use. The principal exception to this rule was formed by the study of variable stars, which had been seriously undertaken by a few observers more than a century ago. In this work, the facts to be observed are the variations in the quantities of light emitted at different times by the stars under examination; and such researches, conducted with no special apparatus except ordinary telescopes, form a connecting link between the old astronomy and the new. But since the ancient astronomers so far entered upon this field as to classify the stars according to their brightness, and also because the observation of variable stars, as above described, does not require special instrumental appliances, it is presumably to be regarded as a part of the old astronomy. The new astronomy is distinguished by its use of new apparatus designed for the measurement or analysis of the light of the stars, and for the discovery of stellar radiations imperceptible by the eye. Photometers, spectroscopes, and, still more recently, the art of stellar photography have been employed in these novel inquiries, with results in the enlargement of our knowledge perhaps as

marked as those which were derived, more than two centuries ago, from the invention of the telescope.

Recent writers, in the elation which naturally attends the sudden opening of a path into a new region of discovery, have occasionally expressed themselves as if the old astronomy had accomplished all its work, and had lost its originally attractive and interesting character. But the account here to be given of the discovery of a new stellar system will probably make it appear that those phenomena of the universe which are open to direct observation are not likely as yet to have been fully explored, and especially that a sufficiently acute mind can still extract from them an indefinite series of brilliant conclusions.

A very familiar and yet a highly inspiring experience to the scientific mind is the continual suggestion of new inquiries by the facts developed during the progress of one previously undertaken. Nothing more forcibly exhibits the unbounded extent of the field open to investigation, and the connection of all its parts, however dissimilar they at first appear. From this point of view, some notice of the research which gave rise to that forming our principal subject will be desirable on account of its own interest, as well as because it has led to one still more interesting.

It is a question which for many years has concerned geologists no less than astronomers whether the axis of the earth maintains an invariable position in the earth itself, or shifts from one position to another. This question, which originated in the last century, if not earlier, has no direct reference to the varying direction of the terrestrial axis in space, which has long been observed and understood. But, independent of this admitted change of direction, an-

other may occur as a purely geographical phenomenon, in consequence of which the latitudes of particular places may be changed. If we suppose such a change to proceed indefinitely, the poles might be transported to what is now the torrid zone, and the arctic regions might thus acquire an equatorial position and climate. If the movement were limited to a small amount, it would result in slight variations of latitude, which, without becoming noticeable to mankind in general, might attract the attention of astronomers and geographers.

It has long been suspected that the discrepancies between the results of different determinations of the latitudes of certain observatories were not wholly to be ascribed to errors of observation, but were due to real changes of latitude. However, until within a few years the question remained an open one. More definite knowledge of the subject was then acquired by special series of observations undertaken by German astronomers, from which it seems to be a well-established fact that the latitude of a place is not a fixed quantity, but is subject to perceptible, although small, variations in the course of a few months. To test this conclusion still more thoroughly an expedition was sent to the Hawaiian Islands, where observations upon the latitude were conducted simultaneously with others in Germany. If the north pole at any time actually moves away from Germany, it must move towards those islands, where the latitude must accordingly increase, while it diminishes at German stations. The result of the observations confirmed the belief previously founded upon the European observations alone, and it is now an accepted theory that certain changes of latitude do occur in short periods of time. Whether there is also a slower and more progressive change in the place of the pole still remains to be decided.

The discovery of the new phenomenon naturally increased the interest of older

records of observations, in which the nature and progress of former changes in latitude might now be studied. Among those who undertook researches of this kind was the well-known astronomer, Dr. S. C. Chandler, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. He reached the very interesting conclusion that the places of the poles describe approximate circles, which at the present day are about fifty feet in diameter, in a period having recently had the length of four hundred and twenty-seven days, but that for the last hundred and fifty years the magnitude of the disturbance has on the whole tended to decrease, while its period has increased. Each successive revolution of the pole now seems to occupy two days more than that preceding it. About 1730 the period was only a year in length, while the circles described by the poles were perhaps a hundred feet in diameter. Previous to 1730 the development of practical astronomy was insufficient to furnish material for the determination of such minute changes, and it is only since 1840 that the course of the variation could be continuously studied.

The ordinary methods of determining the latitude of a place depend upon the observation of the apparent altitudes of stars, and those stars which pass near the zenith of any observer are best adapted for his use in such an investigation. One of the stars which passes near the zeniths of places in southern Europe and in a large part of the United States is that known as Algol, which is remarkable for its periodical variations of light. Partly on account of its convenience as a point of reference in observations of latitude and in other work of a similar kind, and partly on account of the attention drawn to it by its variability, this star has been observed frequently; and the records of these observations, accordingly, formed part of the material examined by Dr. Chandler in his researches into the variation of terrestrial latitudes. His examination

suggested to him that the recorded observations of Algol exhibited variations due to a change of place in the star itself as well as to changes of terrestrial latitude, and from this suggestion he proceeded to the remarkable conclusions some account of which will here be attempted. His previous discovery with regard to latitudes well deserves a much fuller statement in these pages than has just been allowed to it, but it is necessary to select from so much interesting material those portions which seem most decidedly adapted to popular explanation.

Algol is a star in the constellation Perseus, and when above the horizon, during a clear night, is at all times easily visible without a telescope. It was observed, nearly two centuries ago, to be subject to some variation in brightness, and the general course of this variation has been known for more than a hundred years. At intervals somewhat less than three days the star gradually loses, and again recovers, more than half its customary brightness, the process being completed within about nine hours. A plausible explanation of this phenomenon suggested itself as soon as the facts just mentioned had been ascertained. According to this explanation, which has been decidedly confirmed by recent spectroscopic observations in Germany, a large dark body, at a comparatively small distance from Algol, revolves about it in an orbit the plane of which is presented nearly edgewise to a terrestrial spectator. Hence at every revolution of the dark body it passes between Algol and the observer, so as to cut off for the time a portion of the light ordinarily received from the star.

Attentive observation of these changes during the last hundred years has disclosed a variation in the length of the period occupied by the assumed revolution. This variation is too small to exhibit itself in any short series of observations, but its accumulated effects

become manifest in time. Such an accumulation may be likened to that of the errors of a timepiece. Suppose that a watch is compared once a month with a clock kept free from error, and that it is found at the beginning of the experiment to be one minute fast, while the three following comparisons show it to be fifty seconds fast, thirty seconds fast, and forty seconds fast. Its rate must obviously have been varying during the period of observation, and yet on any day in the course of that period it might have been carefully compared for a single hour with the standard clock without the detection of any gain or loss whatever. The lapse of three months has shown, however, not merely that the watch does not keep perfect time, but that it is not uniformly gaining or losing. In like manner, now that Algol has been observed for a century, we are able to assert with confidence not merely that the length of its period changes, but that this change is not uniform. The actual difference in the length of the period at different times amounts to only a few seconds; but if the time at which the star should appear faint is computed for an interval of fifty years by means of the average length of one period of its variation in brightness, the error might amount to four hours, although, as will shortly be explained, this would not always be the case. Similar alterations have been noticed in the length of the periods in which some other variable stars go through their changes of brightness, and these alterations have long offered an interesting problem, with no obvious explanation.

From his study of the recorded observations made to determine the apparent place of Algol among the other stars, Dr. Chandler was led to conclude, as has been said, that this place had been subject to gradual changes. On further examination, he found that these changes were apparently related to those which were known to occur in the period of

the star's variation in brightness. This circumstance suggested a highly plausible and interesting explanation of both sets of phenomena, — the alterations in the star's period of variation, and the alterations of its apparent place in the sky.

According to this explanation, Algol is moving in an orbit approximately comparable in its dimensions with that of Uranus about the sun, and not very greatly inclined to the line along which the terrestrial observer looks at it. The time which the star occupies in completely traversing this orbit is about one hundred and thirty years. Its average apparent place in the sky approximately marks the corresponding place of the centre of its orbit; and, since the orbit is seen almost edgewise, the star seems nearly to occupy this central place when it is on the side of the orbit towards the terrestrial spectator, or on the opposite side, about sixty-five years later. At the intermediate points, which it reaches thirty-two and a half years earlier or later, it will accordingly seem as far as may be from its average place. Now, at these points it is obviously moving nearly towards us or away from us. When moving towards us, at each return of its temporary loss of brightness, it is a little nearer to us than on the last previous return of this phenomenon. Hence the light which the star emits reaches us a little sooner than it would have done if the source of light had remained stationary during the interval. The period, therefore, is shortest when Algol is most directly approaching us, and longest when it is receding from us most rapidly. When it is traversing the side of its orbit nearest us, or the opposite side, the period has its average length; and at the same time, as we have seen, the star is nearly in its average place in the sky.

The success of a prediction founded on the average length of the period, and attempting to state the times when the star will appear faintest about sixty-five years later, will depend upon the

place of the star in its orbit. If such a prediction is made when Algol is most rapidly approaching us, it will be tolerably correct; for during the first half of the sixty-five years the star will have continued to approach, and its period, consequently, will have been of less than average length; during the second half of the sixty-five years the star will have been receding, and its period will have been of more than average length. Upon the whole, therefore, the period will have been of nearly its average length, so that the assumption on which the prediction was founded will have proved to be correct. But if a similar prediction is made at one of the times when the star is nearest to us or most remote, the period during the ensuing sixty-five years will have been constantly greater or less than it is upon the average, and the prediction will be largely in error. We are, accordingly, to expect the errors of computation from the average length of the period to be greatest when the star holds nearly its average place in the sky, and this was shown by Dr. Chandler actually to occur.

The cause of the movement of Algol in the orbit attributed to it by the new hypothesis remains to be explained, but the explanation is comparatively simple. Algol must be one of a system of revolving bodies, and the only one in that system which is bright enough to be perceptible to us. In the absence of any similar cases, we might be inclined to reject this supposition, on the ground that the sun, which is the brightest body in our own system, is also so much larger than any of the others that it is scarcely affected by any of them in its movements. But the bright stars Sirius and Procyon have long been known to shift their apparent places in a manner which makes it evident that their movements are affected by companions, which, although much fainter, cannot be much less massive. In the case of Sirius, one such companion has actually been discovered

in the position and with the relative movement required by theory; but the companion or companions of Procyon are still known only by inference. Accordingly, the presumption that Algol belongs to the same class of stars, and is attended by massive companions, cannot appear unreasonable.

It may now naturally be asked whether the companion of Algol which is assumed to pass between it and us, and thus to produce its periodical decline of brightness, may not itself be the body which disturbs its motion. A moment's consideration, however, will show the great improbability of this supposition. The period of the mutual revolution of Algol and this close companion is less than three days, instead of one hundred and thirty years; nor can any form of action well be imagined which can cause the second period to arise from the first. But the evidence now before us for the existence of at least one more body belonging to the system tends to strengthen the previous belief that the close companion really exists, and periodically eclipses the bright star.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in the theory proposed by Dr. Chandler is the fact that, if it is correct, it supplies means of determining the distance between us and Algol. The differences in the period of the star's variation in brightness, as it approaches the observer or recedes from him, combined with the known velocity of light, enable us to determine the speed with which Algol moves in its orbit. Knowing also the number of years in which the entire orbit is traversed, we may next find the length of that orbit in miles, or in any more convenient unit of length which we may prefer. We also know the apparent displacement of the star in the sky occasioned by its movement. Combining the apparent and the real dimensions of the orbit, we may find the distance of the star by methods familiar to surveyors as well as to astronomers; but it must

not be supposed that this distance can be very accurately calculated from the material as yet at hand. The provisional result reached by Dr. Chandler places the star at such a distance from us that light which occupies eight minutes in reaching us from the sun needs more than forty-six years to come to us from Algol. Hence, when the star appears faint, it is not because the occulting body is now between us and it, but because it did pass before it almost half a century ago.

It will easily be understood that the calculations by which the theoretical orbit and distance of Algol have been deduced are by no means of the simple character which has been aimed at in the explanations of the new theory given above. It must also be remembered that every such theory is intended, not as a finality, but rather as a stimulus to further observation. Algol will henceforward be more carefully observed than ever. It remains to be seen whether the period of the star's variation, which has been diminishing, will begin to increase, and when it will again begin to diminish; whether the apparent place of Algol will continue to change in conformity with the theory; and especially whether the distance of the entire system can be determined by the comparison of the place of Algol with that of any faint star in its apparent vicinity during a single year. This is the only method ordinarily available for finding the distance of a fixed star. The observations are often pursued for more than one year, but the change of place to be observed runs through its whole course in that time.

Moreover, the hypothetical distant companion of Algol may not be so absolutely destitute of light as to be beyond the reach of vision. It will be an interesting problem for observers having at their command the most powerful telescopes to search for it in the direction from Algol assigned to it by theory.

Arthur Searle.

PRIVATE LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME.

II.

THE man-child born into a Roman household, and formally acknowledged by his father, received upon the ninth day that religious *lustratio* which so plainly foreshadowed the rite of Christian baptism. A girl was thus consecrated on the eighth day after her birth. A sacrifice was offered for the infant upon the family altar, or the child was presented in one or more of the temples of the gods, and recommended to their especial protection. As a defense, also, against the evil eye and like mysterious ills, there was hung around the baby's neck, by ribbon or chain, a small locket, — usually heart-shaped or circular, sometimes crescent or cruciform, — made of gold if the parents were wealthy, otherwise of some inferior material, and containing an amulet. This was the *bullæ*, of which so many specimens are still to be seen in various museums, and which never fails in the picture of a well-born youth. The custom was probably of Etruscan origin, and applied originally to the children of patricians only; but it was subsequently extended to those of all senators and knights, and eventually to all free-born children. A boy wore his *bullæ* constantly until he received the gown of manhood; a girl hers until her marriage. But the ornament was always carefully cherished, and occasionally resumed; and it is a curious fact that a *triumphator* invariably put on his *bullæ* upon the great day of his public glorification, as a protection against the envy of his fellow-citizens.

There was no such thing as a public registry of births, for civic purposes, before the time of Marcus Aurelius; but a private record of the *lustratio* appears to have been kept, in most cases, and was sometimes appealed to for purposes of

identification. Without attempting here to enter fully into the complex question of Roman nomenclature, it may suffice to say that, from early republican times, we find every free-born Roman male possessed of at least three names: his own individual first name, or *prænomen*; a gentile name, derived from the great *gens*, or clan, to which he belonged; and a *cognomen*, or surname, which more narrowly defined the special branch of the family from which he sprung. A girl's name consisted, in primitive times, of the feminine form of her father's *nomen*; later, of his *cognomen*, and a personal appellation of her own, which was not, however, very much used. Marriage had originally implied, as with us, the wife's acceptance of her husband's family name; but this had been, in the vast majority of cases, the same as her own. After mixed marriages between the members of different *gentes* became customary, the wife made rather a point of retaining her own family name.

The child received its first instruction at home. Either the mother was the teacher, or, in cases where one or more married sons lived on under the paternal roof, some freedwoman or female relative acted as nursery governess to all the little ones. In this way they were taught reading, writing, the elements of arithmetic and of the laws. But far more important than even this modicum of book-learning was held, at least in the earlier period, that practical education which the child received by association with its elders, and admission, as years went on, into their activities. Thus the girl learned at her mother's side to spin, to weave, and to sew; the boy, of his father or elder brothers, the mysteries of planting and harvesting, of swimming, riding, boxing, and the use of weapons. If the father were a *flamen*, the son was early

trained to assist at sacrifices as his *camillus* (bearer of the sacred vessels). If the mother offered a sacrifice, her daughter acted as *camilla*. Were the father of a station to receive clients in his atrium, his boys stood beside him during the ceremony, and so learned to know the names and faces of his political and social following. In days of family triumph or mourning, when the shrines were opened and the images of the ancestors displayed, the children were always present. They took part in the family meals, when these were simple and there were no guests, and sometimes they helped serve at table.

Very early, also, in the history of Rome we find mention both of boys' and girls' schools. Plutarch seems to imply that even Romulus and Remus went to school in Gabii, and the unhappy Virginia was on her way to school when her precocious beauty attracted the fatal notice of Appius Claudius. Virginia, however, was of plebeian rank, and her mother was dead.

The primary teacher, or *litterator*, was usually a slave or freedman, who acted as private tutor, or instructed a small class in the *pergula*, or veranda, attached to a house or shop. Schooling of this kind was usually paid for by the month, and very poorly paid; insomuch that the litterator had often to eke out his income by some other employment, such as the writing of wills. Under Diocletian, the monthly fees of a primary teacher were limited to fifty *denarii*, rather less than a dollar. The school year consisted of eight months, with a long vacation, comprising July, August, September, and October. There were also special holidays, such as the feast of Minerva and the Saturnalia, New Year's Day, and the 22d of February, the great day of commemoration of the dead.

The substance of what was taught in these primary schools was the same as that which an old-fashioned or more carefully secluded child acquired at

home; and this simple instruction, purely practical in its aim, was deemed all-sufficient for the youth of Rome down to the time of the second Punic war. But after that period there grew up an ever-increasing demand for the services of Greek grammarians, who not only taught their own language, but introduced a more scientific method of studying Latin itself; and who succeeded, after a time, in imbuing the Roman mind with something resembling the broad ideal of Greek culture, — that is to say, the harmonious and equal development of all a man's faculties, both physical and mental.

The principal textbook of the Greek *grammaticus* was Homer. The master read aloud, with proper accent and inflection, a passage from the poet, which the pupil must first commit to memory, and afterward be examined in, not merely upon its grammar and prosody, but upon all the various questions in geography, astronomy, history, and mythology which it might suggest. Written exercises had also to be prepared, translations from poetry into prose, and original themes. The criticism of these last must have involved some elementary teaching in rhetoric, but a further pursuit of the various branches of learning comprehended under this head was reserved for the higher schools of the rhetoricians.

The grammatical course was deemed equally appropriate for boys and girls, and a good number of the latter attended the grammar schools, though there was plainly always a preference in favor of home education for them. To get the full benefit even of this amount of instruction, it was needful that the pupil should both understand and speak Greek, and this the children of the wealthy learned to do in infancy from domestic slaves of that nation; just as to-day those of the Russian nobility learn French and English from their nursery governesses. As soon as a boy was old enough to

begin his public education, he was placed under the special charge of a servant, called *pædagogus*, whose business it was to help him prepare his lessons and go with him to school, and who continued to be his personal attendant until he received the *toga virilis*.

Long after this period, however, a young man might, and often did, frequent the schools of rhetoric, which, like the grammar schools, were an importation from Greece, and conducted mainly upon the Greek method, and where music and the higher mathematics were taught, as well as the arts of composition and oratory. Yet it is evident that a dull but deep-seated objection to all this foreign culture lingered throughout the whole republican period, not merely among the masses, but in the minds of enthusiasts for the old Roman spirit and traditions, like the elder Cato; and when Atticus, the friend of Cicero, published a collection of Greek anecdotes, we find Lucullus congratulating him upon the barbarism of some of his expressions, on the ground that it did not become a good Roman to know Greek too well!

Every well-bred Roman boy learned to ride, run, leap, swim, and box, as a necessary preparation for his military service, and the Campus Martius was the place assigned for the practice of these and all other athletic exercises. Under ordinary circumstances, a lad was supposed to have finished his regular schooling by the end of his seventeenth year, at which time, also, he ceased to be *puer*, and became *juvenis*, and liable for military duty. Already, in the vast majority of cases, he had laid aside the *toga prætexta*, worn both by boys and girls of rank, and had been ceremoniously invested by his father or guardian with the *toga virilis*, or plain white garment of manhood. No precise age was fixed for this solemnity, and the time of the year was also optional, although the feast of the Liberalia, which occurred on March 17, was undoubtedly a favorite season. Upon this

great occasion, the bulla was first removed from the boy's neck and consecrated to the Lares, and an offering was then made for him in the family chapel; after which, attended by a train of relatives and friends, he was led into the forum and formally presented to the public. His full name was afterward inscribed on the list of citizens kept in the *tabularium* at the Capitol, or among the archives of his province. A sacrifice was offered for him at some public altar, and a banquet followed, accompanied, in the case of imperial or other very distinguished youth, by largess to the people.

After this ceremonious introduction to public life, there usually remained for the young man a finishing year — the *tirocinium* — of special preparation for the calling which he had elected to pursue. If he were to be a lawyer, or aspired to public life, as almost all the law students did, he attached himself to the train of some eminent statesman, — as did Cicero to that of the great augur Q. Mucius Scævola, and Cælius, afterward, to Cicero, — and learned what he could by observation of his manners and methods. If he had chosen the military career, he obtained a place, in some respects resembling that of a staff officer, under some famous general; so that, without being subjected to all the drudgery of a common soldier, he learned the routine of camp life and the duties of a commander. Boys of the middle and lower classes went directly, as they do now, from school to the business of life.

Some uncertainty exists as to the time at which a free-born youth became qualified to vote in the general elections. He was free to marry, to contract debts, to receive a legacy, or to make a will from his fourteenth birthday; but so long as he was *prætextatus* he certainly did not vote. It is altogether likely that the introduction to the forum constituted his political majority, but it must be remembered that the suffrage lost its sig-

nificance after the state was no longer free; that is to say, in those imperial times about which we know so much more than of any others.

Next below the legitimate children, in the hierarchy of a Roman house, ranked the *vernae*, or domestic slaves born under its roof. There had always been slaves in the Roman commonwealth from the earliest historic period, and the master had legal power of life and death over his human chattels. But the servitude of the olden time, when even a patrician tilled his own fields, with the help of his sons, was practically a light enough order of bondage. The vast majority of masters had only one, or at most two or three slaves, who were treated in some sort as members of the family; sleeping under the same roof, and taking their meals in the same room with the master, if never at the same table. Similar social conditions are wont to mark the modest beginnings of any state, but in the nature of things they cannot endure. A servile population always increases faster than a free one; great towns grow up, and become centres of civic and commercial activity, and the landed proprietor finds it convenient to pass a part or the whole of the year in them, leaving the main business of agriculture to his rustic dependents. Small freeholds are also gradually absorbed in extensive estates, which are worked by great gangs of laborers, under the supervision of men who have risen from their own ranks; while habits of luxury and ostentation grow fast among the privileged class, and call for armies of domestic servants with highly specialized functions. All these changes were either accomplished or in rapid process of accomplishment in the Roman state by the year of the city 550; that is to say, two centuries before the Christian era. The dominant passion of the race for foreign conquest had also its influence in developing the institution of slavery. On the one hand, a slave could not be drafted into the army, wherefore

his services were all the more indispensable in every department of home industry; on the other, among the countless prisoners taken in foreign war, and thereby reduced to slavery, there were many from highly civilized Greece and the farther Orient, who were capable of instructing their comparatively rude conquerors not merely in the finer arts and crafts, but in every department of human knowledge, whence it came to pass that a large majority both of the skilled workmen of Rome, and of the teachers, readers, and amanuenses employed by the wealthy who aspired to culture, were slaves of foreign extraction.

The first step in the social revolution thus accomplished was the division of a man's slaves into the *familia rustica* and the *familia urbana*, a classification corresponding roughly to that of our negro slaves into field and house hands; while exactly the same notion of degradation was involved in the transfer of a member of the latter department to the former. Meanwhile the rural slaves worked under overseers, risen for the most part from their own rank, who were almost of necessity hard and cruel, and they were often little better lodged than the beasts for which they cared. Now and then there would be a fanciful and kind-hearted master like the younger Pliny, who piqued himself on having made the slave quarters in his Laurentian villa "nice enough for guests;" but it may be taken for granted that such philanthropists were not exceptionally numerous in ancient Rome.

The modest corps of house servants maintained by a distinguished Roman in the earlier time had been headed by an *atriensis*, or steward, who also kept the house accounts. Later, when the style of living had grown more elaborate, his duties were divided, and the *atriensis* became a mere major-domo, who had enough to do in exercising a general supervision over the arrangements of the dwelling itself. The ever-increasing

crowd of menials under him fell into different classes, each with a sub-intendant or overseer of its own. The *cubicularii* performed the duties of housemaids; the *triclinarii* took charge of the dining-rooms; the *supellectilarii* kept the furniture and tableware in order; the *culinarii* were kitchen drudges. Those who served the bath formed another distinct class, and the functions of valet and lady's-maid were distributed among a score of specialists. There were pages, more or less pampered, to run on errands; an *invitator* to summon guests, and other slaves whose special duty it was to wait upon the latter; while the *ostiarus*, or porter, was frequently chained in the vestibule, like a dog. Were the master of an artistic or literary turn, he would have *servi a bibliotheca*, a *pinacotheca*, and a *statuis*, for the care of his books, pictures, and statuary; to say nothing of copyists and amanuenses, runners to carry his letters, and readers to defend him from *ennui*, at his meals, in the bath, or in bed. The number of attendants who should accompany a great man or a great lady when going abroad was matter of lively emulation, especially in respect to the slaves who bore the litter, who wore brilliant liveries, and were usually Syrians or Cappadocians of unusual stature.

Out of this army of functionaries only a limited number were likely to be *vernæ*, and these were usually trained for the personal service of the children of the house, and shared many of their educational advantages; so that we find the freedman who had been *verna* always holding himself distinctly superior to other manumitted slaves.

A highly prized slave was occasionally set free by the pure grace of his master, or in gratitude for some signal service, either during the lifetime of the latter, or after his death by his will. The right of the slave was also practically recognized to his own small *peculium*, or savings, and these might be applied to the

purchase of his freedom; but their accumulation, very slow at best, was yet further hindered by the master's claim upon the little horde for making good certain pecuniary injuries which he might sustain through the slave. After the number of bondmen had so increased that one man often owned many thousand souls, it became advantageous to educate them wholesale in trades and crafts for which they might show an aptitude, and then let out their services; and occasionally the master directly advanced the capital for setting his slave up in business, allowing the latter a share of the profits, out of which he might hope some day to buy his freedom.

The common punishment for a refractory slave was beating. If a runaway were caught—as he could hardly fail to be, since there were extremely heavy penalties for harboring or assisting him—he was branded, and either fettered, or had an iron collar, like a dog's, forged for his neck. In aggravated cases, he was at once turned into the amphitheatre or otherwise put to death; and if he attempted to take personal vengeance upon his master for any wrong whatsoever, his whole family shared his fate; the regular form of capital punishment for a slave being crucifixion, under the most ignominious and agonizing circumstances.

The institution of slavery reached its greatest development in Rome in the last century of the republic, when slave traders and slave markets flourished both in the capital itself and in all the great ports visited by Roman ships. Already, however, in the early days of the empire, the spread of philosophic and humanitarian ideas had softened the theory of human servitude and modified the slave's position. Marriage was made legal for him; he was empowered to testify in certain courts, and to lodge complaints of cruelty; kind masters, like Pliny, respected the provisions of his will; under Claudius, if his master abandoned him when he was old or ill, he was

thereby set free; under Hadrian, the wanton slaughter of a slave by his master was forbidden; under Constantine, the crime was made one of homicide. And thus, at last, with the formal conversion of the world to Christianity the long-declining slave system of Rome received its death-blow.

So much for the position and mutual relations of the ordinary members of a Roman household, or what may be called the inner family circle. But there was a sense in which the Roman family might be said to include an indefinitely larger number of persons, and to this outer circle belonged the authorized guests of a house, its clients, and its freedmen. The term *hospitium* embraced not merely the spontaneous welcome to bed and board of a man's personal friends, but a sort of contract for mutual hospitality, written or otherwise attested, which might be made either between two communities, or between two individuals on behalf of themselves and their dependents, or even between an individual and a community. This custom was one of extreme antiquity in Italy, older certainly than the rise of the Roman people. The contract was drawn up, attested by a hand-shake or a formula of words, and accurately recorded; and it remained binding upon the posterity of the contracting parties until formally and publicly annulled. *Hospitia privata*, contracts, that is, for mutual hospitality between individuals, were sometimes engraved upon bronze tablets, and either inserted in the wall of the atrium or suspended upon it. Usually, however, a simpler device was employed by private persons. The would-be guest presented a small engraved ticket, or *testera*, like that which admitted to the theatres, of which the host had a duplicate; and he was at once made welcome to the privileges of the house. He was given a bath and a meal, an offering was made for him at the family altar, he was assigned a bed, and he became thenceforth, for an indefinite period, to

all intents and purposes a member of the family. So far from fretting under this as an imposition, the great Roman statesman was ambitious to harbor as many such guests as possible, and it was a matter of policy with him to look well after their comfort and interests, that he might thus increase his prestige in the provinces and abroad.

Originally, and always so long as the state remained free, the relation of client and patron was also a sufficiently honorable one; resting, like that of guest and host, on pledges of mutual service. There was this difference, however, between the position of a client and that of the legal guest: that the latter was a free citizen in his own community, while the former had usually no civic rights whatever. Either he was in banishment from his native place, or he belonged to a tribe or city which had been vanquished, and so disfranchised, or he was a freedman whose manumission gave him no political status. In each case, he needed the protection of some powerful personage, and was only too glad, in return for the same, to take the name of his patron, engaging to fight his battles both at home and abroad, and to assist him out of his own private means — if he had any — when extraordinary payments, as of ransom or dowry, were to be made. Client and patron might neither accuse nor testify against each other in the courts, and it was a capital offense, by the laws of the Twelve Tables, for a patron to betray his client's interests. It was no uncommon thing for the entire population of a conquered city or state to seek such protection of the general who had subdued them, and of his descendants. Thus the Marcelli became the hereditary patrons of the Sicilian towns, the Fabii of the Allobrogian, Cato Uticensis of the island of Cyprus, and so on.

The *libertus*, or freedman, either continued to reside in his patron's house and perform his old functions, or he was endowed by the latter with capital for

starting in business, or with some small freehold property. In case of the subsequent impoverishment of either party, they were still bound to assist each other. The patron always paid for the funeral of his freedman, was his legal heir if he died childless, and the *ex officio* guardian of his children if he left any under age.

The relations of patron and freedman remained virtually the same throughout the imperial period; those of patron and client altered materially, and from a moral point of view very much for the worse. When the number and strength of a patron's following had ceased to have any political significance, and no longer increased his importance in the state, it became largely a matter of senseless ostentation on the one side, and self-interested sycophancy on the other. The hangers-on of a great man received their maintenance, and in most instances this was all they wanted. They were of every rank and condition: men of letters, from whom a certain tribute was expected in the way of flattery; adventurers and professional legacy-hunters; scions of great families, who had early run through their patrimony; the idle of every grade, with a tatterdemalion fringe of the congenitally and hopelessly poor. A few favored individuals out of this motley regiment might be invited to the patron's own table; but all claimed as their right, and regularly received, one substantial meal a day, or its equivalent in money. Sometimes the clients *en masse* were regaled at a public table, where the viands were supplied by a contractor at so much a head. This was, originally at least, an exceptional arrangement for days of public rejoicing, as when Julius Caesar, on the occasion of his triumph in 46 B. C., entertained the entire male population of Rome at twenty-two thousand tables. A more common custom was to appoint a place where a species of dole was distributed daily to all the *clientèle*. This dole consisted,

at first, of food only; later, it was replaced by a money payment, amounting, on an average, to about ten dollars a month. On special occasions, like the patron's birthday, a larger sum was given, and Martial mentions one such when the amount was trebled; but he adds contemptuously that the donor's origin was so obscure that it was doubtful whether he had a right to a birthday at all! On the other hand, if the great man were ill and could not receive his clients, there appears to have been no distribution; but even so a client who managed to make a number of successive salutations, and to keep well with several patrons, as many did, might secure without further exertion a modest maintenance for a rising family.

Passing now from the domestic habits and indoor arrangements of a Roman of condition to his means of locomotion, and the consequent power of obtaining change of scene, when this was needful, we find that when Rome was at the summit of her power the entire extent of the empire was provided with a system of public highways which rendered communication between its different parts easy and comparatively rapid. The model for all these mighty roads was the oldest and most frequented of them all, the Via Appia, which led southward from Rome, and was built in 312 B. C. by Appius Claudius, at a cost, so it was said, of about six thousand dollars the English mile. It was wide enough for two teams to pass, and paved with imported stones as broad as the way itself, and so accurately fitted that no joining was perceptible. It seems hardly probable that all the Roman highroads were as magnificently constructed as the Appian Way, yet the time made by the government post does not appear greatly to have varied on the different routes, and it was everywhere much the same as that of the modern *diligence*.

No public provision was made for private travelers, their needs being met

by individual enterprise. There were men in most of the Italian cities who let out *rhedæ*, which were roomy four-wheeled carriages, and *cisia*, a species of light two-wheeled gig, rather like the *bagherino* of modern Tuscany, as well as the horses to draw them. The offices of these were just without the city gates (for driving within the walls, except in the case of the vestals, was almost unknown), and here the bargain was made, either for changing carriage and horses from stage to stage, or for making the whole journey with the same team. No doubt a man might also use his own conveyance, if he had one, providing it with horses or mules hired along the road.

In the latter days of the republic great pomp began to be affected by wealthy travelers, and this increased to such a pitch that Nero's regular train consisted of a thousand wagons, while Poppæa took with her five hundred she-asses for convenience of bathing in their milk, and had horses shod with gold. "Everybody travels, nowadays, with a troop of Numidian cavalry in front, and a band of scouts sent on ahead," is the satirical observation of Seneca. "They all have mules loaded with vessels of glass and *murrha* and sculptured work of famous craftsmen, for it would be beneath a man's dignity to load his packs with stout articles which would bear knocking about."

The traveler of consequence always avoided, if possible, passing a single night at an inn. On the incessantly frequented route from Rome to Naples, he was almost sure to have either a villa of his own, or a friend whose hospitality he might demand. Failing these, he would take tents along and camp out, particularly in summer time; and doubtless it was the absence of distinguished patronage which made the inn of those days both so comfortless and so cheap. It is certain, however, that places of public entertainment, such as they were, existed all along the most

frequented roads of the empire, and that in some cases they were aided from the public treasury. Proprietors in the neighborhood often built them on speculation, letting them to landlords, or managing them through their own slaves. At certain places there would be a choice of inns, and Horace remarks on the rival establishments of Forum Appii.

Popinæ, or restaurants, both those where a regular table was laid, and the humbler kind where a lunch was taken standing, are mentioned so often as to lead us to infer that the fashion of renting furnished rooms and going out for one's meals was as common in ancient Rome as it is in Latin countries now. At the rural inns it was customary to pay an inclusive sum for board and lodging; and indeed one hardly sees how items could have been specified, when the total bill amounted to a half *as* (about seven tenths of a cent), which Polybius says was the regular charge, in his day, for a night's entertainment in the inns of Cisalpine Gaul.

Highway robbers abounded in the outlying provinces of the empire, and in all mountainous and forest regions; but those who went southward from Rome by day, during the first century of our era, were in general safe enough, owing to the very press of travel upon the road. There was a constant succession of those caravans described by Seneca, whose owners aped imperial luxury. The expense thus incurred was often literally ruinous, and many of those who had thus flaunted upon the road ended their days as gladiators, a profession which Nero had made rather fashionable.

Great stress was laid upon travel as putting a finishing touch to the education of a distinguished youth, whose mind was supposed to be expanded by the mere sight of novel scenes; and rich young Romans were continually sent to study for a year or more in the famous schools of Greece. Thither, too, went the Roman of leisure, either as a reli-

gious pilgrim to some famous temple or shrine, or as a mere tourist; for every self-respecting citizen of the later republic felt that he ought once, at least, to have seen the beautiful monuments of the elder land. Relics of demigods and heroes, particularly those which claimed connection with that great epic war under the walls of Troy which had led to the building of Rome, were objects of especial interest and awe.

But while the Roman of the Augustan age had often a cultivated and even critical taste in matters of art, his enjoyment of the beauties of nature was much more limited. Those grander scenes and phenomena of the outer world which are so thrilling to the modern mind were for the most part uncomfortable and repugnant to him, though there are examples of landscape art which warn one against too sweeping a statement. Certain of the gentler aspects and humbler charms of nature, cool springs with mossy banks, broad green meadows, quiet sheets of water, shady groves, and fair garden-beds, he did love intensely, and such he would have about his country home, or if, like Atticus, he were rich enough, even inside the city; but his villa was his first extravagance, and always his peculiar pet and pride. It is difficult to say how many distinct country properties a Roman of rank might not possess. If Cicero and Pliny, who have told us so much about their various installations, are to be taken as representatives, one would say that four or five huge country-seats and as many lesser villas would be a moderate allowance, while the dates of the letters of these two show how incessantly they moved from one place to another. Sometimes, no doubt, they did so at the bidding of their affairs; often they were impelled by mere restlessness and love of change.

"Hence are vague journeys undertaken," says Seneca in his discourse on Tranquillity of Soul, "and divers coasts

are visited; but everywhere, whether on land or on sea, we discover that levity of mind which is always disgusted with the present. Now we seek Campania, and anon, weary of its delicacies, we make for the wilderness, and explore the forests of Bruttium and Lucania. But the craving for something pleasant revives in the desert, and we must needs have some relief from the tedious squallor of those rude spots. Tarentum is the place! We praise its harbor, its exquisite winter climate, and its fine old mansions. Finally we bend our steps toward the City of Cities. Too long have our ears missed the din of its streets, the plaudits of its theatre. We are ready even for a taste of human blood. Thus journey follows journey, and scene succeeds scene; and so it is, as the poet Lucretius says, that 'every man would from himself escape.'"

Nearly all we know of the funerals of the earliest period is that they invariably took place at night. Later, when there had come to be much emulation in the matter of funeral expense and display, the obsequies of distinguished people, at least, were often celebrated in the daytime; and it was reserved for the Emperor Julian to prescribe a return to the solemn custom of old by an edict beginning with the simple words, "Death is rest, and night is the time for rest." The lighted torch, however, always held its place in the ceremonial, as it does for the most part in Latin countries to this day, and thus it became the symbol both of wedding and of burial.

Grand public funerals were the exclusive privilege of eminent men and the scions of great families, and the funeral procession was so arranged as to offer an opportunity for the most pompous exhibition of wealth, political honors, and long descent. When a man of rank, whether a patrician or one of the official nobility, had breathed his last, his eyes were closed by the nearest of

his by-standing relatives, while the rest lifted up the *conclamatio*, or traditional cry of lament, "Ave atque vale!" (Hail and farewell!) The friends then retired, and the body was left in the hands of professional undertakers, who washed, anointed, and robed it richly, set between its teeth a coin to pay the ferryman Charon, and laid it on a couch of state in the atrium of the dwelling, with feet turned toward the entrance door. Incense was then burned all about, either in trays or upon miniature altars, and flowers were used in profusion. The insignia of office of the deceased, if he had filled public offices, were displayed, and the crowns, if any, which he had won in the public games, or which had been decreed him by the Senate for triumphs upon the sterner field of war. Boughs of cypress or pine were hung up in the vestibule as a token of mourning, and the lying in state lasted from three to eight days, during which time the corpse was visited by kindred, clients, and friends. If the interment or cremation were to be private, the remains were then quietly taken away. Otherwise a herald summoned those who were expected to join the procession by the solemn and immemorially ancient formula: "Ollus Quiris leto datus. Exsequias, quibus est commodum, ire jam tempus est. Ollus ex ædibus effertur." The order of the procession was thereupon arranged by a master of ceremonies, called a *designator*, and it closely resembled a triumphal march. First came a band of music, with trumpets, pipes, and horns, and immediately after this the hired female mourners intoning a sonorous elegy on the deceased. Next, exactly as in the procession which introduced the games of the circus, came dancers and mimes, to whom a singular freedom of speech and action, and even of jest, was allowed. In the fourth place came the most significant and imposing part of the whole stately ceremony, the procession of ancestors in their images

or likenesses. When a man of note died, a wax mask was immediately taken of his features, and colored in exact resemblance to his look in life and health. This mask was affixed to a bust of wood or marble, inclosed in a marble or alabaster shrine, and set up in the atrium of the deceased. On the occasion of a public funeral, these wax masks were removed, or fac-similes of them were made, and worn by professional actors hired for the occasion, who might resemble the distinguished dead in stature, and strive further to impersonate them in dress and action. The dead man seemed thus to be accompanied and ushered to his rest by a guard of honor composed of all his famous forbears. Nor was family pride always content with the images of historic personages merely, but mythical ancestors were also introduced, and Tacitus tells us that Æneas and all the kings of Alba Longa walked in the funeral train of Drusus. The same great writer has left us one of his most thrilling descriptions of the funeral, sixty-four years after the battle of Philippi, of the aged Junia, niece of Cato, wife of Cassius, and sister of Marcus Brutus. "The images of twenty most illustrious families were carried before her," he says, "but Brutus and Cassius were conspicuous" (nay, his word is stronger, — *præfulgebant*, were illustrious) "by their absence;" being still under attainder on account of their complicity in the death of Cæsar.

After the ancestors followed the memorials of the dead man's public achievements; then torch-bearers and lictors with lowered *fascæ*; and after these the body itself, borne by the sons upon a bier in early times, but subsequently extended upon a car of state, clad in magnificent robes, or inclosed in a hearse, which was surmounted by a sitting effigy of the deceased. Last walked the mourners, all in black, — the women without ornaments, the men without any insignia of office; the sons with veiled

faces; the daughters unveiled, but with streaming hair; freedmen, and slaves who might have been liberated by the will of the deceased, — the latter with shaven heads, — clients, friends, the public generally, just as in a funeral of to-day. Custom imposed no check on the expression of grief, and flowers and severed locks of hair were freely scattered upon the passing bier.

If there were to be a public oration, the funeral procession moved first to the forum, where the speech was delivered. In other cases, an informal eulogy was delivered at the place of interment or cremation, which was almost invariably outside the city walls. All the great highways leading out of Rome had come, in the last centuries of the state, to be lined with family tombs, some of them of vast extent and of infinite splendor. Certain noblemen had private burial-places of great beauty, shady with trees or gay with flower-beds and fountains, upon their suburban estates; and slaves and other dependents of the family were laid, humbly, indeed, and at a respectful distance, but within the same precinct as their betters. The tomb was conceived of as at least the temporary dwelling-place of the dead, and was often very richly furnished. The walls were frescoed; there were lamps and candelabra, both for illumination and decoration, and vases of beautiful shape and workmanship adorned the walls. The warrior had his weapons beside him, the civil officer his badges, the great lady her ornaments and toilet articles, the child its toys. All these things helped to give the tomb a home-like appearance, both on the grievous day of burial, and on those subsequent days when religious services were held there in memory of the dead. The remains were either simply deposited with the couch on which they had been carried to the grave, or they were inclosed in one of those sculptured sarcophagi of which so many beautiful examples are still to be seen.

The religious rites which followed included both a consecration of the new resting-place and a purification of the bereaved relatives from their contact with death. A nine days' mourning followed, and was concluded by an offering to the *manes* and a funeral feast; after which the black robes were laid aside, and the ordinary activities of life resumed. If there were funeral games, these too were celebrated originally on the ninth day.

In cases of cremation, the simpler and probably older fashion was to excavate a grave, three or four feet deep, and fill it with fuel. This was a *bus-tum*. The corpse was extended upon it, the fuel kindled; the bones and ashes fell into the cavity with the coals of the dying fire, and the former were subsequently collected in an urn, which was set in the midst of the ashes. The earth was then filled in and heaped above in a *tumulus*, or barrow, and the place was inclosed. Cremation upon the *rogus*, or funeral pyre, was a much more stately and costly affair. It took place upon unconsecrated ground, but near the family burial-place. The pyre was often of elaborate and artistic construction, and all manner of articles of luxury, spices, garments, ornaments, and rich wares of every kind were laid thereon by friends, as last gifts to the deceased, and consumed in the general conflagration. The coals were then quenched with water or wine, and a few days' exposure to the Italian sun and air sufficed to dry the ashes, which were collected in an urn or other *cinerarium* and deposited in the tomb before the end of the nine days' mourning.

Such were the obsequies of the rich and great. The masses laid their dead away silently, as they have done in all time. For the comparatively well to do there were the vast systems of *columbaria*, associated in our minds chiefly with their hallowed usage by Christians in the catacombs, but originally a pagan

fashion, dating from early Roman times. These columbaria were often constructed and owned by joint-stock companies, who undertook to keep them in order, and sold or let the separate niches as required. Or a great nobleman would build a columbarium for the reception of his slaves, by way of adjunct to the family tomb, as may still be seen in the burying-place of the Volusii, near Perugia. For the very poor there were simply vast common pits, into which the bodies were flung, uncoffined, while the remains of malefactors, even in Horace's time, were exposed, unburied, to the action of the elements and to the birds and beasts of prey.

All through the republican period, and probably from yet earlier times, a vast common burial-ground extended outside the Viminal and Esquiline gates of Rome. Mæcenas seems to have been the first to appropriate to private uses a portion of this ancient cemetery, which he transformed into a garden or park. His example was followed by Pallas, a freedman of Claudius, and by others, until the whole region became a place of gardens, like the Pincian, and the recent dead were probably pushed further afield.

As between burial and cremation, the former was the ancient Oscan and Latian practice, and the innate prejudices of the Latin race appear always to have been in its favor; but the two customs flourished side by side in Rome from an early historic period. The expansion of the city and the vast increase in its population created powerful sanitary reasons in favor of cremation, but certain great families, like the Cornelii, stood out against it to the end. The underlying thought in burial appears to have been that of deep rest on the bosom of the common mother; in burning, that of consuming the corruptible flesh in sacrifice, while the spirit ascended in vapor to the heaven out of which it came. The

latter idea seems, at first sight, the more pious of the two; but their full belief in the resurrection of the body caused it to be rejected by the early Christians, and with the conquest of the Roman Empire by Christianity the burning of man's mortal relics went wholly out of use.

It remains to say a word concerning Roman feasts and services in commemoration, one might almost say in worship, of the dead. These were numerous and religiously observed, some public and some private. To the former belong the Parentalia, which lasted from the 13th to the 21st of February inclusive. Their celebration began with a service of the vestal virgins at the grave of Tarpeia, and while they continued the temples were closed, magistrates laid aside the badges of their office, and weddings, as we have seen, might not take place. We seem to hear an echo of the priestly functions performed on these occasions in the voice which weekly, in every Roman Catholic church, entreats the charity of common prayer for those "whose anniversaries occur about this time." Over and above the public rites there were many private services in memory of the departed, feasts like the so-called Rosalia, occurring in the spring or early summer, when flowers are most abundant, when friends were invited to partake of a simple banquet of bread and wine, eggs and vegetables, at the tomb of the deceased; when roses or violets were distributed to the guests, to be laid upon the grave, and offerings were made there of water, wine, warm milk, honey, or oil. There exists the fragment of a funeral stone, the inscription upon which provides that the sleeper shall be commemorated by sacrifices four times in each year, namely, "on the anniversary of his birthday, on rose day and on violet day, during the general Parentalia, and on the kalends, nones, and ides of every month."

*Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.*

WHITMAN.

It is the complaint of fate that the dead actor lives but in the dying memories of the few thousands whom he moved to tears and laughter; anecdotes, recorded testimonies, diaries, fail to give posterity any echo of the voice or shadow of the gesture. Kean, Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, all fade into darkness, yet Hamlet, Lear, Lady Macbeth, come forward into increasing brightness of day. The personality of a poet during his lifetime may impress those who are brought into close connection with him, but the impression which he makes upon them is dissipated unless it finds essential expression in his work. It is like rhythm. If to a delicate ear a measure refuses to sing itself, it is in vain that we are told how melodiously it fell from the poet's lips. The chant must be in the verse, not in the singer.

It is a test of this sort which must finally be applied to the author of *Leaves of Grass*. The facts of his life undoubtedly help in accounting for him, and the evidence of eye-witnesses will have value, but his biography and the discourse of his contemporaries must give place to the collection of his verse and prose. By that he will be measured, and in attempting anything like an estimate in the spring when he died it is better to rely upon his books than to listen too attentively to friends or enemies. Yet one agreement between *Leaves of Grass* and the reports of acquaintance is too manifest to be disregarded, for it points to a fundamental fact, — the fact of Whitman's magnificent physical presence. A member of the Contributors' Club in this number of *The Atlantic* deftly intimates this, and one who had never seen the man, but has read *Song of Myself*, feels the force of a tremendous physical energy in the throbbing lines.

It is impossible to get away from this expression of a conscious superabundance of physical energy. From the moment he bursts forth with the words,

"I celebrate myself, and sing myself,"

to the final whisper in which his mystical presence is promised to all who have the resolution and faith to receive the gift of the personality which he offers, there is a continuous stream of influence from a body which has somehow managed to find an articulate voice. The tune to which all this is sung is insolently characterized by the singer as a barbaric yawp; and inasmuch as the whole piece may be vulgarly summed up in the phrase "letting off steam," the mocking reader may easily persuade himself that he is listening to that vibrant attachment known on river steamboats as a calliope, an instrument whose sounds always seem to aim lower than the ear. Yet even the most unsympathetic listener is arrested now and then by lines which do perfect duty, as in that balancing, swaying fifteenth number, where a procession of persons of all sorts and conditions move in a sort of rude Shaker dance. What could be better in its way than this?

"The carpenter dresses his plank, the tongue
of his foreplane whistles its wild ascending
lisp."

The verse is not subtle, nor very penetrating, nor always even picturesque, yet if one gets into the swing the accumulation of figures produces a certain largeness of effect which serves the purpose of the poet.

It is not, however, the outside human show which is the most intimate expression of this chant. The reader is constantly called back to the prime intention of the singer, which is to celebrate himself, and to turn the subject into an

object. Now, if any one thing can be asserted of this child of nature, it is that he was literary. We know this is regarded as an heretical opinion, and that Whitman is held to stand outside of the literary class; but we do not see how his work can be explained on any other ground than as the production of a man conscious of his vocation as a writer, and instinctively seeking to record, to shape, to handle words as material for artistic construction. The very form which he adopted and used almost exclusively was a deliberate attempt at an adequate mode of expressing large, elemental ideas. It was not so much a revolt against conventionalism as it was an effort at construction upon new and fitting lines. Whitman thought he had a new song to sing, and he wished to employ a new mode. He got his hint, apparently, from Ossian, but once he had fairly possessed himself of the trick he used it persistently, because it best answered his purpose; and when one considers the large amount of verse which he wrote, and how it is almost uniformly cast in the mould of unrhymed, irregular stanzas, it is clear that in this style must be sought the man.

We are helped to some understanding of him by a consideration of the fullest use which he made of his favorite measure, and of the almost solitary instance in which he departed from it. We think a candid reader will admit that, as a wielder of this swinging line, Whitman is at his best precisely in those passages which celebrate man in his most sensuous organism.

"If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred,"

he says in one passage, and his poetic enthusiasm, his verbal passion, his glow of feeling, are expended upon this subject to a degree not to be found elsewhere. In a word, this theme inspires him because he is intoxicated with physical life, with the sense of bodily power,

with the elemental force which lies hidden, profound, prophetic, in the human body. The rush of words, the swing of the lines, the exultant shout of the stanzas, all testify to this overwhelming flood of physical self-consciousness bearing him along. He had theories, and these theories were not wholly formulated later to account for his work; but we doubt if in these passages he was very much affected intellectually by prior considerations and meditations. "I permit to speak," he says in his jargon, "at every hazard, nature without check, with original energy."

Now, this revel of life instinctively demands freedom of expression, and the form which Whitman adopted perfectly met his need, and is seen in whatever perfection it may attain in just such passages. Consciousness of power, entirely self-centred, exults in manifestation. Why then do we protest against it? Why does this portion of Whitman's work turn our stomachs, unless we approach it armed with the philosophic mind? Simply because there is a profounder law which rises silently, majestically, to view, the law of restraint, the law of sacrifice, the law of obedience, — the law, in a word, of self-forgetfulness. And here comes to view an attestation in Whitman's own work. It is little to say, for the whole world has said it, that no single production from his pen has been so moving, so universally accepted for his one great contribution to the world's literature, as his lines on Lincoln's death, O Captain! My Captain! This lyric is by no means rigidly constructed. It reads, to those who do not know another line of Whitman's, like the song of a singer too overwhelmed with grief to be curious about the structure of his verse, yet instinctively faithful to the larger laws of poetic composition. To those, on the other hand, who do know Whitman's work, and recognize the fact that perhaps in only one other instance, Ethiopia Saluting the Colors,

does he make use of rhymed form, this lyric flung out at Lincoln's death gives rise to another thought. In this little poem is concentrated that other passion which divides the empire with himself, his passion for America; and here, in a supreme moment, Whitman rises — and it is a great height for such a nature — absolutely above himself. The law of selfhood gives place for one moment of light to the law of self-forgetfulness; all thought, all emotion, is fixed upon that great figure which carries the passion of the nation, and the poet who has heretofore deliberately and consciously used a form which stands for unchecked nature, now, we almost dare to say unconsciously, yields to the law of restraint, and casts his dirge, with all its mingling of triumph and grief, into a form which is both musical and humbly obedient to the laws of lyrical composition. The flaws merely intimate the force of old habit.

The style of the most characteristic portions of *Leaves of Grass*, once formed, became by choice, and still in accordance with the author's nature, the style which he preserved for all of his poetic work. It was, only in a less degree, consonant with the attitude of Whitman toward nature and the great facts of human life, and more particularly toward the social order in which he found himself. A dominating consciousness of self, when that self is built upon large, powerful lines, finds sympathy with the elemental forces of nature, and takes delight in movements which are comprehensive and sweeping. Hence the sea and the life of the sea recur repeatedly in his verse, either directly or allusively, and the group headed *Sea-Drift* contains, to our thinking, the best examples of what may be done with rhythm divorced from rhyme. Here the effort to mate nature unchecked with language which disregards the most commonly accepted laws is most successful, because the sea and its life constantly suggest obedience only

to remote and concealed intelligence. One is tempted, when one considers this section alone, to search for some deep-lying principle of particular assonance controlling the choice of the verse, but the uniformity of its use forbids this reference. The style remains the same when the poet deals with human life, and again it seems significant when employed in the musings over death. Of all these poems, and there are many, we should choose *The City Dead-House*, in spite of its inevitable lapse into stupid matter of fact, — *vide* "nor running water from faucet," — as the most full of tenderness and profound pity and reverence. It is indeed observable that here the sight which moves the poet is closely connected with that predominant self-consciousness to which we have referred.

"That house once full of passion and beauty,
all else I notice not,

But the house alone — that wondrous house
— that delicate fair house — that ruin!
That immortal house more than all the rows
of dwellings ever built!

Or white-domed capitol with majestic figure
surmounted, or all the old high-spired
cathedrals!

That little house alone more than them all
— poor, desperate house!"

Browning's *Apparent Failure*, with its insolence of life viewing the poor bodies in the morgue, and its vigorous, firmly knit verse, strikes no such note as these ambulatory lines, with the manly sob ending them: —

"House of life, erewhile talking and laughing
— but ah! poor house, dead even then,
Months, years, an echoing, garnish'd house —
but dead, dead, dead."

With Whitman death is a fact of nature, and it is not often that he makes even so slight a reference as this to its ethical significance.

When we consider his attitude toward human life in its social order, we perceive that for all his avowed interest in persons, in comrades, as he repeatedly

calls the men and women of his generation, the world, and America in particular, inevitably takes the form of a vast procession. "All is a procession," he remarks parenthetically in one of his chants; "the universe is a procession with measured and perfect motion;" and again and again, both in such pieces as *A Broadway Pageant*, and whenever he aims at a comprehensive, sweeping generalization, he strives with heroic persistence to marshal particulars so as to present a cumulative effect. One feels as if one needed to stand off at a distance and look at these columns as they tramp by, occasionally with a measured beat, but quite as frequently like a random mob. Nevertheless, in all this part of his work Whitman is true to his instincts. He uses particulars, but he is after masses. He says somewhere,

"The words of my book nothing, the drift of it everything,"

and that is precisely the effect produced upon most minds when coming in contact with his verses; they see what he is driving at, as the phrase is, but they also fail to find any pleasure, except now and then, in dwelling upon the expression. In truth, when Whitman leaves those themes which consort with largeness and vagueness, — sleep, the stars, night, the sea, death, and the like, — the style of his verse fails him. A scythe which can mow with a symmetrical sweep a whole field of grain is a blundering instrument with which to cut the flower of the field. But the style, again, is the man, and for all his minute detail Whitman resolves particulars into masses, and it is only now and then that one of his particulars gets set forth with a beauty, or delicacy, or even strength of its own.

The superabundant life which was his first conscious spring of song is that which attracts him in the concourse of men, and his praises of New York, or *Mannahatta*, as he calls it, in the at-

tempt to discover some word sonorous enough to meet the demands of musical use, are called out chiefly by the pageant of multitudes, the appeal of swarms of men as typifying great natural forces. It is when his theme is America that the processional and panoramic features have blended with them certain more or less defined notes touching the spiritual forces inhering in the nation. As we have hinted, the passion for his country as a vast democracy divides the empire of Whitman's nature with the passion for himself as a splendid manifestation of natural energy. It is the fashion to speak of him as taking a prophetic view, and there is no doubt that both in his verse and in his prose he was building in an expansive way upon the actual, and construing all the signs of power into the consummation of a stupendous democratic empire. In the preface to *Leaves of Grass* there is a passage, too long to be quoted here, beginning: "The American poets are to inclose old and new; for America is the race of races. Of them a bard is to be, commensurate with a people. . . . His spirit responds to his country's spirit; he incarnates its geography and natural life and rivers and lakes." Then follows a geographical summary, a survey of nature, a panoramic view of humanity. There is in the statement, catalogue as it is, a breadth of sweep, as the poet ascends from the lowest forms of life to the higher, and a comprehensive sympathy, which command admiration, and help one to escape from a petty, hesitating, and critical habit of mind. Nevertheless, the same fundamental weakness is discoverable here as in the verse which celebrates the bodily energy of a strong man. It is the insolence of conscious power, the fatal satisfaction in the lower law of selfhood, the arrogance of manifest destiny. In truth, it is the most magnificent pæan yet sung in America to the tune of Fourth of July. As such, it is hopeful, swelling, victorious, but it

is not noble; for it is unrestrained; it celebrates pride. Now, it was said of old that the meek shall inherit the earth, and a democracy which is an Augustus may have its *carmen seculare*, but the poetry which is truly prophetic is not all in the major key. The nature which Whitman glorifies has its tigers and jungles; the human life which is to him wonderful in its range of vitality has its development, not through the exercise of its unchecked energy, but through that unceasing struggle for mastery which a certain large-hearted, large-minded man once vividly characterized as a war in the members.

"What blurt is this about virtue and about vice!"

says Whitman, with his large scorn of

small distinctions; but when blurring ceases, there still comes a voice which cannot be drowned. There is unquestionably, for many natures, a tonic in Whitman's verse, and his work tells for largeness, for freedom, for the recollection of elemental forces in man and nature; but that it has in it the quality of universality which is the final test of a poet who sets up such claims as he we deny emphatically. A few verses will be everybody's; a few persons will want everything; but for the most part the work is a quarry from which one here and one there will bring away stones precious to him and for his use. There is a law of life for great poetry, and Whitman was not obedient to it; though one may call him a Titan, he will meet the fate of Titans.

RECENT BIOGRAPHY.

OUR American life is somewhat unfavorable to the cultivation of the privacy of genius. It is not so much that there is an inherent desire for publicity, for the disclosure of one's powers, as that, in the mobility of society and the constant pressure of the whole body upon each member, one who is conscious of gifts seldom finds himself so shut in by circumstance that he quails before the necessity of making fight against fortune, and absconds into the secluded inclosure of a private life. It is when society is more rigid, and the individual is left more to himself, that such cultivation of privacy is frequent. It supposes, to be sure, a certain extreme sensitiveness in the person, accounted by some weakness of will, and finding expression often in eccentricity, but exhibiting also, at times, a very highly developed personal consciousness. One sees this truth illustrated in the historic New

England life, when the provincial self-content was most complete. Scarcely a village but had its "characters," as they were significantly termed,—men and women who failed to find a regularly adjusted place in the community, who were not fools, were often indeed very shrewd, but who had, in their own fashion, withdrawn themselves from classification, and asserted in a vague way an independence of convention. Mrs. Slosson's ingenious *Seven Dreamers* illustrates this phase of character, and Miss Wilkins's penetrating genius has singled such persons out for presentation in her stories. But besides and above these strays and waifs of society, mostly persons of insignificant position socially, there were in the same place and period men and women, well born and bred, whose nature inspired them to the cultivation of their gifts, but not to the exhibition of them: private theologians

in the midst of a generation of official theologians; keen publicists, who contented themselves with political speculation, but never had ambition for affairs; scholars, who accumulated, but never published.

What has been the case in New England in such limited sense as a provincial civilization affords is emphatically illustrated in England. The story still lingers of that unhappy heir to an earldom, who, vainly struggling in the meshes of fortune which forbade him to be anything but an earl, finally broke away altogether, took another name, shipped before the mast, and sought independence by absolute suppression of his inherited self. That was an exceptional case in its outward rebellion, but it was typical of a class easily recognizable by any one familiar with English social life. In a less ungovernable form, the temper finds expression in the eccentricity which appears frequently in the English man of wealth and social position, but more significantly, though less noticeably, in the lives of men and women who are not in rebellion, but simply are, so to speak, non-resistants; who oppose to the demands of society an effective inertia, and are not only content to live far from the madding crowd, and forbidden by their lot to read their history in a nation's eyes, but positively shape their lives after ideals which magnify their simple occupations and seem to set their being in a large place.

Some such figure one may discover in James Smetham, whose name is known incidentally to students of William Blake literature by a thoughtful article which he contributed to an English periodical as a review of Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, and which Mrs. Gilchrist reprinted in the second volume of the new edition of that *Life*. In referring to this article, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, in this new edition, wrote as fol-

lows: "Some personal mention, however slight, should here exist as due to its author, a painter and designer of our own day, who is in many signal respects very closely akin to Blake; more so, probably, than any other living artist could be said to be. James Smetham's work, generally of small or moderate size, ranges from Gospel subjects, of the subtlest imaginative and mental insight, and sometimes of the grandest coloring, through Old Testament compositions and through poetic and pastoral themes of every kind, to a special imaginative form of landscape. In all these he partakes greatly of Blake's immediate spirit, being also often nearly allied by landscape intensity to Samuel Palmer, in youth the noble disciple of Blake. Mr. Smetham's works are very numerous, and, as other exclusive things have come to be, will some day be known in a wide circle. Space is altogether wanting to make more than this passing mention here of them and of their producer, who shares in a remarkable manner Blake's mental beauties and his formative shortcomings, and possesses besides an individual invention which often claims equality with the great exceptional master himself."

This was written presumably in 1880, or thereabout, when Smetham had passed into that mental eclipse which is so delicately referred to in the volume of *Letters*¹ which constitutes the fullest record thus far published of his career. We quote it because, brief as it is, it sets Smetham forth upon his artistic side somewhat more sharply than the book itself, which is more fully occupied with a presentation of Smetham's intellectual and religious nature. The brief introductory memoir by Mr. Davies—himself, we suspect, to be classed under the head of private geniuses—may be read profitably after as well as before the reader has become directly acquainted with Smetham through the letters.

and WILLIAM DAVIES. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

¹ *Letters of James Smetham*. With an Introductory Memoir. Edited by SARAH SMETHAM

These letters, extending over a score of years, and addressed mainly to the writer's intimate companions, though a few were written also to men like Ruskin and Rossetti, who valued him for his gifts in art, but scarcely belonged in the inner circle of his friends, impress the reader by their exceeding delicacy of form, and slowly reveal a nature very rare in its fineness of spirit. Evidently they are drawn from a much larger mass, and they must be taken also as differing only in outward form from a considerable body of notes upon life, literature, art, and religion, accumulated by Smetham in the course of a patiently laborious and loving life led on simple lines. To the world looking on casually he was a not over-successful painter, a teacher of drawing, an occasional contributor to periodicals. To the world brought more closely into contact with him he was a devout man, a class-leader in the Methodist connection. To his immediate friends he must have been a grave but not austere man, tremulously susceptible to the faintest suggestion of beauty, whether in life, in nature, or in art; giving expression in conversation and in writing to searching, suggestive thought, and putting into his pictures a depth of meaning which cost him a travail of spirit.

Indeed, without knowing his pictures save by description, we cannot avoid the conclusion that, though the simple domestic subjects, conscientiously painted, brought a genuine pleasure to the painter, the more serious pictures made such demands upon his sensibility that he chose, almost from necessity, to throw his thought and feeling rather into his writing, and that thus his writing became, through long practice, more firm and expressive. One seems to discover, as the years lengthen, a deeper tone to his writing, and yet a more confident touch, as though the pen came to be his preferred implement. Yet with all this there appears to have been little craving

for publicity, and his letters and memoranda continued to be for himself and his dearest friends.

Be this as it may, the reader comes to be indifferent to Smetham's fame, and even to his artistic production, and takes an extraordinary satisfaction in intercourse with this privacy of genius. With him he is willing to leave the outer world, and take his pleasure in the cool shades of a reflective life. The sincere humility which characterizes Smetham's connection with the plain people to whom he was a religious teacher and leader does not seem another or incongruous element in a nature which was keenly susceptible to beauty. Rather, one is disposed to regard it as only another phase of that reverential attitude which Smetham took toward art. The penetrating, often very subtle observations which he makes to his friends on religious themes could scarcely, we may think, have formed the staple of his instruction to his humble disciples, yet there is an utter absence of anything like condescension in his habit of speech regarding these disciples. The rare blending of lofty thought, acute criticism, and gentle, affectionate interest in common things and common men so marks the entire nature of this delicately organized man that superficial incongruities disappear, and the unworldliness which confronts us is integral, not conventional. We make no quotations from these letters, though it would be easy to do so, but we advise all who have not lost their taste for elevated thought, shy pleasure, gentle humor, and pure sentiment, touched throughout with an unaffected, simple, but deep piety, to linger for themselves over the pages of this unusual book.

During the last twenty years the South has been fruitful in writers of novels and short stories. Cable, Harris, Page, and Miss Murfree, for instance, have done work which, in their own lines, has not been surpassed. It has been much less fruitful in writers of a more

serious kind; and hence we welcome with especial pleasure a book so excellent alike from the literary and the historical standpoints as Professor Trent's biography of the almost forgotten South Carolina novelist, Simms.¹ Mr. Trent is evidently not only a man of wide reading and a close student of literature, but also, what is much more important, a man of originality and of historic insight, capable of seeing the facts as they are, and fearless enough to state his conclusions as he sees them. His book is a credit to the scholarship of the South, and is a real addition to the list of American works which deal with both our literary and our political history; and this means, of course, that it is a real addition to English literature, using the words in their larger and proper sense.

Simms was much the most considerable of the Southern school of writers in the years before the war, — for Poe belongs to no school and no section, — and he was the most prolific novelist, essayist, and (Heaven save the mark!) poet this country has ever produced. Yet he is now almost completely forgotten. It is probable that most people, even among those who are fairly well read, do not so much as know the name of an author some of whose books, at least, are well worth a permanent place on our bookshelves. It is a pleasure to record the fact that a faithful few have always remembered him, and that in the *Atlantic Monthly* itself there appeared, a couple of years ago, an appreciative review of his novels.

Mr. Trent has prepared himself for his task very carefully and faithfully. He has searched out all the available material, printed or in manuscript, dealing either with Simms's life or his writings. He possessed two great advantages at the outset, — a thorough acquaintance

with American literature, and an intimate knowledge of old-time life in the Southern States. Finally, to a very real and affectionate sympathy with and regard for Simms, a sympathy and regard which his readers are sure in the end to share, he has added a noteworthy clear-sightedness and impartiality of judgment which give his criticisms of men and events a permanent value. He has thus been able to produce a book which stands high even in so excellent a series as that in which it appears, — a series which, in Lounsbury's *Cooper*, has given birth to the best piece of literary biography that has been produced anywhere of recent years.

Simms was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806, and died in 1870. All his literary work which was worth doing was done between 1834 and 1856. Throughout his life his home was in South Carolina, but he made repeated trips to the North and to the Southwest. He traveled and sojourned for months at a time among the Creeks and the Cherokees, and he lived much with the hardy white borderers; he was therefore familiar with Indians and frontiersmen as they really were, knowing both their faults and their virtues. Moreover, he knew well "the wealth of beauty and charm hidden away in the chronicles and traditions of his native State." He had the good sense to see the rich and virgin fields which lay open to him, and he made these fields his own. Of his poems, polemics, and historical and literary essays nothing need be said here. He made his mark in the two series of border and of historical romances. In the former he is not at his best, though in them he gives some valuable sketches of backwoods life, and draws some striking pictures of typical backwoods characters. His really excellent historical romances, such as *The Yemassee* and *The Partisan*, are the works upon which his title to lasting fame must rest. To begin with, these romances possess the

¹ *William Gilmore Simms*. By WILLIAM P. TRENT. [*American Men of Letters*.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

merit of being eminently readable, — no slight virtue, though some modern book-makers apparently look upon it rather in the light of a defect. In the next place, though of course a disciple in the school of Scott and Cooper, he did original work in a line which no one else had taken, and which was well worth taking. His romances dealt with certain picturesque phases of Carolinian history which had fired his imagination. His mind was saturated with the legendary and historical lore of the Carolinas, while he had been born and brought up in the very localities about which he wrote. He was therefore "following out the universal principle of literary art which requires that a man shall write spontaneously and simply about those things he is fullest of and best understands." He tried to charm his readers with a true picture of the deeds and the times by which he had himself been charmed; and he succeeded. He was equally successful in describing the warfare waged by the early colonists against the Indians, and the bitter, harassing struggle between Tarleton's red dragoons and the weather-worn troopers of Marion.

Unfortunately, his faults were many and grave. His natural talents were great, but his education was very defective, and he lived in a society totally devoid of a creative literary atmosphere. He had no idea of such qualities as thoroughness, finish, and self-restraint. His style is hurried and slipshod; many of his passages are wooden or bombastic; and his petulant impatience of criticism forbade his gaining any profit by experience. At one time he was foolish enough to make ventures in the field of European romance, only to meet deserved and dismal failure. Yet, in spite of all these failures and shortcomings, Mr. Trent is right in stating that Simms has fairly won his place among American men of letters.

Of Simms the man Mr. Trent writes

most interestingly. He shows us a brave, dogmatic, generous-hearted man, who went wrong politically, as all his associates did, but who was incapable of a mean or cowardly action; a man of genuine even if misguided patriotism; an indefatigable literary worker; and in the days of sore trial after the war a pathetically courageous spirit, toiling unceasingly, in the teeth of overwhelming disaster, for the welfare of his children and friends; in short, a man who commands our heartiest respect. Mr. Trent realizes that no biography is complete unless not only the man, but his surroundings, are clearly outlined; and he describes very appreciatively, and sometimes humorously, the now utterly vanished life of the old South. He grasps the essential features with remarkable clearness; and his sketch abounds in many interesting details, the letters to and from Beverley Tucker offering a case in point. There are one or two small and unimportant slips: for instance, in one place he seems to confound two of the Bonhams, and occasionally his English is too colloquial; it is difficult to defend the use of such a word as "vim." But these are merely trivial errors.

The most valuable portion of the book is that portraying Simms's relation to the political movements which culminated in the civil war. Mr. Trent strikes his true theme when he writes as a historian; and if he fulfills the promise of this book he will eventually stand in the first rank of our politico-historical writers. He possesses the rare quality of "seeing veracity," as Carlyle phrased it; he knows things as they really are, and recognizes their true significance. He understands that men may believe in a cause with a touching earnestness and sincerity of conviction, and may battle for it with a valor so heroic as to make all their right-thinking opponents doubly proud that they can still call them fellow-countrymen; and that nevertheless this same cause may be historically indefen-

sible. He goes straight to the root of matters, and, in fixing on what really brought about the civil war, he brushes aside with good-humored contempt the cobwebs of childish sophistry which some well-meaning but not over clear-headed writers still persist in trying to spin around the subject. He has far too much common sense, he possesses a mind too well trained in the consideration of historic problems, and he has studied too deeply, to waste his time in seriously discussing such propositions, for instance, as that a battle for human slavery can really be a battle for civil liberty; and he has too keen a sense of humor to pay heed to the re-thrashing of constitutional theories which are now of as little interest as the theses over which the mediæval schoolmen wrangled, or as the seventeenth-century dogmas concerning the divine right of kings.

In sum, Mr. Trent has produced a work of excellent performance, which contains the promise of still better things to follow.

The power which the mind of a great man may impart to the mind of a young man may some day be the subject of investigation in scientific hypnotism. Certain it is that there have been great instructors in the world who seem to have given to their pupils impulses, or ideas, or qualifications, or ambitions, by which the latter have risen into prominence. Certain it is that two of our American colleges, small, obscure, and exceedingly poor in material equipment, have produced beyond their due proportion men possessed of the faculty of becoming prominent, and that these successful men have ascribed their success, with wonderful unanimity, to two great teachers. That is to say, two microscopic specks upon the chart of population, hardly discernible by the unassisted eye, have suddenly thrown off judges, generals, governors, legislators, members of the cabinet, and even Presidents, — not perhaps abstract thinkers or scholars, but

men who have become eminent in contact with other men. It is also noticeable that the greater minds seem to be those which are most deeply impressed by the great teacher. At the beginning of the civil war, Mr. Seward was, we will not say the greatest or wisest of Americans, but certainly the American statesman most prominent in both Europe and America. The boyish exclamation of the Prince of Wales in 1859, "Mr. Seward, I have heard so much of you in England that I am very glad to see you before I leave this country," evidenced the position he had obtained under the most adverse conditions, and in the most trying political period of our history. The graduate of Williams who is best known to his countrymen, and indeed to the world, is, of course, President Garfield; and the lives of these two Americans seem wonderful instances of self-construction. Yet each attributed his success in life to his college president, held him in the greatest reverence, deferred to him, sought his counsel, and warmly declared him to be the greatest, wisest, and best of men.

It is manifest that one who could so profoundly affect the minds and lives of some of the greatest men of our time cannot have the story of his long life fully told in this small volume¹ of the Religious Leaders series. In strictest terms, Dr. Hopkins was not a leader of religious thought. We should reckon as such, Luther, Calvin, Loyola, Knox, the Wesleys, Edwards, Channing, Pusey, Newman, — men who, right or wrong, *led*, and *led* upon *new* religious lines. We might indeed turn back a century in the same family, and properly take Dr. Samuel Hopkins as a leader of religious thought. But the late president of Williams was possessed of a great and contented mind. The fifth chapter of Matthew formulated his theology; and

¹ *Mark Hopkins*. By FRANKLIN CARTER. [American Religious Leaders.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

if all the religious writings in the world had been obliterated save the Gospel of Matthew he would have been the same theologian that he was. The religious leaders of the world have been non-contented men, unsatisfied with theology or religious life as they found it, and have led the way to different and, as they believed, to better things. Dr. Hopkins was a man who feared God and hated iniquity, but he was a man who saw the good in everything that constituted his earthly or spiritual environment. Instead of organizing departures to new religious realms, he planted new germs of religious thought; and the tendency of his nature was to teach men that they already possess, or can possess, all of the spiritual hopes and treasures of the universe, if they will but accept what the great Beneficence has given. Love and duty were the two great elements of his theology as of his life and character; and his theological instruction may be analyzed by saying that it was to teach the individual man to open his heart to the impulses of the one, and to direct his eyes to the pathway of the other.

The extraordinary contentedness of Dr. Hopkins's nature, and his absolute submission, as it may be termed, to love and duty, may be seen in the manner and methods by which he solved the problem of his own life. Given a young physician, appointed professor of moral philosophy and rhetoric at the age of twenty-eight, elected president of a poor and poorly managed college in a remote mountain hamlet at the age of thirty-four, the college for thirty years never far from the verge of insolvency, — with such gigantic improbabilities of success, what would the ordinary solution be? Undoubtedly, the aspiring young professor would take the first "better place" that came in his way, and leave the insolvent college to take care of itself. Familiar as we are with the life of Dr. Hopkins, we confess to astonishment at the number of "better places" that beck-

oned him away. In 1844 it was Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; in 1847 it was Andover; in 1850 it was the chancellorship of the University of New York; again, in 1850, it was the Union Theological Seminary; in 1851 the Mercer Street Church in New York; in 1852 the presidency of the University of Michigan; in 1853 a church in Philadelphia; in 1858 the Chicago Theological Seminary. But Williams College needed him, and he no more thought of abandoning it than of abandoning his children. A good workman does not find fault with his tools. In the struggles of the struggling college he rose to eminence, and had at his feet some of the greatest and best of our time and country.

Dr. Hopkins was one of those men whose lives it is not easy to portray. We are often confounded, in the records of human nature, by finding much where we expected little, and by finding nothing where we expected much. General Sheridan, subjectively the most reserved and reticent of our generals, for a long time refused to write his own life, and indeed began by having somebody write it in the third person; yet we do not recall another autobiography of a great soldier which so unconsciously takes the reader into the inmost recesses of the writer's confidence, into his hopes and apprehensions, into his petulance and diffidence. Dr. Hopkins was frank and genial, sympathetic and unreserved; yet his writings portray his thoughts, and not his life. The death of his daughter was the great, the incomparable bereavement and sorrow of his life. She was his first-born, his companion, critic, counselor, and friend. Knowing the anguish which shook him as he saw her going, day by day, down the sharp decline of her last illness, and the wonderful tenderness and sympathetic nature of the man, it is inconceivable to us that in less than a fortnight he could have written of the affliction to his oldest and most intimate friend, and have said absolutely nothing

of himself. "I have known no one who seemed to me to come nearer to my conception of a saint," is all that escapes from the wounded heart of the father as expressive of his individual loss. It seems as if a writer, to depict his life or himself graphically to other men, must have the element of egotism, consciously or unconsciously, as a large ingredient of his nature. This ingredient was not in Dr. Hopkins. As a matter of judgment, he knew accurately what he could do and what he could not do, and to his mind, to use one of his own phrases, "that was all there was of it." A great address on a great occasion never took away his appetite or disturbed his night's rest. When pressed by his children or his friends to write the story of his early life, he could say, in all sincerity, "Pooh! I went to school and to college, as other boys did, and studied medicine, and was called to a professorship here, and that was all there was of it."

He moved in a calm, leisurely, deliberate way, yet performed an immense amount of work. During the six months in which he wrote his work on the Evidences of Christianity he preached every Sunday, conducted college prayers at least once a day, heard two recitations a day, and carried on the correspondence and much of the administrative work of the college. His house was the hostelry for college visitors. His study door was never locked. By nature he was a student and thinker, a philosopher; but he was strong physically, mentally, morally, courageous, cool, and ready, and he could have been anything, — a general, a judge, an eminent lawyer, an eminent statesman, — anything but a physician. It is an extraordinary fact that, like one of the greatest of American lawyers, Horace Binney, and one of the greatest of American jurists, Mr. Justice Miller, he chose for his work in life this profession for which he was not fitted. Two of these three were diverted from the path which they had chosen,

each by other influences than his own judgment; the third rose to distinction in two professions, and to eminence on the bench of the highest judicial tribunal in the world.

The work of President Carter may be defined as being the exact opposite of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. It consists of one small octavo volume; it is one of a religious series; it deals chiefly with the thoughts of a great thinker as expressed in his written words. Within these limitations President Carter, we think, has done his work well. The greater portion of Dr. Hopkins's writings relates to three abstruse subjects, — mental philosophy, moral philosophy, and the deepest currents of religious thought. Such writings may not be hard to understand, but they are easy to be misunderstood. To handle them intelligently, and to bring the views of such a writer clearly within the vision of the ordinary reader, of the readers of this series, and to do so in the brief space allowed, is no easy task for a biographer. In a word, the book places before the reader clearly and comprehensively, if not fully, the thoughts of the man, but not the man. The anecdotes are few, the traits indistinct, the personality meagre. The chapter entitled *The Friend* is made up entirely of letters from Dr. Hopkins, and they are letters to a single individual, and relate almost entirely to a single theme, — the literary work of the two men. Of the events in the chapter on the College Rebellion President Carter was an eye-witness; he there drops into the character of annalist, and it is the most *living* chapter in the book. In the intellectual fields — the ethical, metaphysical, and theological — President Carter's lines are clear and strong. His delineation of the views of Dr. Hopkins, of their growth, development, and perhaps modification, is admirable. The student of other days will find not only that the book revives memories, but that it discloses views which he did not then

truly perceive. The reader who acquires his first knowledge or impressions from it will understand why it was that so unobtrusive a man was such a force among thinking men, and will perceive the strength, sincerity, and simplicity which were the chief elements of his nature. President Carter has shown, with commendable disapproval, how the office of president is changing, in our American colleges, from a moral and intellectual to an administrative power; and not the least interesting portions of the book are those which show his own growth in respect and appreciation from the time when he entered the college, a "thoughtless boy," to the time when, as the president of Williams College, he delivered the affecting eulogy at the funeral services of his teacher, friend, and predecessor.

But the students of Williams, and the great army of the American Board, and

missionaries in foreign lands, and scholars in mental and moral science have been supposing, in a vague way, that there was a Boswell lying in wait through this long life to record the humorous stories, witty rejoinders, shrewd incisive thrusts, the serene wisdom, and the hardly spoken admonitions of a great and good man. The Boswell is not here. If he exists, he has given no sign. Nevertheless, while the most we know, biographically, of Dr. Hopkins is seen through the cold medium of an intellectual atmosphere, the radiance of his lofty and tender character is felt, if not portrayed. Mr. Lowell, with the insight of poetic genius, perceived the fact when he wrote, "His personal character is a *possession* valued by all his countrymen;" and, in the words of one of the ablest governors of Massachusetts, we may still "claim his long life as a glorious part of our moral public riches."

A DICTIONARY OF HYMNOLOGY.

WHETHER hymns have a place in literature has been frequently questioned, perhaps generally doubted. Dr. Johnson's objection to devotional lyrics, if rather confident than well considered, availed to set the current of opinion. Matthew Arnold, who avoided sacred themes no more in his verse than in his prose, professed "very little sympathy" with the provision offered in the hymn books. The critics, and literary folk generally, have maintained this unfriendly estimate, with an exception in favor of Latin hymns, or some of them. Distance lends enchantment, and perhaps that which is enshrined in a dead language, and yet has managed to keep itself in view for several centuries, is entitled to vastly more honor than any corresponding efforts in the vernacular; yet

if the Dies Iræ and the Stabat Mater be admitted within the gardens of the Muse, why should the modest claims of Rock of Ages or Lead, Kindly Light be denied consideration?

The question is cumbered by the facts that hymns have a double character, and that many which make but the scantiest pretense to poetic grace have been valued and used for their religious quality. But that the entrance of this element necessarily involves the exclusion of the other is surely a large assumption. Recent researches have disclosed in the hymns of the Greek Church (though nobody but Dr. Neale has succeeded in translating them) beauties not inferior to those found in the canticles of Bernard and Adam of St. Victor. Some of the German songs of faith, if not yet classical, are in a way

to become so, dating back to the early years of the Reformation; and one would think twice before assigning the importance of *Ein Feste Burg* solely to its historical associations. England, it is true, began much later, if we count out her somewhat wheezy and rheumatic psalm versions; so that Watts and Wesley may be esteemed parvenus beside Luther and Notker and John of Damascus. But its age is not the only point to be considered in a hymn, and within the last century or so Great Britain has made up for lost time, and come in a good second to long-industrious Germany. The other northern lands of Europe have also a record of their own, and France and Italy have done something.

All these various portions of the hymnic field are duly considered by Mr. Julian, whose work,¹ though he keeps a careful eye upon the lyrics "contained in the hymn books of English-speaking countries and now in common use," aims to be comprehensive, if not exhaustive. He and his co-workers, especially his indefatigable assistant editor, Mr. Mearns, were not the men to disregard the pre-Reformation era of hymnody, or to slight what has been done in former ages and foreign lands. Previous treatises have been tolerably sufficient guides for those whose interest was confined to a single hymnal, like Dr. Hatfield's *Hymns of the Church* or Dr. Robinson's *Laudes Domini*, or to the two dozen British collections covered by Miller's *Singers and Songs*; but until now no volume or series of volumes ever attempted such a range as this work. It would require a careful specialist to point out any hymns or writers that are not included here, and then the omitted topics would usually be recent, probably American, and of very slight importance. Not only has the intention been to take in everything note-

worthy, without regard to nationality, creed, or sect, but this design has been carried out thus far with amazing industry and eminent success. No labor has been spared to get light from all quarters, to shed it on remote and dubious dark places, to correct the errors of earlier investigators, and to fill up the wide and numerous gaps they left. The filling up of gaps, indeed, has been a main part of the business; but it has not interfered with the exposure of blunders and the withdrawal of misplaced credits.

For instance, "the most complete and popular account of Latin hymn writers and their hymns" in English up to 1889 is here (page 1526) said to be the posthumous work of S. W. Duffield, enriched by the additions of Professor R. E. Thompson. Now, Mr. Duffield laid great stress on certain discoveries of his own, especially the transference of *Veni Sancte Spiritus* from Robert II. of France to Hermannus Contractus of Reichenau. On page 1213 we are told that he "altogether fails to produce anything that can be called proof in support of his assertions and conjectures,"—which indeed was apparent at the time,—and on page 1531 that "the manuscripts at St. Gall and at the British Museum were not examined by Duffield, and are much older and more important than any of those with which he was acquainted." On page 1526 two lines are added as to the qualities which led the American student so far astray. The hymn (page 1214) "is certainly neither by Robert II. nor by Hermannus Contractus. The most probable author is Innocent III."

This is merely a sample. One may be vexed at having, through the peculiar construction of the book, to look up a single subject in two or three different places, but a diligent study of the indices will point the way to these; and if the

¹ *A Dictionary of Hymnology*. Setting forth the Origin and History of Christian Hymns of all Ages and Nations. Edited by JOHN

JULIAN, M. A., Vicar of Winebank, Sheffield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

matter be important (especially if it be a Latin or German text), the reader, after hunting far enough, will usually get all he wants about it, and may be sure that research has said its last word on that topic.

Mr. Julian has earned the respect of scholars by the abundant attention here bestowed on the more classical portion of his field. Not only is every important Latin hymn annotated by itself, but there are long and learned articles on Latin Hymnody (fifteen pages), Translations from the Latin, Breviaries (ten pages), Hymnaries, Sequences (twelve pages), the *Te Deum* (fifteen pages), and other special subjects. These are from several pens, and include lists which must be supposed to be exhaustive. The Greek material is handled with equal fullness (considering its lesser extent as known in the West), chiefly by the Rev. H. L. Bennett. The huge German field has been looked after by Mr. Mearns, to whose marvelous knowledge few native Germans could add anything, and whose minute and careful handling of his diligently accumulated and arranged stores leaves nothing to be desired. He is a Scotchman, and now a curate in Bucks. The only other hands that have been allowed to touch his chosen province are those of Dr. Schaff, in a brief survey of the whole Germanic field, and the Rev. J. T. Mueller, of Hernhut, who supplies authoritative papers on the Bohemian Brethren and the Moravians.

For cosmopolite scholars all this is admirable. The plain Englishman or American, who takes his hymns in the vernacular, loves them for their uses and associations, and has hitherto known but a few thousand of them, may be moved to complain that here is too heavy a preponderance of foreign or ancient matter. Two or three hundred Latin and German lyrics, he will be apt to say, and some dozen from the Greek, have been rendered into our books and won a place in our hearts; for the rest of them,

"What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?" From his point of view, it looks as if the native English field had not received proportionate attention. He is at a loss where to look for old friends, among this multitude of strangers; and when he finds them, they — or some of them — look dwarfed, neglected, and out of countenance, as if they had been thrust aside in the crowd, and robbed of part of their due honors.

We fear this supposed charge has some foundation in the facts. Not as to the longer articles; those on Early English Hymnody and that of the Church of England are proportionate to the Latin and German ones, and those which deal with the Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Unitarians, etc., appear sufficient. Scottish writers (apart from the paraphrasers) receive more than twelve pages from the loving and all-gathering hands of Mr. Mearns, and there is a unique paper, the longest in the book, on the hymnic history of foreign missions, which are almost solely those conducted by Britons. Enough space is given to Dr. Watts, the Wesleys, Dr. Neale, and others of eminent fame, but minor writers of at least former repute and usefulness, not yet forgotten by their beneficiaries, are often coldly and narrowly handled, so that no account seems taken of their personality; to get the facts about them, one must, in some cases, go back to Miller and other books of far less scope and accuracy than this. One is tempted to ask, Would they have been treated thus if they had written in German or in Latin?

To this and other obvious criticisms there is an obvious if partial answer. The book is what it purports to be: a dictionary, not a collection of anecdotes; a history of hymns, and only incidentally of their authors, — therefore much more bibliographic than biographic; caring greatly for texts, dates, and titles, slightly for weddings and funerals; a

vast storehouse of literary facts, with a minimum of casual comment; in intent scientific rather than popular, designed for reference, not for continuous perusal, — hence addressed to the head chiefly. The reader may draw his moral sentiments himself, and find edification in abundance elsewhere. If these traits be disappointing to some, they will gratify others, and are a part of the Dictionary plan. If the arrangement (as already hinted) be somewhat confused, irregular, and inconvenient, with its appendices and multiplied indices, one must remember that the work grew upon its builders' hands. If the style be sometimes slovenly and awkward, the editor had too much to do to polish all his sentences, or those for which he leaves the credit to his contributors: the labor of revision was heavy, his was the directing mind, and many hundreds of articles had to be done over again. If the criticism sometimes misses the mark, as when a rival dignitary says that Dean Stanley's

"taste and felicity of diction seem to desert him when he is writing verse," the reader who thinks differently can make his own mental note. Both England and America are free countries, and those who find their favorite authors unjustly used here, or some topics scrappily and incompetently handled, may retain their prior opinions without blame. In short, the encyclopædist cannot always be also a stylist and an acute thinker. No human judgment is infallible, no work of man can attain perfection at all points; certainly this one has not done it. Defective as it may be on its intellectual and literary side, it is such a treasury of information about the hymns of all lands and ages as we have not had before, and a monument of laborious zeal in collecting and tabulating minute facts in a field hitherto imperfectly tilled, and which we venture to consider in some sense a field at least appertaining to the huge farm of literature.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Travel and Outdoor Life. Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator, by Edward Whymper. (Scribners.) Mr. Whymper is a veteran mountaineer, and, like men who have a passion for high altitudes, he cast about for a special reason for making his next trip. Nothing so whets the appetite for climbing as the search for some bug, or plant, or glacial phenomenon, or what not. Mr. Whymper had debated the question whether or no there was such a thing as mountain sickness, and what its actual conditions were. He was prevented from going to the Himalayas or the highest Andes, so he went to Ecuador, and spent several months on Chimborazo and other poetical peaks. He accomplished his errand, but it must not be supposed that he perpetually discusses the subject of mountain sickness. Not at all. That was a mere excuse

for his journey, and the reader gets a lively account of Mr. Whymper's experience, with admirable pictures and a running description of such fauna and flora as came in his way. The book will have fascination for climbers. — *Equatorial America, Descriptive of a Visit to St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbadoes, and the Principal Capitals of South America*, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Houghton.) Mr. Ballou lingers among the West Indies, and then circumnavigates South America, touching at the principal places, but not going very far inland. He records personal impressions, and occasionally gives brief statistics or comments upon the political, commercial, and social life with which he comes in contact. — *The Spanish-American Republics*, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) The first impression produced by this book is of its

pictorial value, since its great variety of illustrations gives to the eye a quick notion of the external features of the countries and inhabitants. The letterpress gives at first the same impression, and is marked by animated observation and agreeable narrative; but the reader discovers that the author sees below the surface, and is intent on bringing to light some of the underlying elements of this strange compound of barbarism and civilization. Mr. Child is an acute observer, and writes as a man of the world who does not mistake appearances for realities. — *The Mediterranean Shores of America, or The Climatic, Physical, and Meteorological Conditions of Southern California*, by P. C. Remondino, M. D. (The F. A. Davis Co., Philadelphia.) The range of climate in Southern California is indicated by six well-marked divisions; hence the necessity of a clear understanding of the needs of the patient, and an intelligent perception of the different phases of climate, in order to make the punishment fit the crime. This work is an abridged handbook, designed chiefly for the invalid, but containing also a variety of information about the several sections of the country, and a number of pictures, among them one of a man a hundred and ten years old, whose figure and countenance are a warning to those who give up the pleasure of dying in their prime by living in Southern California. — *Across the Plains, with Other Memories and Essays*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) The title essay recounts Mr. Stevenson's experience in traveling from New York to San Francisco in 1879 by an emigrant train, and afterward he describes his sojourn at Monterey. *Fontainebleau: Village Communities of Painters* follows, and nine other papers of a miscellaneous character fill out the dozen numbers. The only thread on which they are strung is the shining thread of Stevenson's genius, which is at play here in its light, idle fashion. — *Glimpses of Nature*, by Andrew Wilson. (Harpers.) A collection of science jottings, originally contributed to the *Illustrated London News* by a scientist of standing, who brings his large knowledge to bear upon a great variety of topics capable of brief notice, such as lobsters, oysters, starfishes, dandelion down, the mistletoe bough, flies, the tongue and speech, a corner of Kent, and the like. — *The Rescue of*

an Old Place, by Mary Caroline Robbins. (Houghton.) A score or more of chapters relating the experience of the buyer of a neglected spot on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. The place was a small one; everything was on a minute scale except the zeal and ingenuity of the restorer. The charm of the book is in the graceful manner in which the little place is gradually built up before the imagination; and the very modesty of the experiment attracts the reader, who sees that the materials from which all this beauty grows were of common, and not exceptional sort. The style is winning, and the pretty book ought to awaken a desire in many to go and do likewise. — *Little Brothers of the Air*, by Olive Thorne Miller. (Houghton.) Readers of *The Atlantic* need only to be reminded of Mrs. Miller's characteristics as a narrator of bird life. She is after the individual bird, and an opera-glass is her deadliest weapon. No one has written more precisely and more affectionately of this and that winged creature, and the studies which lie at the basis of her description are so patiently and steadily conducted that one comes to have as much confidence in Mrs. Miller's accuracy as he has unflagging interest in her charming narratives. — *Wood Notes Wild, Notations of Bird Music*, by Simeon Pease Cheney. (Lee & Shepard.) Mr. Cheney was a singing-master, who spent the spare moments in the last few years of a long life in collecting and noting down the bird songs of New England. His enthusiasm is delightful, and the text, which is a running comment on the birds and their music, is fresh, unconventional, and hearty. The book is edited by Mr. Cheney's son, John Vance Cheney.

Fiction. *A Fellowe and his Wife*, by Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp. (Houghton.) A very skillfully constructed story. The theme is simple. A man and his wife are separated by the passion of the wife for art, which leads her to study in Italy, while he remains on his estate in north Germany. A correspondence ensues which supposes entire confidence between the two; so much so that the wife unconsciously betrays her peril through a net of intrigue woven about her. Her art blinds her to the danger she is in, and at the same time makes the danger real. The whole narrative is conducted by the corre-

spondence, and though in the most dramatic portions this vehicle is strained to carry the action, there is no outrageous departure from probability, and the device permits the story to avoid mere incident in the culminating passages, and centre upon the relations of these two persons to each other. The scheme excites one's admiration the more that Mr. Sharp writes all the letters of the wife, and Miss Howard all those of the husband. — In the new and revised edition of William Black's novels (Harpers) a recent number is *A Princess of Thule*. The freshness which made Black's early novels so attractive to novel-readers does not vanish when one returns to them. It is perhaps most noticeable after one has been reading the more jaded novels which have done service under his name of late. Another volume in the same series is his lively and provocative *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*. — *Grania, the Story of an Island*, by Hon. Emily Lawless. (Macmillan.) One of the islands of Arran — Inishmaan — is the scene of this story. It is a faithful, if rather sombre, picture of Irish fisher-life, well written, and with a real love and appreciation for the wilder aspects of nature — and of human nature. The exigencies of the final situation demanded perhaps the sacrifice of the heroine, although it would have been well if the dull and somewhat monotonous picture could have been lightened rather than deepened at the close. But the book is worth reading, and vastly better than the average novel. — *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani*, by Henry B. Fuller. (The Century Co.) A reissue of a little book which is well worth its prettier dress. The charm of the style is somewhat elusive, and doubtless to some readers the book teases rather than charms; but the half-serious, half-mocking tone is too consistent and persistent to be regarded as an affectation. How well it will wear it is impossible to tell, but here is an individual note struck firmly and delicately. The matter of the book is partially concealed by the style, but the writer has not traveled, observed, and reflected in vain. — *The Three Fates*, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) The three seem in turn to be the arbiters of George Wood's destiny, and Mr. Crawford has set his pieces and played them against each other with a cool, dispassionate skill which assures the reader

that his confidence in this author will not be misplaced. — *Roger Hunt*, by Celia Parker Woolley. (Houghton.) A story in which a man, unhappily married, leaves his wife in an inebriate asylum, and seeks redress by taking to himself another woman. The moral of the tale is the misery which follows upon a selfish consideration of happiness. The writer has written with careful attention to details, but always with an eye upon the issue of the whole matter. — *Cecilia de Noël*, by Lanoe Falconer. (Macmillan.) This story, not too long to read at one sitting, has some really admirable character-drawing, and the treatment of the supernatural shows both originality and force. There is undoubtedly a monotony in the regularly expected and regularly recurring appearances of the ghost; but as the mission of the lost spirit is to show the true quality of the mortals visited, this does not matter greatly. "Lanoe Falconer's" style is so bright and graphic, and generally so good, that we the more regret certain small faults, notably her persistent use of the word *like* for *as*. In this, and in nothing else, she continually reminds us of the late Mrs. Henry Wood.

Biography. *Recollections of a Happy Life; Being the Autobiography of Marianne North*. Edited by her Sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. In two volumes. (Macmillan.) Miss North, an English lady of high connection, daughter of a member of Parliament, when her father died, in 1870, began a series of wanderings which took in a large part of the world, and continued for a score of years, until her death carried her off to another world, where her cheerful, investigating spirit may happily be engaged on another series of adventures. In the last years of her life, Miss North, drawing apparently from her journals, wrote out the recollections of her life, and the reader may travel comfortably, with a most enjoyable companion, to India, South Africa, Australasia, Brazil, Japan, the Pacific coast, and Boston and its neighborhood. Miss North's passion was for flowers and plants. She was an indefatigable botanist, and drew and painted what she saw. There is something delightful in the picture of this sturdy English dame going up and down the world with her box of water colors, her sketchbook, and her plant-press; meeting interesting

people, keeping her eyes open for all the beauties of nature, and scrambling over the difficulties of travel with a buoyant spirit, careless of petty annoyances. We hope Mrs. Symonds has had the help of judicious friends in other parts of her work; the pages relating to America have a number of petty errors, which do not detract from the solid worth of the book, yet are needless. — *The Life of Father Hecker*, by Rev. Walter Elliott. (The Columbus Press, New York.) An interesting addition to our knowledge of the movement known as Transcendentalism in New England. Father Hecker was a member of the Brook Farm community and of Fruitlands, but entered the Roman Catholic Church about the same time as Brownson. This volume is very full as to the period, the material being drawn from Father Hecker's diaries and letters. Of his later life as the founder of the Paulist society the details are somewhat less than we could ask. Some space is taken up with the internal conflict which accompanied the formation of the society, and the reader has many opportunities of becoming acquainted with Father Hecker's brusque, energetic spirit; but there is a lack of proportion and coherence in the latter part of the volume which makes the book somewhat troublesome reading. It is interesting to note the effect of a religious brotherhood in cultivating hero-worship. — A second and enlarged edition of *Helen Keller* has been issued by the Volta Bureau of Washington. The additions consist of the extremely interesting account of the supposed plagiarism by the child in one of her stories. The investigation brought to light a far more fundamental fact, which is clear as day when once recognized, namely, that Helen has an extraordinary faculty for receiving and appropriating language, and that in making use of it afterward she employs it as she would any instrument placed in her hands, entirely regardless of its origin; her memory is for phrases and sentiments, and, deprived as she is of sight, hearing, and natural speech, she does not associate this language with the place, time, or circumstances of its delivery to her. The whole narrative is most affecting and inspiring, and in nothing more than in the transformation of the child after a true vent had been found for her pent-up nature. — *Pitt*, by Lord Rosebery. Twelve English

Statesmen Series. (Macmillan.) Though this memoir is hardly such a masterpiece as the author's enthusiastic admirers would have us believe, it is full of cleverness, is steadily readable, and, viewed as the work of a non-professional writer, exceedingly well written. The candor and justness of its tone are strikingly shown in the comments on Pitt's career as a war minister, and the treatment of the still vexed question of his Irish policy. It is a noteworthy and indeed an impressive fact, when one remembers the persistent and virulent abuse with which the great Tory statesman was assailed by his political adversaries, even for a full generation after his death, that today his Liberal biographer has, in his eloquent summing up, only unstinted praise for the leader, than whom he finds in all history "no more patriotic spirit, none more intrepid, and none more pure." — *Queen Elizabeth*, by Edward Spencer Beesley. Twelve English Statesmen Series. (Macmillan.) Considering that the life of Elizabeth not only abounds in personal interest, but also necessarily comprises the annals of forty-five of the richest, fullest years in English history, we find this little book a marvel of well-proportioned condensation. Professor Beesley writes with admirable impartiality, showing neither temper nor prejudice even when discussing the religious questions of the time and the tragedy of the rival queens. The characteristics of each of these most remarkable women are drawn with a few vigorous, incisive touches, and nowhere does the author more conspicuously show his intelligent and easy mastery of his subject than in the lines of these portraits which differ from the ordinary historic conventions. — *Sir Philip Sidney*, by H. R. Fox Bourne. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnam's.) Mr. Fox Bourne has recast and largely rewritten his excellent memoir, published twenty years ago, to fit it for its place in this series. For this reason, too, we suppose, he shows Sidney more as the courtier, man of affairs, and soldier than as the author of *Arcadia* and of some of the sweetest love-sonnets in the language, though this side of his character is by no means neglected. We feel anew the undying charm of the man who surely deserves to be considered, in the highest sense of that much-abused word, the typical gentleman of our race, and whose greatness,

notwithstanding all his accomplishments, all his share in the many-sided life of his time, was the greatness of character rather than of achievement. The illustrations are numerous and very well selected, though they vary in merit, after the manner of process plates.

Literature and Criticism. Two recent numbers of the Knickerbocker Nuggets Series (Putnams) are Johnson's *Rasselas* and Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*. Could two more delightfully opposite specimens of fiction be found? Contrast and comparison are constantly suggested by a consideration of the two isolations of happiness. — Three volumes of the Dilettante Library (Macmillan) are, Goethe by Oscar Browning, Dante by the same author, and Ibsen by Philip Wicksteed. The two former are expansions of articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The third is in the form of four lectures, and is an honest, thoughtful effort to reach a solution of Ibsen's philosophy rather than to philosophize upon his art. — *Tales and Legends of National Origin, or Widely Current in England from Early Times*, with Critical Introductions by W. C. Hazlitt. (Macmillan.) Under the head, successively, of Supernatural, Feudal and Forest, Romantic, Descriptive, and Humorous Legends, Mr. Hazlitt tells such stories as *Friar Bacon*, *Robin Hood*, *Whittington*, and *The Miller and the Tailor*. Sometimes he has recourse to an original form, sometimes he modernizes, and sometimes he turns verse, particularly ballad verse, into prose. His introductions are designed to account for the spirit of the stories, and he rarely troubles the reader with specific information as to the sources of his material. The book is of little value to the scientific student of folk lore, and would be more interesting to the general reader if Mr. Hazlitt were at once more scholarly and more graceful as a *raconteur*. It is a convenient medley, however. — *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, by G. Bernard Shaw. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) Mr. Shaw gives analyses of the several plays, and prefaces the whole with some fifty pages, in which he undertakes to clear the way by a general discussion of the grounds of conduct, especially as exemplified by modern criticism. It is not quite clear what his own conviction is as to the basis of conduct, but it appears to be "ag'in' the government."

Art. *L'Art* (Macmillan) for February 15 and March 1 has illustrated papers on the Chicago exhibition, and critical studies of Delaunay and Henriquel. — *American Architecture, Studies by Montgomery Schuyler*. (Harpers.) This handsome book is made up of papers on the so-called Queen Anne style of building, on the Vanderbilt houses, the Brooklyn bridge as a monument, Mr. Richardson's plans for Albany Cathedral, and a survey of architecture in the West. The volume is prefaced by the reprint of an address given before the Association of Builders, called (with the flattery of imitation) "The Point of View." In spite of its somewhat pretentious form, the book has an air of being made up of spoken or hastily written addresses. The papers are a little over-technical in matter for the popular reader, and too popular in the manner of presentation for the serious student, — Mr. Schuyler's style being profuse and overloaded, and obscure in proportion. But the short paper on the Brooklyn Bridge as a Monument seems to us valuable, and *Glimpses of Western Architecture* is worth reading. A word should be said of the profusion of admirable illustrations which elucidate the essays, although the abomination of highly glazed paper prevents the reader from looking at the pictures or reading the text with comfort. — *Jules Bastien-Lepage and his Art*. (Macmillan.) This volume, which seems needlessly clumsy, contains first a *Memoir*, by André Theuriot; then a criticism, *Jules Bastien-Lepage as Artist*, by George Clausen; a paper on *Modern Realism in Painting*, by Walter Sickert; and *A Study of Marie Bashkirtseff*, by Mathilde Blind. The matter first to attract the eye, and over which one is likely to linger longest, is the group of illustrations from the works of Bastien-Lepage, together with a copy of St. Gaudens's bas-relief and two or three pictures by Marie Bashkirtseff. M. Theuriot's sketch is full of color, and contains in addition some interesting bits from the artist's talk and letters. The book is not all eulogy, for Mr. Sickert, in his paper, undertakes to set forth the limitations of Bastien-Lepage, which he does in a somewhat dogmatic fashion. — *Dawn of Art in the Ancient World, an Archaeological Sketch*, by W. M. Conway. (Macmillan.) An interesting group of essays treating in

some detail the early art of Egypt, Assyria, Chaldæa, Phœnicia, with a view to determining the ideals and the first movements of early civilization ; for throughout the volume Mr. Conway regards art as a function of social and religious history. The suggestions of the sketch are of most service to those who have acquired unrelated knowledge in the specific directions followed by the author.

Education. The Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1888-89 (Government Printing Office, Washington) is contained in two octavo volumes. It is for the most part a mass of classified statistics, but the commissioner has taken advantage of the special reports to present some of the results in more general terms. What he has to say of the relations of the schools to the colleges is guarded and judicious. His comments on the development of the university are much to the point. — In Heath's Modern Language Series, Victor Hugo's *Hernani* is edited by John E. Matzke. The introduction sketches rapidly the French theatre of the eighteenth century and the Romantic drama, of which Hugo is the great master, the versification, the story of *Hernani*, and the occasion of its first representation, when it caused such a commotion among the Classicists. — *Burke's Speeches on the American War, and Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol, with Introduction and Notes* by A. J. George. (Heath.) A convenient textbook. Mr. George's work is confined to excerpts from writers on Burke, suggestions as to study, and brief notes.

Sociology. *Darkness and Daylight, or Lights and Shadows of New York Life*, by Mrs. Helen Campbell. (A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.) Mrs. Campbell contributes the greater part of the material in this book, but there are also two considerable sections by Colonel T. W. Knox and Inspector Byrnes. The general scheme is to lay bare the concealed side of city life, and that aspect of crime and poverty which is not obvious to the casual observer. The lights in the picture are chiefly the efforts made for regeneration by persons and organizations, though there is comparatively slight reference to the noble work done specifically by the churches. The shades, however, form the principal elements in the picture of city life, and a forlorn, miserable procession of rogues and wretches passes before the eye of the reader. The writers have used excellent judgment in keeping clear of the sensational, and especially in the treatment of sensual vice. The book ought to do something toward informing country people of the perils of the darker side of city life. It is such a survey as is likely to be read, for it is not encumbered with statistics, and is plentifully lightened by anecdote. The book is very abundantly illustrated, and the reader remarks how inevitably art, even when photographic, manages to give a picturesque quality to the most squalid conditions, except as connected with human faces. Streets, buildings, ruins in the low quarters, all have a touch of interest and attractiveness ; the ruined faces of men and women alone are unrelieved by art.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Impression of Walt Whitman.

ONE of the most familiar of figures in print and picture, everywhere well known or easily taken for granted, Walt Whitman was also personally most accessible ; it was part of his conception of the high office of poet to be so ; and there are many among us who have seen and spoken with him, many who have had far greater opportunities than I of knowing and estimating him. In writing these lines to the Club, I am conscious of

having little in the way of fact or criticism to add to this knowledge, and no claim either of literary authority or of personal intimacy to pronounce his *éloge*. I saw him but twice or thrice ; on one occasion spending a few hours in his company, in a conversation that was impressive and memorable to me. But alas for the lacunes of memory ! I made no record of the talk, and much that he said has gone from me. The impression remains. Perhaps an at-

tempt to define it may fit in with some twilight talk of the dead poet ; perhaps I may slip my pebble between the larger stones of his cairn.

It was a warm Sunday noon, late in the summer of 1883, when two of us went to dine at a suburban house where Walt Whitman was a frequent guest, and was then staying for a few days. Warmth and sunshine were outside, shadow and coolness within, with perfect Sabbath quiet. The table was set for four, and I, the youngest of the party and the sole representative of my sex, had for my *vis-à-vis* the ample figure of the poet clad in light gray linen, his wide rolling shirt collar and long white hair and beard framing the massive, kindly face. He gave the keynote of the conversation, bearing his full share therein, but never monopolizing it ; talking with perfect courteousness, and with a simplicity and sincerity which set his listeners at ease, and made sincerity easy, and in fact the only attitude possible in the reply. What struck me, in his conversation, was first his readiness to talk and to hear of everything, his wide curiosity and sympathy ; and next, the flavor of it, the unity, which seemed to come, not from a stock of opinions, but out of a nature harmoniously adjusted to limitations which fitted it loosely and easily, as the ample linen suit fitted his large frame.

The conversation at first drifted back to war times, Whitman telling of some hospital experiences and interviews with Lincoln ; the other gentlemen adding bits of reminiscence, and discussing with him various incidents and accompaniments of the struggle. We talked, too, of the state of affairs in the South, and its regrettable but ever-lessening separation from the interests and life of the rest of the country. Of course we soon got upon the open-sea topic of human life, the puzzle and mystery of it, the question what should be made of it. The poet maintained that the physical life was nowadays too much neglected ; that between an attention to material and extraneous interests, on the one hand, and a conventional exaltation of the mental aspects, on the other, we were driving the physical to the wall ; as if life, this wonderful, mysterious life, were not primarily a physical phenomenon. To my objection that a perfect physical life was denied to many, and that nature seemed to bring about a sort of

balance or provide a compensation in the fact that many persons, physically defective or suffering, had developed deep mental or spiritual insight, gaining through their very loss, he replied : " Yes, that is beautiful, but it is only compensation for loss ; and after all, is anything so beautiful as a whole, complete life, lived after natural laws, and preserving into old age its health and its power ? " He went on to speak of the comparative rarity of a healthful, serene old age, such as ought to be the crown of every life, and asked, " How many examples do we see of it ? " I mentioned a name that had more than once come to my mind, as we talked, — Victor Hugo. He said, " His is a fine old age," but spoke with little warmth, and added that it was a pity Victor Hugo was not truer and less bombastic.

The conversation turned on poetry. Walt Whitman said : " I envy Homer. I envy him that first strong impression of things. To him it was a new heaven and a new earth. Every poet since Homer has been at a disadvantage, has had to see and feel and describe what had all been seen and felt and described before." Every poet, he went on to say, had to go back as nearly as possible to that position, to see things at first hand ; that his greatness as a poet depended on his power of thus going back to the great elements of life, of seeing the world as a new world, and recreating it in words that were true, fresh, and direct. He spoke of Wordsworth as a poet who had dealt too much with the secondary aspects, with nature as viewed from the standpoint of a complicated human experience, and said, " Bryant is one of my favorites ; " adding that Bryant was never great, and was often monotonous, but that his way of looking at nature was simple and healthful, and more direct than Wordsworth's. I could not help thinking that his application of the principle was defective in that the simplicity he cited was perhaps more or less of an imitative character, while the poet to whom he referred as subtle had struck deeper, through whatever indirection, to the heart of things. He spoke of the pleasure of finding in Bryant allusions to those common objects of American landscape which we know and love.

After dinner I was alone with Walt Whitman for a few moments on the piazza.

He began to explain to me, kindly and carefully, as if fearful lest they should have been misunderstood, his remarks on the relation of the physical and mental life; saying in substance that the life of the soul was the highest end, but that to that end the most perfect equilibrium was essential, the physical having its great part in the development of the ideal. There had been no misunderstanding of his words on my part, and no contradiction, save of the accidental kind which occurs in the movement of conversation when we bring in facts or suggestions without measuring exactly their relation to what has preceded. It was not a point to contradict. If the physical is not with us in our higher aims, it is fearfully against us.

A drive was proposed for the late afternoon, and in the mean time Walt Whitman disappeared for an hour to take a nap. We sat on the piazza till he joined us again, when he recurred to some talk that we had had at dinner, apropos of optimism and pessimism. He had affirmed the former creed, and I had protested against too entire an optimism, because of the possibility it left open of sliding over things too easily, of ignoring the depths of human experience. He now remarked, in his wise, tranquil manner, "Optimism with a touch of pessimism,—that is the right creed." And is not that the optimism of *Leaves of Grass*, which makes its affirmation so strongly and ardently, without neglecting to take account of the contradictions and negations?

"Roaming in thought over the Universe,

I saw the little that is Good steadily hastening towards immortality,

And the vast all that is called Evil I saw hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead."

Our host asked the poet to read to us before we took our drive, and he consented. We hoped for something of his own, but he suggested Bryant, wishing to show us what he liked in him, and read *Thanatopsis*. To a seasoned Wordsworthian *Thanatopsis* is an echo, but it is a stately, pleasing poem for all that, dealing with things that are true and dear to us, and, read as it was read on that quiet Sunday afternoon, it was impressive and beautiful. While the reading was going on we heard at intervals a distant thud,—the firing of a gun. Our host said, "It is a soldier's funeral." Whit-

man paused, sat silent a moment, then resumed the solemn lines on death.

We had a charming drive about the country, the poet now and then waving his hand, with a smile, to little children by the roadside; enjoying everything, interested in the crops growing or gathered, and admiring particularly some high stone walls built around large properties, for their evident strength, the gray color of the stone, and their honest workmanship. When we bade farewell to our host and Walt Whitman, who left us at our own door, the latter insisted upon alighting, though he was lame from paralysis, and handing me out. He said to us, "It has been a pleasant day, has it not?" My companion assented. I added, with enthusiasm, "It has been a perfectly happy day to me, Mr. Whitman." His face lit up cordially, and he said, "Has it so? I am glad. If there had been anything the matter with it before, that would have made it all right."

The next time I saw him, passing him one day in the street, as he sat in a carriage beside the curbstone, he returned my salutation evidently without recognizing me, but with his hearty manner, as of one glad to salute any fragment of humanity. Later I heard him read, before a large assembly, his poem on the mocking-bird by the seashore,—"Out of the cradle endlessly rocking." His voice came across the crowded room as from some open, quiet space without, its harmonies large and loose like those of the verse. And what a suggestion of melody as well as harmony there is in that song of the mocking-bird! How it brings up those night-notes that seem to be thrown out upon the air and then recalled, gathered in for a pause and another outpouring! Walt Whitman's reading of his verse established its right to be. He was really not a modern writer of poems, but an ancient bard and reciter of them.

My last glimpse of him was in his house at Camden, when he was recovering from a long illness. He was in an upstairs room, sitting in an armchair, clad in a long blue dressing-gown, with the usual expanse of immaculate linen. In this costume he sat serene and Jove-like amid an indescribable blending of bareness and confusion: a room of the plainest sort, with an unmade bed, very little furniture besides, a fire in a stove, on the floor a pile of wood, some

stacks of books, and some huge baskets filled with manuscripts, which overflowed and lay round in little heaps. He was gracious and cordial, talked of his illness and of the visits he had had, and showed us some French books that had been sent to him. He spoke of the fact that no new generation of poets stood ready to take the place of that which had grown old and would pass away with Tennyson, lamenting this result of the utilitarian tendency of the age.

Battle of the Babies. — A warfare has been raging in our midst, the echoes of which have hardly yet died sullenly away upon either side of the Atlantic. It has been a bloodless and un-Homeric strife, not without humorous side issues, as when Pistol and Bardolph and Fluellen come to cheer our anxious spirits at the siege of Harfleur. Its first guns were heard in New York, where a modest periodical, devoted to the training of parents, opened fire upon those time-honored nursery legends which are presumably dear to the hearts of all rightly constituted babies. The leader of this gallant foray protested vehemently against all fairy tales of a mournful or sanguinary cast, and her denunciation necessarily included many stories which have for generations been familiar to every little child. She rejected Red Riding Hood, because her own infancy was haunted and embittered by the evil behavior of the wolf; she would have none of Bluebeard, because he was a wholesale fiend and murderer; she would not even allow the pretty Babes in the Wood, because they tell a tale of cold-hearted cruelty and of helpless suffering; while all fierce narratives of giants and ogres and magicians were to be banished ruthlessly from our shelves. Verily, reading will be but gentle sport in the virtuous days to come.

Now it chanced that this serious protest against nursery lore fell into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang, the most light-hearted and conservative of critics, and partial withal to tales of bloodshed and adventure. How could it be otherwise with one reared on the bleak border land, and familiar from infancy with the wild border legends that Sir Walter knew and loved; with stories of Thomas the Rhymer, and the plundering Hardens, and the black witches of Loch Awe! It was natural that with the echoes

of the old savage strife ringing in his ears, and with the memories of the dour Scottish bogies and warlocks lingering in his heart, Mr. Lang could but indifferently sympathize with those anxious parents who think the stories of Bluebeard and Jack the Giant Killer too shocking for infant ears to hear. Our grandmothers, he declared, were not ferocious old ladies, yet they told us these tales and many more which we were none the worse for hearing. "Not to know them is to be sadly ignorant, and to miss that which all people have relished in all ages." Moreover, it is apparent to him, and indeed to most of us, that we cannot take even our earliest steps in the world of literature, or in the shaded paths of knowledge, without encountering suffering and sin in some shape; while, as we advance a little further, these grisly forms fly ever on before. "Cain," remarks Mr. Lang, "killed Abel. The flood drowned quite a number of persons. David was not a stainless knight, and Henry VIII. was nearly as bad as Bluebeard. Several deserving gentlemen were killed at Marathon. Front de Bœuf came to an end shocking to sensibility and to Mr. Ruskin." The Arabian Nights, Pilgrim's Progress, Paul and Virginia, all the dear old nursery favorites must, under the new dispensation, be banished from our midst; and the rising generation of prigs must be nourished exclusively on Little Lord Fauntleroy and other carefully selected specimens of milk-and-water diet.

The prospect hardly seems inviting; but as the English guns rattled merrily away in behalf of English tradition, they were promptly met by an answering roar from this side of the water. A Boston paper rushed gallantly to the defense of the New York periodical, and gave Mr. Lang — to use a pet expression of his own — "his kail through the reek." American children, it appears, are too sensitively organized to endure the unredeemed ferocity of the old fairy stories. The British child may sleep soundly in its little cot after hearing about the Babes in the Wood; the American infant is prematurely saddened by such unmerited misfortune. "If a consensus of American mothers could be taken," says the Boston writer, "our English critic might be infinitely disgusted to know in how many nurseries these cruel tales must be changed, or not told at all to the chil-

dren of less savage generations. No mother nowadays tells them in their unmitigated brutality."

Is this true, I wonder, and are our super-sensitive babies reared perforce on the optimistic version of Red Riding Hood, where the wolf is cut open by the woodman, and the little girl and her grandmother jump out, safe and sound? Their New England champion speaks of the "intolerable misery" — a very strong phrase — which he suffered in infancy from having his nurse tell him of the Babes in the Wood; while the Scriptural stories were apparently every whit as unbearable and heart-breaking. "I remember," he says, "two children, strong, brave man and woman now, who in righteous rage plucked the Slaughter of the Innocents out from the family Bible." This was a radical measure, to say the least, and if many little boys and girls started in to expurgate the Scriptures in such liberal fashion, the holy book would soon present a sadly mutilated appearance. Moreover, it seems to me that such an anecdote, narrated with admirable assurance, reveals very painfully the lack of that fine and delicate spirituality in the religious training of children; of that grace and distinction which are akin to saintship, and are united so charmingly in those to whom truth has been inseparably associated with beauty. There is a painting by Ghirlandaio hanging over the altar in the chapel of the Foundling Asylum in Florence. It represents the Adoration of the Magi, and kneeling by the side of the Wise Men is a little group of the Holy Innocents, their tiny garments stained with blood, their hands clasped in prayer; while the Divine Child turns from his mother's embraces and the kings' rich gifts to greet the little companions who have yielded up their spotless lives for him. Now, surely those lean, brown Florentine orphans, who have always before their eyes this beautiful and tender picture, absorb through it alone a religious sentiment unfelt by American children who are familiar only with the ugly and inane prints of American Sunday-schools, in which I have known the line "My soul doth magnify the Lord" to be illustrated by a man with a magnifying-glass in his hand. Possibly our Sunday-school scholars, being more accurately instructed as to dates, could inform the little Florentines that the Inno-

cents were not slaughtered until after the Magi had returned to the East. But no child who had looked day after day upon Ghirlandaio's lovely picture — more appealing in its pathos than Holman Hunt's brilliant and jocund Triumph of the Innocents — could desire to pluck "in righteous rage" that chapter from the Bible. He would have at least some dim and imperfect conception of the spiritual meaning, the spiritual joy, which underlie the pain and horror of the story.

This reflection will help us in some measure to come to a decision, when we return to the vexed problem of nursery tales and legends. I believe it is as well to cultivate a child's emotions as to cultivate his manners or his morals, and the first step in such a direction is necessarily taken through the stories told him in infancy. If a consensus of mothers would reject the good old fairy tales "in their unmitigated brutality," a consensus of men of letters would render a different verdict; and such men, who have been children in their time, and who look back with wistful delight upon the familiar figures who were their earliest friends, are entitled to an opinion in the case. How admirable was the "righteous rage" of Charles Lamb, when he wanted to buy some of these same brutal fairy stories for the little Coleridges, and could find nothing but the correct and commonplace literature which his whole soul abhorred! "Mrs. Barbauld's and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about," he wrote indignantly to papa Coleridge, "and have banished all the old classics of the nursery. Knowledge, insignificant and vapid as Mrs. Barbauld's books convey, must, it seems, come to a child in the shape of knowledge; and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers, when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and that Billy is better than a horse, and such like; instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child."

Just such a wild tale, fantastic rather than beautiful, haunted Châteaubriand all his life, — the story of Count Combourg's wooden leg, which, three hundred years after its owner's death, was seen at night walking solemnly down the steep turret stairs, attended by a huge black cat. Not

at all the kind of story we should select to tell a child nowadays. By no means! Even the little Châteaubriand heard it from peasant lips. Yet in after years, when he had fought the battle of life, and fought it with success, when he had grown gray, and illustrious, and disillusioned, and melancholy, what should come back to his mind, with its old pleasant flavor of terror and mystery, but the vision of Count Combourg's wooden leg taking its midnight constitutional, with the black cat stepping softly on before? So he notes it gravely down in his *Memoirs*, just as Scott notes in his diary the pranks of Whippity Stourie, the Scotch bogie that steals at night into open nursery windows, and just as Heine, in gay, sunlit Paris, recalls with joy the dark, sweet, sombre tales of the witch and fairy haunted forests of Germany.

These are impressions worth recording, and they are only a few out of many which may be gathered from similar sources. That which is vital in literature or tradition, which has survived the obscurity and wreckage of the past, whether as legend, or ballad, or mere nursery rhyme, has survived in right of some intrinsic merit of its own, and will not be snuffed out of existence by any of our precautionary or hygienic measures. We could not banish Bluebeard if we would. He is as immortal as Hamlet, and when hundreds of years shall have passed over this uncomfortably enlightened world, the children of the future — who, thank Heaven, can never, with all our efforts, be born grown up — will still tremble at the blood-stained key, and rejoice when the big brave brothers come galloping up the road. We could not even rid ourselves of Mother Goose, though she too has her mortal enemies, who protest periodically against her cruelty and grossness. We could not drive Punch and Judy from our midst, though Mr. Punch's derelictions have been the subject of much serious and adverse criticism. It is not by such barbarous rhymes or by such brutal spectacles that we teach a child the lessons of integrity and gentleness, explain our nursery moralists, and probably they are correct. Moreover, Bluebeard does not teach a lesson of conjugal felicity, and Cinderella is full of the world's vanities, and Puss in Boots is one long record of triumphant effrontery and deception. An honest and

self-respecting lad would have explained to the king that he was not the Marquis of Carabas at all; that he had no desire to profit by his cat's ingenious falsehoods, and no weak ambition to connect himself with the aristocracy. Such a hero would be a credit to our modern schoolrooms, and lift a load of care from the shoulders of our modern critics. Only the children would have none of him, but would turn wistfully back to those brave old tales which are their inheritance from a splendid past, and of which no hand shall rob them.

Intelligence and Culture. — Mr. Henry James, in one of his stories or sketches, I forget which, has said that he does not care to talk with an intelligent woman; he prefers a cultured one. I think there is something in the saying. The "intelligent" woman may be in a way a more interesting mental specimen, — the intelligent American, in particular, is wonderfully alive and alert and hospitable toward all new ideas, — yet for purposes of conversational enjoyment the cultured woman does seem preferable. I happen to live in a place which by right of population calls itself a city, but which, compared with any of our great cities, is to all intents and purposes a provincial town. As a new-comer, I have been struck with the large proportion of intelligence among women of the upper social strata; and I have noted with respect, indeed with a certain awe, their noble efforts after intellectual improvement. Their industry puts to shame the mental indolence of a mere desultory reader like myself. Clubs abound, devoted to the study of history, the drama, art, etc., and no idle dabbler in these things but must feel herself obliged to bow before students who write discourses upon varied themes, which they deliver before assemblies of their peers. If they have not taken all knowledge to be their province, their reach is sufficiently wide. Yet it happens that a humble person coming among them, with no pretensions to being well informed, is sometimes at a loss for lack of a common ground of understanding and sympathy when she alludes to certain things pertaining to literature. The trouble seems to be that which Mr. James felt, — that intelligence, and even a habit of study, do not necessarily imply culture. A lady, whose mental capacity and energy are worthy of all admiration, recently remarked to me

that style in an author was something to which she paid no heed, as a matter of no moment or interest to her. Immediately a sort of gulf seemed to open between my mind and hers. It sometimes appears as though the conscientious habit of study interfered with the spontaneous enjoyment of books. Shakespeare, for instance, is rather an author to be well informed about than a genius to be delighted in.

Far be it from me to seem to depreciate that discipline of mind resulting from thorough and systematic study, in which I confess myself lamentably deficient; still, I cannot but think that there is a certain distinct gain to be derived from what is called desultory reading, from the practice of browsing in a library and imbibing literature for the simple pleasure of it.

In a novel I once read, one of the characters, a dilettante gentleman, was spoken of contemptuously as a man who was always reading "books about books." To neglect the rich originals of literature for books or periodicals full of slight comment upon them, criticism, so called, would be a mistake indeed, but books about books have their uses notwithstanding. Have not John Morley and Matthew Arnold something to tell us about authors beyond what we should have discovered for ourselves?

Thoughts, opinions, knowledge, it has been said, are sensibility to ideas and facts. I do not know that culture is possible for every one; the native "sensibility" must be in him. Receptiveness toward facts is much more common than toward ideas. No doubt the acquisition of knowledge is a genuine pleasure to some persons, but, speaking generally, one would be inclined to say that it is the "literature of power" rather than the literature of knowledge that offers the most rare and varied delights. Among the unfailing joys of life Mr. Lowell placed "spring, and the most poignant utterances of the poets." Culture in art implies sensibility to æsthetic ideas, a capacity for emotion as well as for thought, and is of course not gained wholly or chiefly from books. Next to the good man's joy in deeds of goodness, I suppose there is none comparable to the true artist's joy in creation,—one of the few things worth envy; but for the great majority of us ungifted ones there is consolation in the thought which Mr. Browning has expressed

by the mouth of his poet Cleon, who says that he has not produced poetry like Homer nor music like Terpander, nor carved and painted men like Phidias and others; he is not great, as they are, point by point;

"But I have entered into sympathy
With these four, running them into one soul.
Say, is it nothing that I know them all?"

Teeth set on — If people universally clung
Edge. to hereditary beliefs, progress

would manifestly be impossible; yet, accustomed though we are to moral and intellectual differences between parent and child, it gives us a sense of incongruity when a man zealous in one cause has a son equally zealous in the opposite camp. It was long believed, and Schiller has immortalized the legend, that Don Carlos sympathized with the revolt in the Netherlands, so cruelly repressed by his father, Philip II.; but in reality that deformed, gluttonous, half-insane prince, anxious to escape from paternal control, envied Alva the task of dragging the Flemings into submission. If William the Silent's elder son, seized as a hostage by the Spaniards, grew up a morose, bigoted Catholic, environment obviously overcame heredity. Still, there are numerous cases in which environment and heredity put together have proved powerless. Richard Cromwell is said to have been a gay young Cavalier, drinking success to Charles I. at the very time when his father was in the field against him. Milton's brother Christopher did not side with his father and brother, and became at last a judge under Charles II. Christina of Sweden, daughter of the great Protestant hero, Gustavus Adolphus, became a Roman Catholic. Benjamin Franklin's son was a loyalist. Wilberforce, a Protestant of the Protestants, had four sons, three of whom became Roman Catholics, while the fourth, Bishop of Oxford and Winchester, was so opposed to his father's school of thought as constantly to be charged with Romish leanings; that bishop's only daughter, moreover, joined her uncles. The Coleridges were a thoroughly Protestant family, but one of the poet's nephews is a Jesuit. The Brights have been Quakers for centuries, but John Bright's sister, with her Quaker husband, Frederic Lucas, became a Romanist. Dr. Arnold of Rugby was a decided Protestant and Philistine, a matter-of-fact radical; his son, Matthew Arnold, wrote philippics

against Philistinism; another son was for a time a Roman Catholic, and that son's daughter is the author of Robert Elsmere. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne, famous for the S. G. O. letters in the London Times, thundered against ritualism and Romanism; his son is a priest at the London Oratory. Prévost-Paradol, the agnostic or theist who fought bravely with the pen for liberty in France, accepted the Washington embassy from the apparently liberalized empire, and committed suicide on discovering that he had been deluded, left two daughters who have both taken the veil. The eldest son of Eugène Bersier, the most popular Protestant pastor of this generation in Paris, first married a Catholic, and then became a Catholic himself. The Rev. Charles Voysey, expelled from the Church of England for heresy, now a free-thought minister in London, has two daughters who have both become nuns. Bradlaugh, who refused to take the Christian oath on entering the House of Commons, had religious parents, and has a brother who is a Scripture reader. The two great English cardinals of this century, Newman and Manning, were sons of staunch evangelicals. It reminds us of Macaulay's taunt that the Tories could not produce leaders, but from Stafford to Pitt (he would have added Beaconsfield) had to borrow them from the Whigs. Of Newman's two brothers, Francis first turned to agnosticism, and then swung half back to Unitarianism; the other was a ne'er-do-weel. The children of English Quakers — most of the Gurneys, for instance — frequently become Episcopalians, and William Howitt's wife, like Bright's sister, was a convert to Rome. The Duc de Nemours became a legitimist, regarding his father, Louis Philippe, as a usurper. When, however, heirs apparent are in political opposition to their fathers, it is generally from affectation rather than from conviction. George IV., as Prince of Wales, fraternized with the Whigs, and if he had not been in his teens during the American war probably would have professed admiration for Washington, but on becoming regent he retained his father's Tory advisers.

A great political or religious convulsion necessarily involves a real or an apparent change of creed. Strictly speaking, the first generation of Protestants had all Catholic fathers, and the Americans who fought

for independence had all loyalist fathers. When Dr. Johnson told a young lady convert to Quakerism that people should keep to the church in which they had been brought up, she asked whether he would have said this to the first Christians. He was silenced; but had he been prepared for so prompt a retort, he would doubtless have argued that an individual and isolated conversion is not on the same footing as a great movement, a "swarmery," as Carlyle, borrowing a Germanism, styles it. It is one thing to join a new party or church; it is quite another to adopt an opinion of long standing which is repugnant to your parents or kindred. This latter phenomenon is what I am now discussing, and how is it to be accounted for? One reason is that the mother may have had latent leanings, or that the mixture of two lines of descent may have exercised a peculiar influence. Atavism may likewise be invoked. Yet probably the chief cause lies elsewhere. Children are keen observers, and if there is any narrowness in the parent's creed, political or religious, they are sure, sooner or later, to discover it. Children very strictly brought up often go wrong morally; if they have too much moral fibre for this, they go astray theologically. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, eaten them with a relish, and the children's teeth are set on edge. The Wilberforces were certainly repelled by the austerity of the so-called Clapham sect. Observing behind the scenes all the pettinesses of one faith, sons perceive only the glittering outside of the other. Occasionally they turn back to the paternal fold; in many cases, we may be sure that even if they remain in their new fold, they end, conscious of not having found perfection there, by mentally rendering justice to the old faith. Now and then they box the religious compass, trying one sect after another, and perhaps eventually becoming their own church.

A narrow patriotism induces the same reaction as a narrow creed. One extreme begets another. Nationality cannot, indeed, be shaken off as easily as church or party, but spread-eagleism and anti-patriotism cross swords; as in the subjoined faithful report of a French *table d'hôte* scene, the climax of several days' disputing over American and European climate, hotels, bread, cheese, oysters, and whiskey: —

A. "I have never been so well treated as in my own country."

B. "Well, I have been all over the world, and have never been so swindled anywhere as at New York."

A. "I hate to hear people run down their own country. You say things you know are not true."

B. "What have I said that is n't true?"

A. "That you have been cheated at New York more than anywhere else."

B. "Well, so I have."

A. "It's downright silly of you."

B. "I hate to hear anybody continually growling against the country they are in."

A. "You never hear me growling."

B. "I see we are getting into deep water."

— "Love me, hate my enemies," was the text of a little plaint recently made in the Club. The

Contributor rose to protest against such a demand, but on me the chief and grateful effect of his protest was to bring to my mind with new clearness much that is to be said in its favor.

Put in this form it has a slightly ungen-
erous sound, but in this day, when the ties
between men are generally so much more
loosely knit than when personal fighting
and peril played a greater part in making
us esteem the virtues of gratitude and fidel-
ity, it nevertheless seems to me to need
unabashed emphasis. Of course it can be
propounded in a thousand misplaced and
puerile ways, but for myself, I am chiefly
anxious that it shall never be through cow-
ardice, nor laziness, nor stupidity, nor any
meanness of soul that I refuse help in a
friend's fight.

I observe that some or all of these unde-
sirable things are often at the root of the
ready assertions that it takes two to make
a quarrel, and that both sides are always to
blame. Doubtless, as human beings, both
sides always lack perfect wisdom, but there
are plenty of quarrels where the overwhelm-
ing wrong comes from one party and is
suffered by the other, and I take it that it
is the part of friendship to discover it when
this is the case, and to make the discovery
known. Indeed, I think the simple, warm
love of justice might do so much, and that
friendship should hardly wait for so im-
perative a demand upon its championship.
Ardent fidelity in friendship may lead to
wrong, but it is itself a good of overbal-

ancing value. I rejoice to remember how
passionately that prince of friends, Edmund
Burke, sustained these views, not only when
he could not help it, as the fighter of his
friends' battles, but when more intellectual
conviction and temerity were required to
make him lay down the law as to what his
friends must do for him. After his quar-
rel with Single-Speech Hamilton he writes:
"I shall never, therefore, look upon those
who, after hearing the whole story, do not
think me perfectly in the right, and do not
consider Hamilton an infamous scoundrel,
to be in the smallest degree my friends, or
even to be persons for whom I am bound
to have the slightest esteem, as fair and just
estimators of the characters and conduct of
men. Situated as I am, and feeling as I
do, I should be just as well pleased that
they totally condemned me as that they
should say there were faults on both sides,
as I hear is (I cannot forbear saying) the
affected language of some persons."

An Infant Industry. — One might as well spend
one's time, like Domitian, catch-
ing flies as trying to tell the Club any-
thing new about protection, trusts, or "com-
bines." The members, however, may have
overlooked one branch of human activity,
to which, as it primarily concerns the mind,
their special consideration is due.

It was revealed in an editorial correspon-
dence, which "the party of the first part"
opened with the announcement, "This letter
is from a Puzzler, who wants to take charge
of the Puzzle Department of the Weekly
Visitor,"—so to call the periodical ad-
dressed. The Puzzler went on to say that
he has been an "active Puzzler" for years,
is a member of the Eastern Puzzlers'
League, and enjoys a wide acquaintance
with Puzzlers at large.

All this opened an alluring vista of
knowledge in unfamiliar fields. The idea
of men separating themselves from the
world as "Puzzlers," and rejoicing in the
distinction, was new. Their industry gave
promise of proving an interesting infant.
Investigation, especially with reference to
the League, was undertaken, and its results
are hereby given to a portion of mankind not
Puzzlers. The Eastern Puzzlers' League is
an actual organization of "the best Puzzlers
living east of the Mississippi," and of proved
ability to make "puzzles up to the stan-
dard." It holds semi-annual conventions

on July 4 and December 25. If their festivals are not red-letter days, it is plainly not the fault of the Puzzlers. Yet the proper pride evinced in their choice of dates extends no further, for pride of place—at least of inherited name—plays no part in the Puzzlers' conventions. All personality, if they claim any such as the world knows it, is abandoned at the doors of these august sessions. According to an authentic report of the Eastern Puzzlers' League's seventeenth convention (and *thus* we may see how the world wags), the members of the body appear under such names as Arty Fishel, B. Ver, F. Aitchell, Kosciusko McGinty, and Nick R. Bocka. A report is read by Maud Lynn. Barnyard reads another, and it is ordered to be printed in the Eastern Enigma, the official organ of the League. Officers are elected, all under their puzzling pseudonyms. Anonyme suggests "the advisability of instituting a puzzleistic exhibit at the World's-Fair." A committee is appointed to report upon this subject, and the convention adjourns.

The seriousness of the whole affair is appalling. Yet one into whose ken the new planet swims cannot refrain from light conjectures. The convention report gives but a hint of the strange life of "puzzledom." Are only the persons capable of making "puzzles up to the standard" banded together? Have not the consumers of the article, like the producers, their League? Following the Puzzlers into their daily lives, one hopes they may be still B. Ver and Nick R. Bocka to friends and kinsmen. When Arty Fishel led his wife, if he has one, to the altar, did he say, "I, Arty, take thee, Hannah [or what you will] to be my wedded wife," thereby making her Mrs. Fishel? Do they see "charades" in trees, "squares" in the running brooks, "rebuses" in stones, puzzles in everything?

Who can tell? When some Stockton enters these untrodden paths, and writes a Puzzler story, the world will rejoice and be wiser. Till then the puzzle industry, though without benefit of tariff it appears to thrive, must remain an infant unknown outside the Club.

A Plea for
the Minor
Artist.

— It is, perhaps, an open question whether the *genus irritabile* *vatum* should be indulged in its irritability; but the indulgence, being granted, should be freely accorded by the higher

to the lower (and to the lowest) grades of the *genus*. In fact, Genius should not look askance at the claims that Talent makes on the ground of its restive sensibilities, nor should Genius or Talent in one field of art deride the whimsical exactions of individuals in another field. If the great and only Byron, through some allusion to merely mundane topics while he was in the anguish of composition, could be rendered so miserable as to throw his watch into the fire, why may not other artists, of greater or less degree, plead the peevishness attributed to the *genus*? Shall not we, moreover, endeavor to find justification? An instance from Thackeray sets us in the right direction. When, interrupted by the maid asking him something about onions or butter, the French cook lifted his dainty fingers from the piano keys, and remonstrated pathetically with the interrupter, these were his words: "Every great artist has need of solitude to perfectionate his work!" The little maid who stood thus rebuked doubtless had never heard of Kaluah, and so did not know that other *uses* than the one of hearing could be attuned to harmony; for it was the fantastic author of this now unfamiliar romance who therein devised a scheme by which the olfactory as well as the auditory nerve could be employed for high artistic purposes, creative or interpretative.

Quite outside the pale of the humanities, and in the exercise of arts not recognized as legitimate, Genius cries out to us, in its various straits and dilemmas. In illustration, there occurs the case of the celebrated pickpocket, who, on being arrested for the performance of his function, somewhat surprised the judge by asking to see the coat from which the pocket-book had been taken. The coat was produced, and was seen to be cut and slashed with a reckless disregard that showed the novice. The "Napoleon of pickpockets," as he delighted to call himself, turned upon the judge a face beset with anger. "I considers z' grand insult! Ven I does a job, ' it up! I makes no such botch as z. On the ground of inherent probability, or as tribute to artistic excellence in n vn sphere, the indignant adept was discharged. But æsthetic irascibility, except "in high places," rarely receives such appreciation and indulgence.